



· Good words are worth much and cost little. —Herbert.

GOOD WORDS

FOR 1888

EDITED BY

DONALD MACLEOD, D.D.

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS FOR SCOTLAND

And Illustrated by

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ISBISTER AND COMPANY

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1888

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"AMONG THE BIRDS IN SUMMER."

THE WEAKER VESSEL.

By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "JOSEPH'S COAT," "RAINBOW GOLD," "AUNT RACHEL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE days and the weeks went by, and winter was back again. I heard but little of the people with whom this history concerns itself. I had bidden good-bye to Pole sorrowfully and reluctantly, and had returned to my duties in Paris, leaving him to go back to Worborough, to tend the last days of an old man who had been nearly all his life a stranger, and to abandon the dead and buried hopes which lay behind him in London. It is never a useful or an admirable thing to rave against the unescapable. The common-sense of the proverb is final, and the last word which is to be spoken on that question lies in its curt jingle—what can't be cured must be endured. Endured it has to be, after one fashion or another, and Pole took his share of the inevitable, to my thinking, like a hero. It is a common cant of opinion, as often falsified as justified by fact, that the men and women who take misfortune or joy most calmly taste the bitterness of the one or the sweetness of the other with a fulness of suffering or pleasure unknown to the more expansive and explosive sort. I have always combated this judgment, perhaps because I am myself a rather expansive kind of person, but I know that in Pole's case it would have found as strong a confirmation as a general theory can gather from a single instance. He said nothing, and he felt the more. Words would have eased him if he could have brought himself to speak, but he was one of those who have to break before they can bend, and any revelation of his own feelings would have been too terrible. He wrote me now and again, simply and briefly, and his letters made no allusion to the past. They spoke of Lord Worborough's failing health oftener than of anything. I never knew, as a matter of actual fact, but I was fairly certain that Pole had told him of the plot his wife had laid. I daresay the discomfort of this knowledge weighed considerably upon the old man's enfeebled spirits. These letters of Pole's, with their monotonous news of a monotonous life, were infinitely mournful to me, and Clara's communications by-and-by became, for various reasons, almost as disquieting. One lies before me now, the foreign letter paper discoloured at the folds

and edges, and the ink grey with old age. I transcribe a part of it here, premising that it reached me within a day or two after my parting with Pole and my return to Paris.

"The whole household," Clara wrote, "has been so unhappy for the last few days that I really have been unable to find the heart to write to you. Mr. Delamere himself is miserable enough, but for him I can only have a very modified sort of pity. It is only natural to suppose that he feels a great deal disappointed, but he has dealt in nothing but table eloquence all his life, and anything which brings him a new subject for it seems to be welcome, more or less. I am sick of variations on the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, played in the major key, played in the minor key, played with both hands, played with one hand tied up behind him. The man is exasperating beyond endurance, and he treats his daughter's nerves—I say nothing of mine, because they don't matter, and he has no great reason to consider them—as if they were an instrument constructed for no other earthly purpose than to show what tunes he can play upon them. I have broken out once about it to Mary, literally because I could not help it, and have pained her so much, poor thing, that I spent a whole night in crying, and am a horrid, red-eyed spectre at this moment, with a swollen nose. If he were anybody but Mary's father I should say something to him which would shake him out of his hateful self-complacency for a day or two.

"I suppose you know that Mr. Pole wrote a letter relating your strange discovery in Paris to Mr. Delamere. It came whilst we were at the breakfast-table, and all in the highest spirits. We had been out late the night before, and were late at breakfast, the letter coming by the second post. Mr. Delamere's reception of it was really and seriously tragic, and if he had not talked my sympathies to sleep since then, and talked every nerve of our minds into absolute rawness, I should have still been sorry for him. As it is, I should have left the house but for Mary. The thing that weighs upon her mind most of all is the silly fancy that it is sinful in her to think of Mr. Pole now that she knows that his wife is still alive, as if it were her fault that that wicked and abominable plot was made, or as if one could turn the whole

current of one's thoughts in an hour. She does not say much, even to me, but she suffers dreadfully. She has quite lost the sense of taste, and I have read of that somewhere as being a sign of mental suffering, or, at least as going with it very often, especially in girls. I don't know why girls especially should be made to suffer as they are, but they really do seem to get the worst of it.

"Mr. Pole had given her a number of beautiful presents, and one of the first things she did after the news was to pack them all up together to send back to him. Mr. Delamere dropped the letter on the table when he had read it, and blurted out the truth at once, though one of the servants was in the room. Mary went as white as a ghost, but she said nothing at all, and when she went up to her own room I had to help her. If she had cried or given way at all I should have liked it better, but she was so stony about it that she really frightened me. She began in a while to creep about the room and gather the presents into a little heap.

"I have had to stop writing, for it has made me cry to think about it. I have been crying, off and on, for days past, and now anything sets me going. Then sometimes at the silliest thing in the world, I giggle until I cry again for very shame at my own cruelty and heartlessness. But I don't want to write about Me, and Me gets into everything, though I do try every hour to be more like Mary. She is a downright angel. She never thinks of herself, or talks of herself at all. All her thought and care is to save other people from sorrow and trouble, whilst, as for me—but there is Me again. I would tear up this sheet and begin a new one, only that would be a sort of hypocrisy. I shall leave it so that you may see what I really am. I don't want to *seem* better than I am, but I want, oh I *do* want, to be better.

"I wouldn't tell anybody else these things for the world, because they seem too sacred to be talked about. But she kissed the bracelets and the rings, and the little watch he gave her—she kissed everything as she put it down on the dressing-table, and every time she gave a pitiful little moan as if her heart were breaking. And all the while she never shed one tear. It was really awful to look at her, and I had not the courage to speak a word. I don't believe she knew that I was there.

"You won't think me flippant or unfeeling for writing these things to *you*, darling. They seem to be the measure of something

I feel inside myself, and that, I think, is the real reason why I write them."

I know that at the time I read a great deal into this simple narrative which no other reader could have found there, and I know that, after this lapse of years, I still read into it the knowledge of the generous, tender, loyal little creature who penned the lines. I am not in the least ashamed to own that I cried in reading the lines my sweet-heart had cried over in writing. As for poor old Pole, my heart used pretty constantly to ache about him in those days. I have given up forming lofty estimates of new acquaintances on insufficient provocation, but I am glad to have had a friend in youth whom I could scarcely find a flaw in. It is a good thing for a lad to have a human idol if he choose a strong and honest nature for his worship, and though I am writing of myself I have no fear in proclaiming that this same youthful faculty for hero-worship is as good and gracious a sign in a young fellow as any I know how to look for.

Things went on in a dull and uneventful way for some months, until, as I have said already, the winter was round upon us in its course once more. I got then another letter from Clara, which brought strange news indeed. It was in searching for this that I lighted upon the one I have just transcribed. The first sentence of this new letter struck me like a blow. The very place from which it was dated had an unfamiliar look to me.

"GRANTLEY HOLME, CHESHIRE.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—The Delamere household has broken up, after the strangest and most unexpected scenes, and mamma has taken me to the house of my uncle, Major Grantley. You have often heard me speak of him. For quite a month it was evident that there was something in the air. I was unable to guess its meaning, but I saw it and felt it constantly. First of all there was some trouble between Mr. Delamere and Mary. She had resolved to join a sisterhood belonging to the Church of St. Mildred. She often spoke to me about it, and I thought it on many grounds a very excellent idea. It is one of those common-sense, good sisterhoods where the sisters devote themselves simply to nursing the sick poor, and generally helping the poor to be good and happy. She spoke about her wish to Mr. Delamere, but he made such eyebrows over it, and became so very wordy about the Degradation

of the Social Ideal by Contact with Common Things, that she relinquished her own ideal at once, as she always did, if that grand Sultan did not immediately and entirely approve of it. I am sure the work would have done her good, and would have given her an object in life. I believe the great Turk's main objection was to the costume, though I am sure that Mary would look perfection in it, and the white, though it would be a shame to hide such beautiful hair as hers, would put a little colour into her pale complexion, by contrast. To hear Mr. Delamere talk about art and costume, you would think that at least he would have been able to understand that. I am *not* trivial, as you think I am. I am only showing you what a hollow mockery Mr. Delamere is, even where he is supposed to know something.

"Mary gave up the idea, and instead of going out and getting new interests in life, and gladdening the hearts of the poor, and doing good to hundreds with her sweet ways, she had to stop and mope at home under the ceaseless cataract of æsthetic and philosophical chatter from the Turk. Oh, I am glad to be away from it, and to know that Mary is away from it.

"But I have something more serious than all this to write about. The servants grew actually impertinent, and once when Mr. Delamere ordered the cook up-stairs to complain of something in his majestic way, the woman jeered at him, quite openly. I expected the dining-room floor to open and let her down into the basement, but it did nothing of the kind. Mr. Delamere at once gave her a month's notice, and the cook said, 'Give me my money for the last six months, and I'll go this instant minute.'

"'You shall have a cheque at once,' said Mr. Delamere, but the cook snapped her fingers at him, and put her hands upon her hips. I had no idea that she could be so impolite and vulgar, for I had always thought her a rather superior woman for her station.

"'You'd better send it to the bank and have it cashed first,' she said. 'I don't want a two-mile walk through the mud for nothink.'

"Mr. Delamere ordered her from the room, and she went away, declaring that she would have her money or her money's worth before she left the house, even if she had to take it out of him. I suppose she meant to say that she would rob him.

"Mr. Jones was present at this dreadful exposure, and, would you believe it, he has not once been near the house since then. I

am very glad to learn from mamma that it was arranged between herself and Mr. Delamere all along that my maintenance should be paid for. She says that the arrangement was on a very liberal scale, and as mamma is not stingy in such matters, I have the satisfaction of knowing that I was a help rather than a burden to the household in that respect.

"Very soon after this I began to see a dreadful man about the house, and I did not at all understand who he could be. I think he lived down-stairs, but he was very often in the hall, looking strangely suspicious, as if he thought that I had something about me that did not belong to me. He called Mr. Delamere 'Governor,' and at first I thought he might be a humble member of the Moral Tone Association. Mamma, however, says that he must have been a bailiff—and a bailiff is an officer of the law, though I am sure he did not look like one. I always thought that his clothes looked as if they must have been drowned at one time in their history, his hat and boots particularly. The servants were more impertinent and inattentive than ever during this man's presence in the house, and Mr. Delamere was so depressed that he did not even lecture. Mary was unwell at the time the man came, and did not see him until the morning he went away.

"Mr. Delamere spent every hour of the day, except from dinner-time onwards, out of the house, and spoke in the morning very hopelessly of having business in the city. He came home at night much downcast, and sat a long while alone in the dining-room after dinner.

"When Mary recovered from her cold and came down-stairs I was with her, and she saw the man in the hall. She asked him what he wanted, and the man seemed abashed, and scraped his feet on the oil-cloth. Mr. Delamere came out of the dining-room and told him that he had better go down-stairs. Mary was frightened, and I am quite sure that she understood the meaning of the man's presence. Up to this time I did not. But when I saw her so alarmed it unhinged my own nerves a little. After breakfast, which passed off very silently and sadly, Mr. Delamere said that he wished to speak to Mary alone. I went into the library and stayed there, reading all the morning. Mr. Delamere went out, and shortly afterwards the postman came. The parlour-maid came into the library without knocking and threw a letter on to the table so unceremoniously

that it skimmed right over the smooth leather and fell on the side I was sitting, at my feet. The girl bounced out and slammed the door behind her, making a sort of defiant inarticulate noise as she went. I should describe it as a short. You can have no conception of the extreme discourtesy of all the servants at this time.

"Well, I picked up the letter, and in doing that it turned out that I was the innocent cause of all the unpleasantness which followed. I am quite certain now that if I had known what was going to happen I should have been justified in doing what I really did in ignorance, and I think that when you come to know everything you will applaud Mary's conduct as highly as I do. I saw at once that the letter came from Mr. Pole. Nobody who has ever seen that pike-and-sabre handwriting of his, with those dogged-looking crosses to the t's, could ever mistake it for anyone else's. It was addressed to Mr. Delamere from Worborough Court, for I saw the seal and the postmark. I went back to my reading and tried to think no more about it, though I wondered very much what it contained.

"When Mr. Delamere came home again only an hour later, he looked really wretched, and, in spite of my dislike, I could not help feeling sorry for him. I showed him the letter, and at the sight of it his face changed in a startling way. He was so agitated that he could scarcely open the envelope. He went to the window to read the letter and came back radiant. I never saw so great and rapid a change in a face. He ran out of the room and down the hall, and in a second or two I heard the hall-door open and close noisily behind him.

"Then came my real indiscretion. I am as glad of it as I should be if I had known everything. In fact I am a great deal more glad, for I am almost certain that I should not have had the courage to do my duty. I ran up-stairs to Mary, and I hugged and kissed her, and danced about her like a mad thing, until she insisted on knowing what had happened, and you may guess my surprise when she took it all gravely and solemnly, and seemed even to be made more sad and thoughtful by it. We had luncheon by ourselves, or rather we sat down to it, for I don't think anything was eaten, and, an hour later, Mr. Delamere came in, smiling all over, and as majestically condescending as ever. For quite a long time he had fallen from his old magnificent manner, and had

been going about as if somebody had suddenly convinced him that he was an ordinary person. His clothes seemed to have changed. I can hardly describe to you the difference there was in him. He had not been in the house five minutes when the humble member of the Moral Tone Association went away by the area steps. Mamma conjectures that he was dismissed, paid. Shortly afterwards Mr. Delamere held a conclave with the servants, who were all beautifully admonished, and also paid.

"While this was going on in the library Mary and I were in the dining-room. She was more agitated than I had ever seen her during the whole of her troubles, and once or twice she clutched me nervously, and I could feel that she was trembling all over. I did not understand what was going on in the next room until later, but Mary evidently understood it all. About five minutes after the servants had gone down she got up trembling, and went out of the room. I could hear her voice and Mr. Delamere's, and I could tell that he was angry. That mellow voice of his can grow very sharp and sour, it seems, and he soared into as high a treble as an angry woman's.

"I sat in the dining-room, and felt more and more uncomfortable whilst he scolded; and I grew so angry at the tone he took, though I could not hear the words, that I was actually fighting against a temptation to go in between them, when Mary came into the dining-room, and her father followed her. His face was red with anger, and he was putting from having talked so much and so rapidly. I think that of the two Mary was the more angry, and she looked at her father when he spoke with an expression which surprised me, it was so full of scorn. He went striding up and down the room, stopping every now and again in a jerky and undignified way to tell her that she was ungrateful, or that he stood amazed. You know his phrase; he always 'stands amazed' when people differ from him in opinion. He has been standing amazed more or less ever since I have known him. But he was too angry to be smooth and lovely about it, as he generally is.

"At last he said, growing more and more angry because she would not answer him, 'And *you* pretend to feel humiliated? You? I accepted the humiliation for your sake. Do you suppose it has cost me nothing to subdue my pride and ask a favour at this man's hands?' Mary had taken up a newspaper which lay upon the table, and was

making a pretence to read it, when Mr. Delamere actually snatched it from her hands. 'Listen to me,' he said; 'I will not endure these airs of disrespect.' Mary looked at him, and said quite quietly that there was nothing more to speak of between them, and that they did not understand each other. Then she left the room, and he positively made a dash at the door to stop her. But I stood between them, and he stood so very much amazed to see me assert myself in that way that he stopped stock still and allowed her to go.

"Of course I understood everything by this time. Mr. Delamere had been borrowing money from Mr. Pole. Can you imagine anything like it under the circumstances?"

"And now I have told you everything except the close of the whole business, and that, I think, I told you at the beginning of my letter. Mary sent for me, and told me that she was compelled to leave home. She said nothing about the cause, and of course, knowing what I did, I could not venture to ask her any questions. She asked me to wire to mamma at once. I did so, and mamma came up to town next morning in a state of great astonishment, and took me away. She begged Mary to accompany us, but it was of no use to try to persuade her. She said she had plans of her own. What they are I do not know, but she has a little fortune of her own, which belonged to her mother, and brings her in not more than a hundred pounds a year, poor thing. I am certain that out of this she means to pay back to Mr. Pole the money her father borrowed from him. Then I think she will join the sisterhood, but that will be a very different affair for her now, especially if Mr. Pole's loan was a large one, and she has to impoverish herself to pay it.

"I have told mamma what I am going to write down now. She says it is a most indelicate and unladylike proposition for a girl to make, and that I have no right to allude to such things. But if other people care to be so exquisite about their own delicacy, when they can do good by sacrificing a little of it, I *don't*. The proposition, my dear John, is this. You are to work your very best and hardest, and to get as soon as possible into a position to make a home of your own. Then I suppose you will marry a certain undeserving young person whom you profess to be very, very much attached to; that young person will have her own money, and be quite rich when she is married, and she and you will make the darlings and

best girl in the world come and live with us. That doesn't sound quite grammatical, but I think it says what I mean. The Grand Turk may think what he pleases, and may shower his cataracts of drizzle on anybody he can find. Think of Mary Delamere, of all girls in the world, living on bread bought with borrowed money, and that money belonging to Mr. Pole!"

Then came certain lines which concern myself alone, and then, in a hastily written postscript, followed this:—

"I was on the point of sending this to the post, when mamma came in with the news of poor old Lord Worborough's death. She had found it in *The Times*, where there was a short article about his career. We had all looked at the paper, and none of us had noticed it until then. So now Mr. Pole is Lord Worborough, and a millionaire, and the owner of I don't know how many thousands of acres. Poor young man! I am afraid that neither his title nor his millions will make him very happy."

CHAPTER XXV.

A DAY or two after the receipt of this intelligence came a black-edged letter from Pole, dated from Worborough Court, the envelope and letter-paper marked with a coronet. It simply repeated the news with which everybody had now grown familiar, and gave no hint of its writer's future intentions. There I am wrong. One clear hint it gave, in what I thought a very friendly and pleasing fashion. The brief epistle was signed "Walter;" and I understood from this that, though Pole no longer had a use for his old familiar name, he was indisposed to fall upon me with the unfamiliar title, which must needs have stared at me rather forlornly from the paper. It is rather hard to become suddenly rich and distinguished, and to retain one's poor and undistinguished friends. They are likely to be on the look-out for airs of coldness, and will be ready to read signs of hauteur everywhere. So the wealthy and ennobled has, if he wants to retain their friendship, to be a little warmer, a little more intimate and friendly, than of old.

After a lapse of two or three weeks my old friend came unexpectedly to Paris, and found me out there. I had changed my quarters, and had taken a pair of rooms in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, in which, at the house of dead-and-gone M. Terré, Thackeray ate his *bouillabaisse* and drank

the famous Burgundy "with yellow seal." I took my coffee there of a morning, and dined upon the streets, as the cheerless, unhomelike, and most aptly descriptive phrase expresses it. Pole—I can find no other name for him, except for the back of an envelope or in conversation with others, unto this day—was of course in mourning, and looked somehow stater than of old, as if his responsibilities had laid a hand upon his shoulder. He was as far from taking airs as it is easily conceivable that a man should be, but his new position marked him, to my mind, though in a way not easily definable. His face brightened delightfully as I jumped up to meet him, and he shook hands with great cordiality. The animation of his manner did not last, however, and when we had settled down into talk I saw that his face was careworn, and so colourless as even to look unhealthy.

When we had chatted for half an hour or so he fell into a little quiet, and, as I guessed, was rather gravely turning over some speculation in his mind.

"I've been in Cheshire," he said, looking up at me suddenly. "There's some land there which the poor old man wanted to buy for sentimental reasons. I called at Grantley Holme. Do you know of such a place?"

I answered that I was aware of its existence, and he smiled. His smile had always been a pleasant thing to see, but now that his face had fallen to so settled an expression of melancholy it was brighter than ever: a transient gleam of sunshine breaking through dark clouds.

"I had a talk," he went on, "with Mrs. Grantley, in the course of which your name was mentioned. She made a little pretence at first of regret for your engagement, but she soon threw that up, and began to show that she was quite proud of you. The book's a hit, Jack, and deserves to be. I saw a couple of columns in *The Times* about it, and I'm told there is to be an article in *The Quarterly*. But that's all apart from what I was going to say. I had a talk, not only with the old lady, but with the young one; about that"—he threw a letter on the table.—"Read it."

I took the letter, a business-looking document, and found that it was addressed to Lord Worborough by a firm of London solicitors. They desired to know the amount in which Mr. Delamere stood indebted to his lordship, and stated that they were instructed to pay it without delay.

"I shouldn't show you this," he went on,

"if I had not had that talk with Miss Grantley. She was in the house when Miss Delamere left it, and she confessed to me that she had told you the whole history."

I found Clara's letter, and read it aloud to him, with certain omissions, and he listened calmly and attentively.

"Well now," he said, "since you know all this, I suppose you can guess pretty clearly at whose instigation that letter was written?"

I answered that it was evidently written at the instigation of Miss Delamere.

He tried to speak of her as he would have spoken of anybody who was indifferent to him, and was so far successful that a stranger would have noticed nothing.

"Yes," he said, "it was written at the instigation of Miss Delamere. I felt myself justified in making inquiries, and I have learned that she has three thousand in the three per cents. She and her trustee are empowered to use this if they act jointly. The trustee is Robert Foljambe, a cousin of her mother's. He has three or four times refused, even at Miss Delamere's urging, to put this money under her father's control. I have been to see him since I received this letter. I was with him, in fact, the day before yesterday. He wants to refund what Delamere borrowed, and I told him that for the time being, until I could take advice about it, I should decline to give him any particulars."

"How much," I asked, "did Delamere borrow? Don't answer me unless you meant to tell me."

"I meant to tell you," Pole answered, "because the amount happens to be the vital part of the whole affair. He borrowed just three thousand pounds. If it had not been for Lord Worborough's death it would have crippled me to lend it. I did not and I could not count on that, but I got the money, and I let him have it."

"And what did you think of him?" I asked.

"Oh," he replied, "it would take a good deal to change my opinion of Mr. Delamere. Foljambe," he added, "is as honourable a man as you can find, but he's as poor as a rat, and has seven children, all girls. If he could, I believe he would pay the money for Miss Delamere's sake, but that's out of the question. Now, I want your advice in the matter. What am I to do?"

I dare say there are people to whom this may appear a very simple problem, but I found it one of the utmost difficulty. It

seemed, on the one hand, that it would be an altogether shameful and brutal thing on the part of a millionaire under any pressure in the world, to take the last penny of the woman he loved. Put in that way, the thing looked preposterous and incredible. It was unthinkable, impossible. It was out of the question. Then, on the other hand, Mary Delamere was smarting under as bitter a humiliation as a woman of high spirit could be called upon to endure. To her, I could see plainly, it would be ten times more terrible to face Pole's refusal of the money than to endure the poverty its payment would entail upon her. She would carry the sting of that humiliation always, unless her offer were accepted. It looked impossible that a high-minded man should insult her by its refusal. The old Greeks, who were fond of foolish puzzles, had one which posed this question:—When the irresistible meets the impregnable, what happens? It is easy enough to respond that the irresistible ceases to be irresistible when it meets the impregnable, and that the impregnable ceases to be the impregnable when assaulted by the irresistible. But here, for once in my life's history, I seemed to be set in sight of the two, and was likely, I began to think, to have a bad time of it between them. How should I counsel Pole to insult the one creature he held most dear in the world? How could I counsel him to reduce her to poverty?

I got an inspiration on a sudden, and thought I saw a way of evading the difficulty.

"Clearly," I said, "you can't take the money, and clearly, you have actually got to take it."

"That is a brutal exhibition of the actual facts," said Pole. "I have seen those two contradictory positives staring me in the face ever since I got this letter."

"Very well," I said, "you must do neither, and do both. Delamere is not a very lofty person, and he will be glad to exchange his daughter's contempt for his own. As I judge him, he won't greatly mind despising himself, and will very strongly object to any other living creature taking the same line."

"My judgment goes with yours," Pole answered. "What do you propose to do?"

"Imprimis, you don't want the money? It can make no difference in the world to you to have or not to have it?"

"No difference in the world."

"Well," I continued, feeling vicariously

ashamed for the specious piece of meanness I was plotting for another man's performance, "Delamere cannot in all probability have spent the whole of the sum he borrowed. Give him your cheque for a thousand pounds. Make him draw a cheque payable to you for the same amount against it. Let him forward that to Miss Delamere with instructions to send it on to you through her lawyers. Then, in three months' time, send him five hundred to be employed in the same way, and so on until the whole debt is paid. It's a fraud, but it's a pious fraud, and so far as I see, it's the only way out of the difficulty. You can complete your share of it by writing to the lawyers and saying that the debt is in rapid process of repayment, and can leave Delamere to such gentlemanly, dignified, and high-spirited flourishes as his nature craves."

"Denham!" cried Pole, "you are a rogue of genius. What might you have done if you had devoted that splendid intelligence for fraud to the purpose for which it was bestowed upon you?" He had brightened at my plan, but his face fell suddenly.

"What is it?" I asked him.

"You have forgotten one thing," he returned. "The good man earns no money. He toils not, neither does he spin. If we excite Miss Delamere's suspicions the fraud is useless."

"He must be made to spin," I answered. "He is a great draw as a lecturer. Let him lecture to his soul's content. He will flourish about that too, and perhaps be able to restore Miss Delamere's good opinion of him—though that would be a fraud with a vengeance."

"She would be the happier for it," Pole said, with a reflective melancholy in his voice. "She would be the happier for it. She has need of somebody to believe in. I think I can manage Delamere," he continued. "Of course he'll pretend that he's going to pay me afterwards, and if he likes to salve his conscience that way I can make no objection. Of course it wasn't very lofty in him to want to borrow the money from me, and I wish he could have kept it from Miss Delamere's knowledge. We must do our best to rehabilitate him in her eyes."

In this manner our plan was laid, and though I have had more than a score of years in which to reflect upon it, I cannot say that I have even yet arrived at any definite conclusions about its moral aspect so far as we two were concerned. Pole, who was staying at Meurice's Hotel, asked me to

go there and dine with him, and since it was a Saturday, and therefore a journalistic holiday, I consented. After dinner we concocted a letter to Delamere, setting the facts of the case before him with a frankness which I fancied he was likely to find distasteful. This done, Pole wrote a short letter to the lawyers, saying simply that the amount of Mr. Delamere's indebtedness to him was three thousand pounds, adding that he thoroughly appreciated the motives which dictated the inquiry, and that he sincerely hoped that no action whatever would result from his response to it. The letter to Delamere enclosed a cheque for a thousand pounds.

Thackeray has accustomed everybody with the slightest turn for self-examination to an irritating, tolerably constant inquiry as to whether he is, or is not, a snob. Was I ever so little of a snob, I wonder, when I caught myself admiring the pike-and-sabre signature and the bluntly written "One thousand pounds," and did I, or did I not, feel a British flush of pride in the reflection that my closest friend was a peer of the realm and a millionaire? I know I can honestly say that I valued Pole himself neither less nor more because of these qualifications. But if I had a mind to be honest I might plead guilty to a little better appreciation of myself because of them. I can blush now to remember what I thought about what the waiters might think about me, when I dined in such intimacy of companionship with the wealthy Lord Worborough. But I was hardly five-and-twenty, and I can find excuses for myself.

After dinner we drew up our chairs beside the log fire and had a long and unrestrained talk. There was a hard black frost upon the ground without, and a high wind was blowing, so that there was comfort in the very sputtering of the wood, and the warm glow was grateful. I asked what news there was of his wife, and he told me simply that he had taken matters into his own hands. He had written to her at the address Goldsmith had given, telling her that her plot had been discovered, and that hereafter, in order to keep her within his knowledge, he should send her allowance in a weekly cheque. He had placed no control upon her movements, but had left her to choose what habitat she pleased. As for Goldsmith, Pole had left that worthy to digest his own reflections, and make what he could of his losses. The little Jew had maintained his fellow-conspirator from the time of her sup-

posed death until the date of her discovery, and was probably some hundred and fifty pounds out of pocket as the result of his nefarious scheme.

"I don't think it likely," said Pole, "that he will proceed either against my wife or me for the recovery of the money." He added that he had received no word of answer, but that the cheques had been presented and bore his wife's signature. "And now, Jack," he went on, "I have something to say that concerns you personally. Poor old Worborough took a prodigious liking to you, and he and I talked about you a good deal in the last month or two of his lifetime. He stood very high with his party, and had considerable influence. He proposed to me that he should use it in your behalf, and before he died he had got things in train. In four months' time an appointment will be open for your acceptance. If you don't care to take it you can have a second choice a month later. Number one is a sinecure, or thereabouts. It will bring you in fifteen hundred pounds a year, confine you to London whilst Parliament is sitting, bring you a pension after sixteen years of *dolce far niente*, and it opens up no avenue to distinction. Number two takes half the salary and, say, roughly, a thousand times the labour. It opens the way to almost any ambition. There's no political difference to hold you back, and you can have which you please."

I thanked him warmly, and told him, what I knew very well, that though he charged the old lord with these benevolent intentions towards myself, it was he who had inspired them.

"Well," he said, with one of his rare, bright smiles, "I didn't let the fire go out for want of fuel. Which do you go for, the fifteen hundred with nothing to do, or the hard work and the eight hundred? Don't be in a hurry to play Quixote, Jack. If you were a fiery young politician eager for a chance you might be tempted by the smaller salary and the wider field of ambition. If you choose that, you will have little time for literary labours, and by and-by, in all probability, you'll get rapt away from them altogether. In the other case you have a chance that falls to few men of following your own bent and doing your own work in the world."

That was a very delightful prospect, and the bait looked tempting, but I recalled certain burning prose passages of my own which, to my infinite pride and delight, had found their way into the columns of the

Reamleigh Weekly Banner some half-dozen years before. In these early effusions I had been most savagely satirical and denunciatory about the wicked and contemptible idlers who fattened on the life-blood of the starving poor. I had been amazingly in earnest. One gets amazingly in earnest at the age of eighteen or nineteen, and wonders later in life at the pother one made in those enthusiastic days, and the sound and fury. I told Pole, with an ingenuous blush, of the attitude I had taken with regard to this question.

"Well, my boy," he answered, "your past deeds may rise against you, and some future demagogue in his first pair of trousers may scathe you by a reproduction of your own fervour in the columns of that same journal. It has a world-wide circulation, I believe."

I answered that it might be world-wide for all I knew, but that the circulation in my day was limited to some two hundred copies.

"In that case," Pole responded, "the inhabitants of the whole planet may not yet be infected with these radical notions. Slip into the berth, Denham, and be snug there before the storm evoked by your own utterances shall burst upon your head."

I wanted time and chance to think. I had no taste or liking for active politics, and I had a conscientious objection to the acceptance of public money without an equivalent being given for it. I was conscious that this objection had lost greatly in force within the last half-hour. I began to feel that if another man had accepted that tempting sinecure I should have been very mild in my condemnation of him. I even began to think that if the imaginary other man had great ideas boiling in his head which for want of time and ease would be lost to the world, he would be, after a fashion, criminal in refusing the position. The acceptance of a sinecure grew infinitely less objectionable in aspect than it had ever seemed before.

"I can see where your thoughts are travelling," said Pole, evincing less penetration than he commonly displayed. "Don't be foolish, Denham. Take the chance that comes to you, and accept things as they are. The world is very much out of joint, I dare say, but the cursed spite, as Hamlet calls it, only comes in when the man who wasn't made for any such adventure thinks that he was born to set it right. There the post stands, waiting to be filled. Somebody will have it, as like as not a fellow infinitely less worthy than yourself. Nobody will get it as the reward of private merit or public virtue;

and in plain English, if my advice has any weight with you, you're an ass if you throw it over. Take it, and marry your sweetheart, and settle down and write your books in comfort. You think you'd be doing more of your duty if you took the worse berth of the two? Vain dog! What will your political efforts do for the country? Some fellow made for the rough-and-tumble of politics will take it and make it a stepping-stone to fortune, and have a baronetcy. You're not cut out for that kind of life. Come, the berth's going, going, going—"

"Gone!" I said.

If I had any conscientious qualms about that sinecure after this acceptance of it, I smothered them as remorselessly as the wicked Richard smothered the tender little innocents in the Tower. I dare say other men have had similar scruples on like occasions, and have prescribed just the same murderous remedy for their own disquiet. There are men in the world who would have risen in hot indignation against such a proposal as I accepted. I have heard them say so. I have a sort of memory that I said something to that effect myself in the columns of the *Reamleigh Weekly Banner*. I am not the hero of this narrative, and even if my acceptance of the position offered to me were unheroic I came down on to the plain, level highway of life into excellent company, and found quite a crowd of good fellows there before me.

CHAPTER XXVI.

I LOST but little time in letting my English chief know of the surprising good fortune which, by Pole's kindness, had overtaken me, and I soon found myself liberated from my post in Paris. MacIlray, I am inclined to think, regarded me with a kind of awe from the moment at which I announced to him the news of my social advancement. When one day Lord Worborough's black-edged visiting-card found its way to those lofty offices in the Rue de la Paix, the good Scot retired to a little apartment of his own and there furbished himself with hair brushes and clothes brush, and then returning, possessed himself of a pair of gloves. He had evidently an idea of putting them on in order to receive a peer of his native realm in befitting state, but Pole entering before he could put this purpose into execution he stowed them away in his coat-tail pockets, and offered his congratulations on the nobleman's accession to wealth and title with an almost hysteric alacrity and effusion. Awaking to the fact that Pole had

not come up-stairs on horseback, was accompanied by no herald bearing a coat-of-arms, and was, in fact, in no way changed from the rather sad-mannered, simple gentleman he knew already, he grew more sober in demeanour.

"I had a kyind of fear upon me," he told me afterwards, "that the lad would be transmogrified out of knowledge, and he's not the least bit altered. Ah'm thenkin' that ef any magical poeer laid a hold upon me and made a millionaire and a loard o' me, I'd just be a spectacle for goads and men. I'll be thankful to them to leave me in my native obscurity. I'm best where I am."

He showed a tendency to alter his demeanour towards myself, and falling shortly after this speech into one of his accustomed reveries, and emerging from it with his customary "Ay, ay!" he checked himself at the habitual "lad," and substituted for it "Mr. Denham." I laughed at first, but I soon found out that MacIlray meant no more by this than to intimate that if I were not prepared under my own changed conditions to continue on the old familiar terms he was prepared to abandon them. I do not suppose for a moment that he formulated this to himself, but he felt it all the same and acted upon it, until his Scottish sense of independence was assuaged by the certainty that no overwhelming sense of my own grandeur had run away with me.

When I finally bade good-bye to my Paris duties he was extremely warm and friendly.

"Ye're a very fine, unaffected pair o' lads, the both o' ye," he said. "I'm not looking forward to a dwelling in the tents of prences for my own part, nor to set down with the great ones o' the airth. I'd be clean spoiled if I had a notion of it, I know very well that I would. And you two, that are younger in the world's ways than I am, are just as natural as death, though ye stand there with all your blushing honours thick upon ye."

As a matter of fact I had no mean inward idea of the worldly importance which the possession of that wicked sinecure would confer upon me, and if I did not crow about it, it was only because I was restrained by the fact that the post was gained by no merit of my own.

I say I had lost no time in conveying information to my chief, but there was one person to whom I wrote even earlier. I had no sooner left Pole on that memorable, unforgettable evening than I fell to work to construct the terms of a letter to Mrs. Grantley. I rehearsed the letter all the way home,

and wrote it immediately on reaching my chambers. Before I could get away from Paris, or my successor was appointed, I received a letter of congratulation from mamma, who withdrew all objection to my suit, and assured me that she had never entertained any but such as were prompted by the consideration of my youth and the limited character of my worldly prospects. She exhorted me to new efforts in my new calling, and seemed to think that I had undertaken what might have been an eighth labour for Hercules.

My first business was to see the chief of my department, to whom I carried a letter of introduction from Pole. He was a genial old gentleman with a courtesy title, and he had been a life-long friend of the late Lord Worborough. He was very kind in his manner, and he talked about my duties, which were to be within reach of two subordinate personages between the hours of eleven and three for five days in the week and six months of the year. The duties of these subordinates were to be within reach of their subordinates from ten till four. My chief's duty was, in an easy-minded and unsettled way, to be in reach of me. I praise the bridge that carried me over. It was a pleasant office, and mockery apart, there was just enough work to do in it to prevent one from feeling like an actual impostor. I learned this afterwards, but for the moment my one desire was to get down to Grantley Holme and claim Clara. We corresponded every day. We wrote reams of letters, but the consolations of the post are but a poor substitute for the actual presence of your sweetheart, and I made all possible haste to join her.

I went down to Cheshire, and came back in a day or two, accompanied by Mrs. Grantley and the Major, a soldierly and gallant gentleman, and Clara. The three took up their abode at an hotel, and I lived in Pole's chambers. We spent days in house-hunting, and having found a perfect little jewel of an establishment, we spent weeks, and very happy weeks they were, in the search and purchase of furniture. Both Clara and I were resolved not to give ourselves into the hands of the demon upholsterer, and, with due regard to the sentiments of mamma, who had excellent taste, we pleased ourselves in the decoration of our home.

It had been decided that our marriage should take place when the house was ready. There were one or two good reasons for this dispatch, and there was nothing whatever to

be urged against it. Naturally enough, I was eager for it, and I urged with some tact, as I flattered myself, that my duties would begin in three months' time, and I should have no chance of a honeymoon for at least six months further. Why not utilise the time now in hand?

"You give me credit for no motherly desire to retain my daughter," said Mrs. Grantley.

I said nothing of the fact that my charming future mother-in-law had already managed to live without her daughter for a full year and a half, but Clara supplied the omission. The conflicts of mother and daughter amused me often, but I had sense enough to avoid participation in them, and they always said the keenest and plainest things to each other, with an amiable good-humour and mutual understanding.

The Major had hired a carriage, and one day we all drove eastward to the Strand. At the top of one of the riverward-running streets the carriage halted.

"We will call for you in half an hour," said Mrs. Grantley; and Clara, tapping my hand with a gloved forefinger, motioned to me to alight. I rose to obey, but I suppose I looked inquiry, for Mrs. Grantley demanded to know if I had not been told where I was wanted to go.

"Not yet," said Clara, and, the word being given to the coachman, the carriage rolled away. Clara passed a hand through my arm, and led me down the street, towards the river.

"We are going to see Mary Delamere," she said. "I have been here three times already. Your duty, if you please, is to act like a good *fiancé*, and second all my proposals."

I promised that I would do so, not being greatly in the dark as to what they were likely to be. The street was not inviting to look at. It wore an air of middle-class respectability grown sordid, and no house-painter seemed to have visited it for half a generation. But behold, on a sudden there gleamed upon us a house of mellow newness, with the neatest and whitest of curtains and blinds, and door-knob and knocker of burnished brass, so refulgent with constant polish that they might have been taken for gold. The snowy doorsteps cried aloud with a voice of reproach to the whole neighbourhood. I rapped, with the highly polished little brass knocker, at Clara's bidding, and in a minute, with a smiling, rosy-cheeked alacrity, a girl of eighteen, or thereabouts, in the costume of a *religieuse*, opened the door. She greeted

Clara pleasantly, as if they were already known to each other, but regarded me somewhat shyly and doubtfully, as if the intrusion of the male element were a thing unheard of in her experience of the place, and not to be too kindly looked upon as an experiment. Clara asked for Sister Constance, and the small nun-like personage led us into a fresh-looking, sparsely furnished apartment of infinite order and cleanliness.

"Who is Sister Constance?" I asked when we were left alone here for awhile.

"Sister Constance," Clara answered, "is Mary Constance Delamere."

I asked, in some consternation, if she had taken the veil, but a smiling shake of the head was the only answer I received, for at that moment a large and motherly woman in conventual garb sailed into the room like a breeze. She also was known to Clara, and exchanged friendly greetings with her.

"Sister Constance," she said, "will be here in a moment or two."

She invited us to be seated, and said something about the weather, so brightly and breezily that the air of the room seemed the fresher for it. Mary Delamere came in almost directly, and submitted to be hugged and kissed by Clara, who received her with a voluble and tender vehemence, whilst the elder lady looked on smiling. I had had a sort of general notion that all human emotions, except for a kind of tranquil, cold pity for human troubles in general, were left out of doors; but the elderly lady smiled as if she were well pleased, and Sister Constance endured and returned the caresses lavished upon her in precisely her old manner. If it is not profane to say it, the garb of this harmless and helpful society became her very much indeed. Her pale looks were warmed a little by their neighbourhood with the contrasting black and white. She greeted me in a friendly fashion, and we all four sat down to talk together.

"The Sister Superior," said Clara glibly, indicating the elderly lady by a little bow, "knows already why we are here, and will have no objection to the proposal I am going to make. Mr. Denham is also aware of it, and has adopted it with the enthusiasm which might have been expected from him. We shall be at home and settled down in eight weeks' time." She blushed at this, delightfully to my thinking, and Sister Constance and the Sister Superior smiled like an average brace of ladies well pleased, and looked no more like their costume than a country June like a London November.

"You can carry on your good work," Clara continued, "without let or hindrance. Mr. Denham knows all about the London poor. He is quite an authority now about their condition, and he can tell you that there are crowds of them in our neighbourhood, and that there is hardly anybody to look after them. You will be able to work amongst them, and so far as my own duties will allow me"—she was more maternally here than her own mother—"I shall be charmed to take a part in your work. Besides that, John will be engaged in his new duties. Mr. Denham," she explained to the Sister Superior, "has accepted an appointment under Government—from eleven to three. That is to say, that from half-past ten to half-past three I shall be alone, and I want to know what I am to do with all those dreary hours if you won't come and help me to pass them profitably. There are some people," she addressed the Superior once more, "who might perhaps tell you that I am frivolous. I shall always deny that. But even if it were true, it would only be an additional argument why Mary should come to me."

"We think your offer very generous and affectionate," said the Superior in her own crisp yet motherly fashion; "and for my part I like you very much for it, my dear. It remains for Sister Constance herself to decide."

"I shan't, I can't, and I won't be happy without her," said Clara. "If Mr. Denham will speak his mind he will say precisely what I do."

I spoke my mind warmly, and said with truth that I should be sincerely grateful to Miss Delamere if she would do what Clara asked her. The "Sister Constance" stuck somehow on my tongue, and I could not rid myself of a slight but irreverent impatience of it. The elderly lady looked towards her, awaiting her decision.

"You know, dear," Mary began, "that if I refuse, it is not because——"

"But you shall not refuse," cried Clara, with a face and voice of dismay. "I shall think it an absolute cruelty if you refuse."

"You see, dear," Mary answered gently, "you must see, that I cannot consent to become a burden upon you——"

"A burden upon me," Clara answered, spreading her hands abroad and turning on the Superior with a look of resignation to unmeasured wrong. "Did you ever hear anything like that?" the gesture said. "I actually lived," she continued with excellent

hypocrisy, "in Miss Delamere's house for the greater part of two years, and now she refuses to live in mine. I shall think it cruel if you dream of refusing me," she added, turning anew to Mary, "I shall think it unfriendly. I shall never believe again that you care for me at all. It's of no use," she was back at the Superior again, "to talk to Sister Constance of her own happiness or her own welfare. Those are quite absurd considerations to her mind. And she has been housekeeping all her life and I have had no experience. There are a thousand things I want to learn, and she will leave me to kill my husband with rheumatic fever through unmailed linen, or poison him with an indigestion." There was a cold tragedy in this announcement which might have touched the most obdurate heart. Mary was evidently anxious to speak, and had already made two or three movements in that direction; but Clara would not permit her to be heard. "I am willing," she went on, "to leave it all in the hands of the Sister Superior. You are not so undisciplined and so hardened in your own opinions that you will refuse to follow her advice. I am sure that she will support my petition."

The artful young person, as it afterwards appeared, had arranged with the Sister Superior beforehand. That motherly, good creature smiled, and answered that, really, she thought that Sister Constance could hardly be better employed. The matter was, of course, entirely for her own consideration. But—the pause and the gesture were alike significant.

"If I could be useful to you," Mary began—

"Useful!" cried Clara. "You'll be invaluable. Oh, thank you, darling." She ran at her with impetuous haste, and laid hold of both her hands. "I never thought you could refuse, but you don't know what a load you have lifted from my mind."

"But," began Mary, smiling, "I haven't promised."

"There!" cried Clara, piteously. "It's all to begin over again. You have promised——" with a sudden new vivacity. "You have! You have!" Then turning brokenly to me, "Now, John, has she not promised?"

Since the Sister Superior had expressed her opinion upon the matter I had hardly regarded the situation as being doubtful. She interposed again at this point, and carried the day for the petitioners.

"Suppose," she said, "that you give your friend the benefit of your experience for half a year. You need not lay aside the work

you have taken to heart. You will be doing a good action I am sure."

Clara poured out thanks upon her ally, and new entreaties upon Mary. I joined my own, and just as the Major's carriage rumbled over the cobbled pavement to the door, the treaty was concluded.

Certain telegraphic signs passed between Clara and her mother before the carriage had borne us back to the Strand, and the elder lady was evidently almost as much gratified as the younger. She had her daughter's interests at heart, but she was quite willing that so excellent a mistress as Mary Delamere should save her the trouble of initiating Clara into the details of housekeeping. For

my part I was in my own way as satisfied as either. If I had had my world to choose from, and to search for a friend and companion to my wife that was to be, I should have chosen Mary Delamere. To have absolutely what you would have chosen is a fortunate thing, and I reckoned myself and Clara very happy in this matter.

In due course, the banns being already put up, the guests were invited, and we two young people got married, and went away for a six weeks' sojourn in Elysium. We spent our moon and a half of honey in the Riviera, and then came back to settle down in smoky London with Mary Delamere as my wife's companion.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

By FRANCIS H. UNDERWOOD.

IF one could imagine a taciturn woodman poring over Plato, Virgil, the English classics, and the sacred books of the East—a labourer in mean attire, living on coarse bread and water, and keeping a voluminous journal of observations on plants and animals—an habitual railer against society, religion, and law, with a tender heart for children, woodchucks, ducks, and fishes—an abolitionist who went to jail rather than pay a poll-tax of eight shillings, because levied by a State that belonged to a union that tolerated slavery in other States, yet who scoffed at philanthropy and scorned reformers, and who boasted and practised pure egotism (or selfishness) as his rule of life—in such an animated paradox there would be an idea of Thoreau.

His paternal ancestor came from the island of Jersey about the middle of the last century. His grandmother was Scotch. The name has no longer a French pronunciation in the United States. He was born in Concord, July 12, 1817, and such was his native and acquired vigour that, if he had not foolishly exposed himself to all weathers, to excessive fatigue, and to needless privations, he might have been living to-day. His father was a dull, thriftless man, always in debt; his mother was a proud, ambitious woman, who determined that Henry should be educated, and worked hard to bring it about. He was a fair scholar, but not remarkable, either during his brief preparation in Concord or afterward in Harvard College. He entered at the age of sixteen, according to the unwise custom of those days, quite too

young to receive the benefit of a collegiate training. In youth his manners were awkward if not clownish, and he was frequently the butt of his livelier associates. His baptismal names were David Henry, but later he signed himself "Henry D." After his graduation in 1837 he set up a private school in Concord in company with his brother; but it was not successful; his attainments were more than sufficient, but he had neither the personal appearance nor the tact to inspire respect in boys. His pupils made fun of him, as his class-mates had done, and after the death of his brother the school was given up. Then Emerson befriended him, took him into his own house, where he lived two or three years, and afterwards procured for him a situation as tutor near New York.

There is no question that Thoreau had an original and powerful mind, though with many "eccentric motions," as one might say of a machine; but neither he nor any other progressive man of that day in Massachusetts could escape the solar influence of Emerson, which made planets of all lesser orbs. Thoreau had read in his great friend's library, steeped himself in his thoughts, and caught his tone, his deliberate accent, and manner, so that whether he spoke or wrote the imitation was ludicrous and exasperating. Lowell, in his "Fable for Critics," published in 1848, sketched him in these lines:—

"There comes —, for instance, to see him's rare sport,
Tread in Emerson's steps with legs painfully short;
How he jumps, how he strains, and gets red in the face,
To keep step with the mystagogue's natural pace!"

Thoreau's mother was one day rather un-

kindly reminded by a visitor of the resemblance, patent to all Concord. "Yes," calmly replied the proud woman, "Mr. Emerson *does* write like my son!"

Thoreau was not tall, but active, spare, and wiry. He had dark-brown hair, a light complexion made swarthy by exposure, a very prominent nose, light-blue eyes, with the inscrutable look of a half-tamed Indian, recently addicted to clothing. He could smile upon the few whom he loved or liked, but was cold and forbidding to those who, he fancied, did not appreciate him. His habitual answer was, "No!" and he seldom gave a hand-grasp to any. His mouth was rather full in youth, and his lips retained an infantile, lisping appearance; but later in life, when he wore a full, tawny beard, this amiable weakness was concealed. As his beard was seldom trimmed and rarely softened by brushing, as he preferred the cheapest clothing and had a rooted aversion to boot-blackening, he always looked untidy. His brief, decisive speech allowed scant play for courtesy, except to a few, and to children, who were all fond of him, because he could always show them beauty and strangeness in the common facts of nature. In spite of his austere manner, his voice had an agreeable tone, and in his early days his talk was full of quips and pleasantries. He loved poetry, or the kernel of it, but his regard for poets was confined to those long dead, excepting Ellery Channing, of Concord, whom he often mentions. He worshipped philosophy, the more abstruse the better, but would have nothing to do with living philosophers, excepting Alcott, the talker, and Emerson, who had unconsciously moulded him. He quoted Plato, Confucius, Moses, and Menu, but he held to the light revealed to Thoreau.

As a boy he was quiet and shy, and as time went on his reserve increased, so that he seldom talked unless sure of a sympathetic listener. If there was disagreement or discussion he became silent; if withstood, he withdrew; his conceit and turbulence were confided to his journals; he was, however, never convinced by any argument. Full of faith in himself, he was regardless of all social and political considerations.

In his youth he could be very agreeable, and was especially so to the children of Emerson, who loved him dearly, and who to this day cherish his memory with affection. He had a love affair, strange as it may appear, but his passion was not reciprocated, and this doubtless tended after awhile to make him more morose and solitary. There

are a few traces of this in his journals (1840-2).

One of the most beautiful of Emerson's sketches is that of Thoreau, written just after his death; a sketch wholly in the vein of a friend who sees and notes chiefly the traits which he had loved. There were two Thoreaus, and Emerson, who lived in an upper realm, knew only the spiritual Thoreau. The educated people of Concord came to appreciate the genius of their wayward townsman, and to be tolerant of his vagaries; but respect for him hardly percolated down to the lower orders. Thoreau himself well knew this. In his journal he says,

"There is some advantage in being the humblest, cheapest, least dignified man in the village, so that the very stable-boy shall despise you. Methinks I enjoy that advantage to an unusual extent. There is many a coarsely well-meaning fellow, who knows only the skin of me, who addresses me familiarly by my Christian name. I get the whole good of him, and lose nothing myself."

The position of such a man in Concord, noted for its intellectual and refined society, must have been at least equivocal; and, in spite of his original and splendid genius, there must have been a feeling akin to pity, as in Scotland for a "natural," in view of his sordid appearance and his eccentricities.

One might suppose from his scorn of mankind that the opinion of the world mattered little to him, yet in his journals, which began with his youth and continued all his life, he is anxious to exhibit or explain himself to the innermost. His observations, opinions, comments, feelings, and habits are recorded minutely, as if his experiences were to become the world's most precious inheritance. As the lover thinks his heart has felt a thrill that never shook the breast of another, so Thoreau thought that no one before him had seen the sunrise, or the opening of water-lilies, or heard by day the song of the wood-thrush, or by night the hooting of owls. And this was almost true. He loved nature with fervent and constant passion.

When he went in search of blossoms he consulted his notes of former years—his floral almanac—and found that on such a day was due the anemone, or the cypripedium, or the cardinal flower. He knew the "at homes" of all these shy dames, and never failed to make his call at the right time. No feathered creature could conceal its nest from this tireless watcher. If he heard a bird singing, a bittern booming, or a wild-geese *honking*, he had his ready field telescope instead of a murderous gun; and he studied

all winged creatures with admirable patience, so that he came to know them, their forms, colours, habits, and tricks of motion without depriving his dearest friends of life. He was patient of cold and hunger, rain and snow, and could find his way through forests by night as by day. His best road to the desired point was always the straightest, whether it crossed field, mountain, or swamp; the highways trod by others he seldom travelled. He was so wary, so collected, and could be so motionless, that birds and beasts came to regard him without fear, as a part of the landscape. He killed no creature other than fish, except when famished, and never so long as he had meal. After a time he had conscientious scruples about fishing.

Yes, he passionately loved nature, but wild nature. His sympathies were with the savage as against the white man, and with wild beasts against tame. He deplored the extinction of bears, wolves, and foxes. He loved rebel weeds rather than orderly crops, and the blossoms of the woods and swamps more than the pride of the garden. He was so sternly set against luxury that he reprobated vehicles and horseback riding, holding that man is independent only on his own feet. He favoured human toil in the fields—only a precious little of it—instead of the enforced labour of animals. If you will allow that every discovery and invention which saves labour, increases comfort, and assures man's dominion over wild nature is an injury or a crime, and that the most universal scholar should be as rude and naked (metaphorically speaking) as an Algonquin, you will be ready to accept Thoreau as your guide. If you accept him, you will have a feast for eyes and ears, and revelations for sense and soul, that you will scarcely find elsewhere described in English literature. His journals, which form the basis of all his elaborated books, are so many "instantaneous negatives" of a great variety of the most delicate, most unexpected, and most delightful aspects of life in its pristine conditions. In this quality their merit is absolute and incomparable. Of the other matters which cumber and sometimes overweigh the rare results of his observations we are bound to give some account in what follows.

The excursion afterwards described in "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers" was made in 1839, two years after graduation, when Thoreau was twenty-two, and was published in 1849. It was a week's excursion with at least eight years of comment, reminding us of the saying of a Boston lady in

regard to the title of her husband's book. She said it should have been "'Six months in Italy' and Four Years at Home." It is seldom that so slender a line of adventure has such a weight of varied learning strung upon it. The "Week" begins on Saturday, and the seven divisions are called by the names of the days in order, so that each appears to have cost at least a year's labour. The account of the uneventful voyage is necessarily slight; the real substance of the book is drawn from his wide reading, mixed according to no obvious plan, with his observations on nature, on human life, society, literature, &c. The ordinary citations are from authors whose names are familiar to readers of Emerson. Thoreau knew them as well, perhaps, as his illustrious master, but the everlasting display of quotation, with or without reason, affects us like the sight of a shop whose stock is all in the doorway and window. There are two authors who have been conspicuously successful in serving a *mince-meat* of ancient learning, cohesive and uncloying—Montaigne and Burton. One can but admire the learning and industry of Thoreau, but if a dish of classic "collops" is desired, it is better in "The Anatomy of Melancholy." And besides, Thoreau has what Burton has not, an unequalled store of pictures of earth, water, and sky; and when one is reading of some song-bird or rare flower, an untimely change to the occult or crabbed wisdom of a Hindu sage gives a shock.

Another and a large part of the book is filled with "poems," some selected, but oftener original. He had spontaneous poetical perceptions and feelings, and the essence of his thought was often poetry; but he had no "faculty," no sense of proportion, measure, or melody; and his verses are dreary—a task to all but admiring friends. There is intellectual power and reach, but the power of an admirable prose-writer who has deceived himself as to the fact of inspiration. Not content with a large supply of his own verse and a good number of selected fragments (generally enigmatic nuts to crack), he has introduced, one hardly knows why, some literal but crude and shambling translations of Anacreon. Here is a short specimen of his verse, not the best, and perhaps not the worst, but fairly characteristic of his manner:—

"The western wind came lumbering in,
Bearing a faint Pacific din,
Our evening mail, prompt at the call
Of its Postmaster General:

laden with news from California,
Whate'er transpired hath since morn,
How wags the world by brier and brake
From hence to Athabaska Lake."

With a day's progress we have the brief itinerary, early legends of the towns on the bank, and of the Indians, some ever-welcome glimpses of the fauna and flora, a translation from the Persian, a scrap of a Robin Hood ballad, some sentences from Chinese or Indian philosophers, mention of Homer or Euripides, a hint from Sir Thomas Browne, a swinging buffet on the cheeks of law or religion, a dissertation on literary style (opinionated and "cranky," but always entertaining), and so forth, till his stock is sampled; and then for the next day there is a repetition *da capo*. As to his opinions there is never any doubt *at the time*; but his fondness for emphasis and paradox lead him into absurd inconsistencies. One would think his violence a mere trick to gain attention, and he allows himself (in this his first book) a brutality of phrase unusual among scholars in our day. This is his comment on his imprisonment for not paying his poll-tax:—

"It is not to be forgotten that, while the law holds fast the thief and the murderer, it lets itself go loose. When I have not paid the tax which the State demanded for that protection which I did not want, itself has robbed me; when I have asserted the liberty it presumed to declare, itself has imprisoned me."

Here we see the original Anarchist or Nihilist—in a Pickwickian sense. Alcott was touched by the same whimsical madness, as was another dweller in Concord, an Englishman, whose name the Concord jailer has forgotten, and all three were locked up about the same time for the same reason. But Thoreau errs when he says the State robbed *him*. If there was robbery it was done upon the venerable Samuel Hoar, who, in pity to the family, paid Thoreau's tax bill the day after his seclusion. The life of the Esquimaux, who have neither laws nor rulers, but allow every one to do as he likes, would have suited Thoreau and Alcott admirably. In no other region on this planet could one be free from the rule of law and the grip of the tax-collector.

A few sentences will exhibit Thoreau's attitude toward Christianity more justly than any summary.

"I am not sure but I should betake myself in extremities to the liberal divinities of Greece, rather than to my country's God. Jehovah, though with us he has acquired new attributes, is more absolute and unapproachable, but hardly more divine, than Jove. He is not so much of a gentleman, not so

gracious and catholic; he does not exert so intimate and genial an influence on nature as many a god of the Greeks."

"Really, there is no infidelity now-a-days so great as that which prays, and keeps the Sabbath, and rebuilds the churches."

"The Church is a sort of hospital for men's souls, and as full of quackery as the hospital for their bodies."

After these and similar extravagances—in which we cannot believe him half so blasphemous as such words would imply coming from a less hare-brained man of maturer years—he goes tripping off to Onesieratus, Pythagoras, Chateaubriand, the *Antigone* of Sophocles, the style of Sir Walter Raleigh, the Hindu scriptures, or what not, and disports himself in tossing about the learning, thought, and sentiment of the ages. And this kind of harvesting, without order or method, by the deftness and airiness with which it is done, has often a singular charm. The thought appears perennially fresh. The diction is faultless; and if the occasional angry spurts against "institutions" could be eliminated and the "poetry" judiciously weeded, there would be left a volume which would be ruined for his illuminated worshippers, but would be a lasting pleasure to common folks.

The offences pointed out seem to be primarily against good taste or decency. It is not probable that Thoreau was such a terrible fellow as his words would indicate. Something may be pardoned to one whose nature revolted at the grim visage of Puritan theology, and something more to an abolitionist who saw that the American church at the time was the unblushing apologist and defender of African slavery. Many a man who had been nurtured in the Church said, "If it is Christian to buy and sell men, then count me for an infidel!" But for plain people—like myself and the Editor of *Good Words*, for instance—it is tiresome to meet in all the "days" of this memorable "week" anathemas against the State, sneers at "business," respectability, and decent clothing, praises of corn-bread and ready-made five dollar suits, skits at reforms and contempt for reformers, eulogy for the indolent, passionless, heavenly Contemplation of the Orient, and scoffs for the earth-born, restless Action of the Occident. Nothing in modern life is as he would have it.

The "Week" was widely talked about, but not widely read at first; its irreverence, its shell heaps of quotation, its coldly intellectual and unmelodious verse, and the bristling irritation manifested towards every New

England custom, precept and prejudice, were sufficient drawbacks. But this volume, though containing the most objectionable things Thoreau has written, is in many respects the most remarkable of his works—mainly, perhaps, because it has the flavour of first fruits. Passing over some contributions to the *Dial*, relatively unimportant, this was his first sally into the field of literature, and it shows the exquisite susceptibilities of a young and eager explorer. And in a certain way it is a specimen or model of all his works. In other volumes he records additional observations, but in none of them, excepting “Walden,” is there such sustained interest. He never went deeper into Nature, never cared for purely scientific treatment of any subject, and he always continued to mingle quotation, poem, and oburgation as in his early books.

While writing of English style Thoreau is interesting, even when we may not agree with him. Hawthorne has testified that the daily hard work at Brook Farm unfitted him for intellectual labour at night. Poet and romancer though he was, he was no brighter than any other ploughman when he dozed before the fire after the day's toil. And this is the experience of all the writers I have ever met. But Thoreau says:—

“If he” (the scholar) “has worked hard from morning till night . . . the few hasty lines which at evening record his day's experience will be more musical and true than his freest but idle fancy could have furnished. . . . The scholar may be sure that he writes the tougher truth for the calluses on his palms. . . . We are often struck by the force and precision of style to which hard-working men, unpractised in writing, easily attain when required to make the effort.”

Well-sounding phrases, but in fact mere rubbish; and all of Thoreau's own experience was the other way. Intending to become an author, he got the best education he could at the leading university, and then devoted himself to the study of literature, and to practice in writing with an ardour seldom witnessed in any age.

In one of his paradoxical fits Thoreau exclaimed, in commenting on the Laws of Menu, “Give me a sentence which no intelligence can understand!” Plenty of such apparent absurdities are in his pages; but the reader after a while learns to accept them for what they are worth, and to put up with an extravagance that attests such vigour.

He renounced society, business, and amusements, and lived upon little, so as to have five-sixths of his time free for his chosen pursuits. He never read a novel. He made

voluminous journals, and then toiled over what he had written, elaborated the sentences, and sought to heighten their effects by all the devices known to rhetorical art. And yet he would pose like a hard-handed labourer, innocent of literary graces!

This is but a specimen of his habitual perversity, or rather of his habit of letting a theory or a notion run away with him. Though all the literary art in the world cannot make a great writer, still the great genius will find and will have the literary training that is to give him the power of adequate expression.

Thoreau's father made lead pencils, and the son gave his help for a time, but at length having made what was pronounced a perfect specimen, he declared he would do no more. As he was an accurate mathematician, with other important faculties, he was a skilful surveyor of land, and got occasional employment to run the lines of farms—enough for his simple needs. When necessary he would chop wood or perform other manual labour. He knew all the lands, especially the woods and swamps, far better than their owners did.

Intending to seclude himself more completely, so as to have time for his studies, he built a cabin in 1845 on the shore of Walden Pond, about two miles from Concord Village, and lived there somewhat more than two years. He gives a minute account of outlay and result, and probably never was philosopher so cheaply sheltered and fed. The cabin cost a little less than £6. He raised the first year a crop of beans, potatoes, &c., in the light, sandy soil, and estimated his profit at about 35s. By his labour abroad during the year he earned a little less than £3. His food for the fifty-two weeks cost 35s., and he apologises for his “guilt.” He foots up his total expenses for the year at a little over £12, including the cost of the cabin and his clothes; his receipts were £7, leaving £5 deficit to be carried over. His experiences are instructive and amusing, and his methods of cooking and table service, upon which he is frank, would astonish a French *artiste*. He had, however, many a substantial meal with his mother and with Emerson. The important fact he states is this, that for five years he maintained himself by the labour of his hands, and found that by working about six weeks in the year he could meet all the expenses of frugal living. We may not all wish to assimilate our style of living to that of a savage, but the lesson of Thoreau's life is one to be pon-

dered. How large a portion of our income and of our precious time is devoted to superfluous "wants," leaving us bankrupt in regard to our intellectual and spiritual interests!

As a protest against society and as an assertion of human independence by isolation, the hermitage of Thoreau was a ludicrous mistake. As Lowell says—

"The tub of Diogenes had a sounder bottom. Thoreau's experiment actually presupposed all that complicated civilisation which it theoretically abjured. He squatted on another man's land; he borrowed an axe; his boards, his nails, his bricks, his mortar, his books, his lamp, his fishhooks, his plough, his hoe, all turn State's evidence against him as an accomplice in the sin of that artificial civilisation which rendered it possible that a person such as Henry D. Thoreau should exist at all."

At the Hermitage, besides continuing his journal, he probably worked upon the "Week," which appeared four years later. He received a few visitors now and then—Ellery Channing and Alcott, who came often, and Emerson and Hawthorne, who came rarely. The hospitality of the cabin was limited to conversation. For Alcott he testifies an enthusiasm never shown for any other—certainly not for Emerson, to whom he owed everything. Alcott, according to Thoreau, is "A true friend of man; almost the only friend of human progress. . . . He is perhaps the sanest man and has the fewest crotchets of any I chance to know. . . . Great Looker! Great Expecter! to converse with whom was a New England Night's Entertainment." Whom Thoreau declares to be the sanest man with fewest crotchets, we naturally expect to find mad as a March hare; and though Alcott was a glorious talker, he was the least practical of all the strange brood that appeared during the exciting times of the Transcendental movement. The account of his intellectual vagaries, though amusing, would be long.

The humour of Thoreau is reserved and grim, yet evidently he must have written some passages with a chuckle; as where he records of himself, "For many years I was self-appointed inspector of snow-storms and rain-storms," . . . "surveyor of forest-paths and all across-lot routes," . . . "I have looked after the wild stock of the town, which gave a faithful herdsman a great deal of trouble by leaping fences." He pooh-poohs the projected ocean cable, saying that the first important news received, probably, would be that the Princess Adelaide has the whooping-cough.

He is scornful towards the railways, pre-

ferring to go a-foot; and towards the Post Office as a distributor of gossip, for he had never received but one or two letters in his life that were worth the postage. He declares that "trade curses everything it handles; and, though you trade in messages from heaven, the curse of trade attaches to the business." He belabours "the saints" and has a whack at the hymn-books; ridicules philanthropy and disparages architecture. "To what end, I pray, is so much stone hammered? In Arcadia, when I was there, I did not see any hammering stone." Wealth enslaves its possessor. "Men are not so much the keepers of herds as herds are the keepers of men."

But the tone of "Walden," though bitter now and then, is more agreeable than that of the "Week;" and in "Walden" the divisions do not represent "days" but topics. The chapters upon the scenery and manners of his wild realm and its denizens, and those upon literature, have been evidently carefully studied; and there are passages, which for simple beauty and suggestiveness, may be put beside the writing of any writer upon nature and art. There is no note-book of naturalist comparable to this; only it will always be observed that in the literary chapters, in the main line of thought, he instinctively—unconsciously, perhaps—follows Emerson. This is seen in "Reading" and in "Solitude;" it is seen also in many thoughts by the way—as when he says that he "owns the landscape," that he has put a man's farm in "rhyme," has "fairly impounded it, milked it, skimmed it, and got all the cream." That is only a humorous variation of a sentence of Emerson in "Nature."

Here are a few passages upon the sights and sounds around Walden.

"The night-hawk circled overhead in the sunny afternoon, like a mote in the eye, or in heaven's eye, falling from time to time with a swoop, and a sound as if the heavens were rent, torn at last to very rags and tatters, and yet a seamless cope remained;—small larks that fill the air and lay their eggs on the ground, on bare sand or rock on the tops of hills, where few have found them;—graceful and slender like ripples caught up from the pond, as leaves are raised by the wind to float in the heavens; such kinship is in Nature. The hawk is aerial brother of the wave which he sails over and surveys; those his perfect, air-inflated wings answering to the elemental, unfledged pinions of the sea."

"When other birds are still the screech-owls take up the strain, like mourning women their ancient u-hu-lu. Their dismal scream is truly Ben Jonsonian. . . . It is no honest and blunt tu-whit tu-who of the poets, but, without jesting, a most solemn graveyard ditty, the mutual consolations of suicide lovers remembering the pangs and delights

of supernal love in the infernal groves. Yet I love to hear their wailing, their doleful responses, trilled along the woodside; reminding me sometimes of music and singing-birds; as if it were the dark and fearful side of music, the regrets and sighs that would fain be sung."

"In such a day, in September or October, Walden is a perfect forest mirror, set round with stones as precious to my eye as if fewer or rarer. Nothing so fair, so pure, and at the same time so large, as a lake, perchance, lies on the surface of the earth. Sky water. It needs no fence. Nations come and go without defiling it. It is a mirror which no stone can crack, whose quicksilver will never wear off, whose gilding Nature constantly repairs; no storms, no dust, can dim its surface ever fresh—a mirror in which all impurity presented to it sinks, swept and dusted by the sun's lazy brush,—this the light dust-cloth,—which retains no breath that is breathed on it, but sends its own to float as clouds high above its surface, and be reflected in its bosom still."

"Sometimes I rambled to pine-groves, standing like temples, or like fleets at sea, full-rigged, with wavy boughs, and rippling with light, so soft and green and shady that the Druids would have forsaken their oaks to worship in them."

One trait of Thoreau's nature comes out in "Walden." An Irishman, John Field, lived not far distant, a plodding ignorant man, deplorably poor, and at odds with fate. Thoreau, an expert fisherman, one day took Field on the pond in his boat, and had all the "luck." Field caught two fish only, while Thoreau had a fine string. Thoreau knew that Field and his family actually wanted food, but he went his way to his cabin with the abundance of fish, having bestowed on his dull comrade only good advice and lessons of philosophy. Thoreau was not hard-hearted, but it never occurred to him that he was under any moral obligation to bear another's burdens. This, apparently, was at the root of his dislike for "philanthropy," and for reforms and reformers. His duties, like his studies and pursuits, began and ended in himself.

As certain artists make fresh and vivid outdoor sketches, which are dull and formalised when "composed" afterwards in academic pictures, so Thoreau in his journals has noted appearances in nature with an eager and felicitous touch which is scarcely ever fully preserved in the after-written books. In the books the sentences are more flowing; the literary art is conspicuous; but it is in the original impressions, though in short paragraphs, or even in hints and fragments, that we perceive the indescribable bloom. I must glean some "bits" from the journal entitled "Summer."

It is not all scenery, as he says:—

"This may be a calendar of the ebbs and flows of the soul, and on these sheets, as a beach, the waves may cast up pearls and seaweed."

Nothing escapes him, "The pincushion galls on the young white-oaks" catch his eye, "coarse, woolly, white, spotted with bright red or crimson on the exposed side." Then, as every fact in nature has its similitude in the world of thought, he wonders that an abnormal thing

"Should be made so beautiful, as if it were the flower of the tree,—that a disease, an excrescence, should prove, perchance, the greatest beauty, as the tear of the pearl: beautiful scarlet sins though they may be. . . . As in many a character, many a poet, we see that beauty exhibited in a gall which was meant to have bloomed in a flower, unchecked."

He is moved by the song of the wood-thrush, in which, he says,

"Though heard at noon, there is the liquid coolness of things drawn from the bottom of springs. . . . The thrush's voice alone declares the immortal wealth and vigour that is in the forest. Here is a bird in whose strain the story is told. Whenever a man hears it he is young, and Nature is in her spring."

Thoreau is content that other people may toil if they will or must: for himself he will have none of it.

"The clink of the smith's hammer sounds feebly over the roofs, and the wind is sighing gently as if dreaming of cheerfuller days. The farmer is ploughing in yonder field, craftsmen are busy in the shops, the trader stands behind the counter, and all works go steadily forward. But I will have nothing to do, will tell Fortune that I play no games with her, and she may reach me in my Asia of serenity and indolence, if she can."

His fine sense detects the "fugacious, universal fragrances of the meadows and woods! odours rightly mingled!" The arbor vitæ reminds him of the scent of strawberry; the pines, birches, maples, ferns, &c., all have their own. In the pond he sees through the crystal water the circles of sand which the beaver make for a home. He follows the spotted tortoise to its hole, and finds the horned pout in her dark pool leading and brooding over her myriad progeny. The rabbits come furtively and partake of his maize, and the squirrels for him go through their *poses* and their coquettish pranks, as eager to be admired, he thinks, as rustic lasses at a ball. To give specimens is hopeless. I will quote one passage more, a moralising on the colour of grey. He is approaching Monadnock (on foot, of course), a grand pyramidal mountain in New Hampshire.

"Almost without interruption we had the mountain in sight before us,—its sublime grey mass, that antique, brownish grey, Ararat colour. Probably these crests of the earth are for the most part of one colour in all lands—that grey colour of antiquity which Nature loves, the colour of unpainted wood,

weather stain, time stain; not glaring nor gaudy; the colour of all roofs, the colour of all things that endure, the colour that wears well; colour of Egyptian ruins, of mummies, and all antiquity, baked in the sun, done brown,—not scarlet, like the crest of the bragging cock, but that hard, enduring grey, a terrene sky colour, solidified air with a tinge of earth."

Thoreau's works number ten volumes, only the first two of which were collected in his lifetime; "Walden," "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," "Excursions in Field and Forest," "The Maine Woods," "Cape Cod," "Letters to Various Persons," "A Yankee in Canada," "Early Spring in Massachusetts," "Summer," and "Winter;" the last two being selections from his journals by his literary executor, H. G. O. Blake.

It is said by those who knew him best that he was in his soul profoundly religious, and that the passionate utterances which gave such a shock to Christian readers were directed rather to the ancient theological *garb* of matters of faith, rather than to the substance of divine thought and knowledge.

He died among his relatives, of a gradual decline, in 1862, and is buried in Sleepy

Hollow Cemetery. Two biographies have appeared in the United States, one by W. Ellery Channing, his friend, the poet, the other by F. B. Sanborn. I am told that one has been written in this country, but I have not seen it. The facts for this brief sketch, so far as they concern Thoreau, the man, have been derived from new, and at the same time trustworthy, sources.

The interest in his books has steadily grown, and of late years many other writers have followed his footsteps in the woods and fields. But no one has rivalled Thoreau; the native power and fertility of his mind, his sturdy independence and originality, his keen perception of nature, and of the poetry of nature, the extent of his reading, and the delightful qualities of his style, combine to render him the ablest and most attractive of the writers of this century upon his chosen themes. He must be an author among ten thousand for whom so much has to be ignored or tolerated, and who yet is everywhere read with delight, in spite of passages on which some pitying angel should have dropped a tear.

LOSS AND GAIN.

I SORROWED that the golden day was dead,
Its light no more the country side adorning;
But whilst I grieved, behold!—the East grew red
With morning.

I sighed that merry Spring was forced to go,
And doff the wreaths that did so well become her;
But whilst I murmured at her absence, lo!—
'Twas Summer.

I mourned because the daffodils were killed
By burning skies that scorched my early posies;
But whilst for these I pined my hands were filled
With roses.

Half broken-hearted I bewailed the end
Of friendships than which none had once seemed nearer;
But whilst I wept I found a newer friend
And dearer.

And thus I learned old pleasures are estranged
Only that something better may be given;
Until at last we find this Earth exchanged
For Heaven.

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.



AMONG THE BIRDS.

BY CHARLES DIXON, AUTHOR OF "RURAL BIRD-LIFE," ETC.

III.—IN SUMMER.

BIRD-LIFE endows a northern summer with much of its fairest charm. The quiet, dreamy beauty of our English woods and fields is now imbued with a sense of joyous life. We miss much of the unusual activity which prevailed in spring; the crash of vernal melody is spent, and the music, if more universal, is toned down and softened by the voices of little songsters from across the sea. The loud powerful notes of the thrushes are now varied with the voices of the warblers, and the harsher cries are mellowed by the call of the cuckoo and the murmur of the turtle dove. In that deliciously sweet debatable time when summer seems striving for supremacy with spring—the waning days of May—the latest of our migratory birds appear. One of the most noteworthy is the turtle dove—perhaps the latest of all our summer migrants. It loves the cover of the deepest woods, is shy and timid, yet garrulous enough during the early days of summer when love and courtship are in progress. Another bird of summer is the swift. It arrives here in May, and is one of the first to leave us in autumn. Summer is the season chosen by most of the migratory birds for nesting duties, when insect life is abundant.

It may perhaps be as well to take a hurried peep at the domestic arrangements of some of our commoner birds, ere visiting the nests of those in remoter districts. Wherever our fancy leads us we are sure to meet with their curious and beautiful abodes. In the sides of railway cuttings, or in sand-pits and quarries, and in the steep banks of rivers, dozens of small holes may often be seen. These are the sand-martins' colonies. This little brown and white bird is the most soberly arrayed of the British swallows, with none of their metallic brilliancy, yet its habits are most interesting. These sand-martins return unerringly every season to the old familiar sand-bank to take possession of their holes, or to tunnel new ones. The burrows are bored in the sand for a depth of several feet, and at the end of the passage a slight nest is made of dry grass and a few feathers, in which the four or five pearly-white eggs are laid. The holes slope gradually upwards to provide for drainage, and many of them are very crooked, especially if big stones are encountered during the operation of boring. In many cases the little architects will abandon their half-finished burrow should any such obstacle be met with. The illustration

at the head of the present article happily depicts a busy colony of these pretty birds.

In the orchard trees, especially those trained along the wall, or in a chink of the bark of some rugged elm or oak, we may often find the nest of the spotted flycatcher, a beautiful little structure made of grass and moss, and roots, cemented with spiders' webs, and lined with wool, hair, and feathers, in which the female lays her half-dozen greenish-blue eggs thickly marbled with brown. In early summer the redstart, too, is busy bringing up its brood in a nest in some hollow stump or in a crevice of a wall, its delicate blue and spotless eggs being exceptionally beautiful objects. In the tangled hedges and amongst the luxuriant growth of vegetation in the woods and by the side of the trout-streams our delicate summer warblers are busy bringing up their broods—noisy white-throats, dulcet blackcaps, shy garden warblers, and sedge birds; and where the bushes and brambles are thickest the skulking grasshopper warbler builds its nest, and chants its monotonous song at all hours of the day and night. The late-breeding greenfinches are busy now in the shrubberies, and the lesser redpoles' charming little nest may also be sought in our northern hedges, or in the plantations of young larches near the moors.

During our summer rambles we meet with many little feathered strangers. Among the hedges the garrulous little whitethroat takes his short, hurried flights before us, singing lustily as he goes; and every now and then the cuckoo's glad some notes sound full and clear from the woods. Very hawk-like in appearance this latter bird may often be seen flying from tree to tree, uttering a chuckling kind of cry. The hens are busy now, prying about in all likely places in search of a nest in which to lay their alien eggs. Along the quiet reaches of the stream or round the margin of the lake we are certain to meet with the common sandpiper or summer snipe, a little wading bird that retires to the muddy coasts of South Africa during winter, visiting our northern waters to rear its young. It runs daintily along the shore, or even perches on a boulder in the stream, making its slight nest under a little bush near the water, in which it lays four pear-shaped eggs, creamy buff, spotted with dark brown and grey. In the pastures where the lazy cattle are grazing or standing in the cool shade of the spreading trees, impatiently lashing their tails or turning their heads from side to side to rid themselves of troublesome flies, we are sure to find the dapper

little yellow wagtail. The nest is made under the shelter of yonder hedgerow, and the parent birds come hither to catch the insects. See how daintily they run about among the grazing cows close to their very mouth, busy in search of food. High up in the blue sky the swifts are darting up and down, screaming as they fly, whilst in the lower atmosphere the swallows and house martins are courting to and fro, twittering to each other in their joy. Round and round the cattle they fly, sweeping under the branches, busily ridding the poor tormented animals of their insect pests. The tree pipit now sings rapturously, and all day long the skylark warbles in the highest air. Now and then you may chance to come upon a brood of young partridges and their parents, especially in the quiet corners of the fields near the gateways where the ant-hills are often seen. It is a pretty sight to watch these active little creatures following their parents; but as the wandering hawk crosses the sky their ever-watchful mother gathers her brood together with a warning cry, and shelters them beneath her wings. Amongst the corn, which is now just shooting into ear, the quails are nesting; whilst in the woods the broods of young pheasants are rapidly advancing to maturity under the keeper's jealous care. Whichever way we chance to turn, birds are sure to be seen; but it is interesting to notice how quickly they disappear at the approach of the heavy thunder showers. As soon as the first warning drops patter heavily on the broad leaves, bird after bird seeks shelter amongst the densest foliage, and rarely a bird ventures forth until the heavy rain has ceased. Sometimes, however, the swallows and the martins keep the air, and career about in the drenching rain without any inconvenience. Their dense, glossy plumage seems impervious to the water; they flit about all indifferent to the storm, as our next illustration very aptly shows. But as soon as the rain has ceased, and the sun shines brightly forth again, the birds hop out from their retreats and burst into song. All is gladness once more, and the parched, thirsty earth, and dusty, drooping vegetation are full of refreshing fragrance.

On the quiet pools whose margins are fringed with a dense bed of flags and rushes the water-hen finds a home congenial to its taste. This bird may often be seen walking about the short grass near the water, to which it instantly retires when alarmed. It makes its bulky nest amongst the rushes, often a floating structure, placed many yards

from shore, but sometimes in the coarse vegetation on the banks. It often rears as many as three broods in the season, and our illustration represents a summer family of these birds, hatched when the vegetation round the pool is most luxuriant. The chicks are covered with down as black as jet, and are able to swim and dive almost immediately after they leave the egg. The water-hen is a careful mother, and leads her numerous family about the pool, searching for food. The little creatures often rest on the broad leaves of the water-lily, and may sometimes be seen chasing an insect across a floating leaf. Water-hens often perch in trees, and swim and dive with admirable grace and quickness, although their feet are not webbed, or even lobed, like those of the coot. It is by no means a shy bird, and may frequently be seen swimming with its brood in the little stream that drains the Serpentine in Hyde Park, not a stone's-throw from the busy "Row," in the height of a London season. Still keeping to the water-side, we are pretty sure to meet with the reed-warbler, another of our summer migrants. This bird loves to frequent the reed-beds and osier-thickets, and is so skulking in its habits that it is rarely seen, and only betrays its presence by its song. By using the greatest caution in parting the reeds you may perchance be fortunate enough to see the little brown musician clinging to the swaying reed; but the most casual search will reward you with a sight of the nest. It is suspended on three or four reed-stems several feet above the water, as our artist has shown, and is wafted about by every breeze that blows. Built of coarse dry grass, fine roots, and a few scraps of moss, lined with finer grass, and sometimes a little vegetable down; it is made rather deep, probably to prevent the eggs or young from being pitched out during high winds. The eggs are four or five in number, bluish green, spotted and blotched with greenish brown and grey. Reed-warblers are very quarrelsome little birds, and each pair takes possession of some particular part of the reeds or osiers, from which they drive all intruders. This interesting bird sings incessantly through the early summer, not only in the daytime but frequently all through the night, joining with the sedge-warbler and the nightingale in making the few short hours of darkness about the summer solstice resonant with melody.

The hay meadows are a favourite haunt of many interesting birds. Where the grass grows thickest the shy and timid landrail

skulks, or runs to and fro through the herbage in quest of food, uttering his harsh, loud cry at intervals. He is a watchful, wary creature, and is far more often heard than seen. The whinchat is another bird of the meadows, making its nest amongst the grass. It sits on the tall stems of herbage, uttering its peculiar cry of *u-tic, u-tic-tic*, at intervals. It is often seen near the pool of water where the cattle drink, and may frequently be observed sitting on the newly cut swathes or the haycocks, disturbed but little by the noise of the mowing-machine. Blackbirds and thrushes love the meadow-grass, and search amongst it for snails and worms, especially in early morning and at dusk, when the dew is lying thickly on the herbage. The skylark usually makes its nests in these fields, and may be watched soaring upwards from them in one long warbling spiral to the zenith. The swallows glide up and down across the wavy grass, their dark metallic plumage glowing in the sunshine; and the kestrel often beats over them in quest of food. This pretty hawk lives almost entirely on field mice and insects, and no place is so favourable for these creatures as the grass meadows. The house sparrow and the greenfinch frequent them, to feed on the seeds of the grasses until the corn is ripe enough to be attacked. When night steals softly over the meadows and the ghost-swift moths drone lazily from stem to stem, the nightjar wakes up and leaves his day retreat amongst the bracken to hunt up and down in quest of food. You may know him by his churring cry, like the rattle of machinery. He is not shy, and will fly to and fro before you, seizing the cockchafers and big moths that happen to be passing. Another bird most active at night is the landrail; his loud and monotonous *crake-crake* sounding through all the hours of darkness. From field to field he passes, calling all the time, his voice now sounding startlingly clear and distinct, anon faint and remote, as the wary bird speeds quickly through the grass, or the gentle breezes of a summer night bring the sound towards you or carry it away. At dusk the barn owl leaves the church tower or the ivied ruin, and the tawny owl quits his nest in the hollow tree, both bent on capturing the mice and frogs that sport about amongst the herbage.

Summer time among the sea birds is full of equal interest. During our spring rambles we visited several of their famous breeding places. Now let us borrow Icarian wings

and visit the noble bird bazaars of St. Kilda, a group of small islands, some fifty miles from the most westerly of the Hebrides. The only breeding place in the British seas of the fulmar petrel is situated here, and the main colony of these birds stands unrivalled in its wonderful interest. It is situated on the face of a stupendous precipice which rises some twelve hundred feet sheer up from the restless Atlantic. The birds are now busy bringing up their young. Their single egg is laid in the late spring, in a slight apology for a nest, and is white, rough, and chalky in texture, and smells strongly of musk. What pen can do justice to such

a noble scene as this? The entire face of this awful cliff is one moving mass of birds. On every little grassy platform, on every ledge, and on every projection, the fulmars cluster in one busy, active throng. Whenever they are disturbed from the rocks the scene is most impressively grand; the vast seething clouds of birds darkening the air, and seeming as though they would descend *en masse* and literally overwhelm us by the sheer force of their countless numbers. But little noise is heard, save the rushing sound made by the myriad wings, for the fulmar is a very silent bird, and never utters a note of protest when its home is invaded. The fulmar is jealously



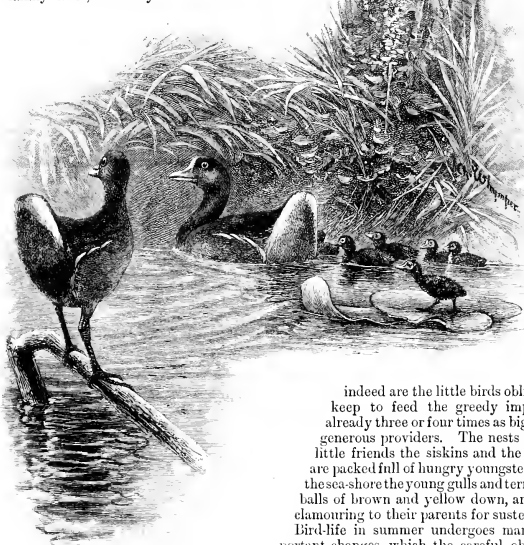
Swallows.

guarded by the natives of St. Kilda; it pays their rent and supplies them with food and oil. The eggs are taken in vast quantities every spring, and in the late summer months the great event of the year at St. Kilda takes place, when the fulmar harvest is gathered. The young birds are taken just before they are able to fly, and as many old ones as possible are knocked down or snared. For days St. Kilda is literally buried in dead fulmars; the whole population of some seventy souls talk of nothing else, gather nothing else, and the musky smell from the birds and feathers is almost overpowering to a stranger. Several other very interesting birds also make these

islands their home. One of these is the Manx shearwater, a species of petrel that breeds on one of the islets in such numbers as to literally undermine it; the bird making its nest at the end of a long burrow, in which it lays a single white egg. Unlike the fulmar, it is very noisy, especially at night, and when its breeding places are intruded upon by man. The fork-tailed petrel and the stormy petrel also breed in the St. Kilda group, making their nests in disused puffins' burrows. Their single egg is white sprinkled with reddish brown in a zone round the larger end. All these petrels are nocturnal in their habits, and at dusk may be seen

hurrying off from their holes to the sea, where they hold high carnival amongst the ocean waves, searching every crest and every hollow for their food.

On the moors and mountains the birds are busy bringing up their broods. The young ring ouzels can almost fly, and the meadow pipits and linnets, whose nests we visited in spring, have safely reared their families, and in many cases are engaged with a second brood. The young grouse are rapidly reaching maturity; and on the highest mountains the broods of ptarmigan run off and conceal themselves amongst the stones and lichens as we approach. The plovers and the snipes and wild ducks are all full of family cares, intensely anxious for



The Water-hen.

their helpless offspring, and indulging in a hundred cunning artifices to lure us from them. Here and there we may chance to come across a young cuckoo being fed in a most conscientious manner by its foster parents, the meadow pipits. Hard at work

indeed are the little birds obliged to keep to feed the greedy impostor, already three or four times as big as his generous providers. The nests of our little friends the siskins and the twites are packed full of hungry youngsters. On the sea-shore the young gulls and terns, like balls of brown and yellow down, are ever clamouring to their parents for sustenance. Bird-life in summer undergoes many important changes, which the careful observer will not fail to notice. Most striking fact of all, especially amongst singing-birds, is their loss of voice. In the middle of summer the song of the thrush and the blackbird is visibly on the wane; and as the days go by most of the songsters that made the early springtide glad with their voices will warble less and less frequently, until by the

of dress. The birds that breed earliest in spring are naturally the first to moult. No bird sings during this trying period of its life. They love to skulk amongst the densest parts of their

haunts, only take flight when absolutely compelled, and are rarely seen for days together when the moult is at its height. Many birds, especially gulls, geese, and ducks, retire miles away from land to moult their plumage; and in some species the wing-feathers fall out so rapidly that the birds are absolutely unable to fly until the new quills grow. As soon as the change of dress has been safely accomplished, the robin, the wren, and the hedge sparrow begin to warble just as sweetly as of old; so, too, do the willow-wren and a few other species; but the rule is for birds to lose their song entirely in the moult, and not to regain it until love dawns anew in their little breasts the following spring. Another prominent feature in bird-life during the late summer days is that many species begin to gather into flocks. Amongst the first to be so seen are the starling, the greenfinch, the house sparrow, and the twite. These gatherings are mostly of young birds, which confine themselves almost exclusively to the newly-mown meadows, the pastures, and the corn-fields. In the woods parties of jays and magpies may be met with; whilst down the hedgerow sides broods of long-tailed tits and their parents hurry along like little balls of feathers, trooping in a straggling train from bush to bush. The rooks have long deserted the colony, often returning at night to sleep, but visiting the distant pastures during the day. The swallows still warble at intervals as they flit across the fields and over the water, many of the young birds making attempts at song. These birds do not moult until they reach their winter quarters in South Africa, leaving us in autumn in their worn and abraded plumage.



The Reed-warbler.

middle of July their music is hushed until after the autumnal equinox. As a rule, birds do not sing so freely during the time the young are being reared; and once that duty is safely over they cease all attempts at music, and prepare for their annual change



Dreamland in History

BY THE VERY REV.
H. DONALD M. SPENCE, D.D.,
DEAN OF GLOUCESTER.

FIRST PAPER.

WHAT a changed life is mine, from one of the busiest quarters of the greatest city in the world to an old cathedral city—from London to Gloucester; for ten long work-filled years vicar of a great metropolitan parish, and now chief custodian of one of those great religious houses, grey with years, perfect in beauty, which form one of the glories of our storied England!

But for a vicar of St. Pancras to sit in the seat of the old abbots of Gloucester involves a changed life, not merely new surroundings.

It was not an unhappy life by any means, that old restless St. Pancras time. It is all over now, successes and failures, sadnesses and joys. Those bright Sundays,

those long walks through the Sunday-schools, literally miles of scholars. Ah me! how I have loved them—those schools—but they belong now to a past storied with happy memories.

Then those evenings at the grand church, quaint and charming in its ugliness, but beautiful in its rows and rows of worshippers; Sunday after Sunday to meet nigh two thousand men and women gathered together in the Even-tide to serve God: those bright, sunny, tiring days are over and gone, and St. Pancras, its vast schools, its bright church, its many devoted friends, is now only a memory, but a very happy one.

How can the new strange future be made beautiful before God? useful to the neighbours? That's the problem now before me.

I was in the solemn cloisters alone one golden summer evening—the cloister walk, reckoned among cloisters the most lovely in England, scarcely altered, save being more beautiful in its grey decay, from the days when the third Edward reigned in England. I was walking in this still and quiet cloister walk, and I looked up at the cathedral tower, rising over the high roof of the nave, and the yet higher roof of the choir, crowning

all the lesser pinnacles clustering round in strange beautiful confusion ; the whole massive pile glowing with a pale red in the sunset, and then gradually fading into a silvery bluish-grey. As I looked on the fair sight, I remembered a question which a child once put to me, "How long has it taken to build it all!" We talk of five or ten years as a long time, but men, now long forgotten, were building, planning, altering, adding to, beautifying this minster of ours for five hundred long eventful years. Some of it was designed and finished when Edward the Confessor was king. Earl Harold, son of Godwin, had no doubt walked and prayed in that quiet crypt church beneath the choir, before the luckless day when he coveted and took a crown instead of his mighty earl's coronet.

Norman William, whom we call the Conqueror, lived here much, and doubtless helped to build it. His famous Domesday Book was planned in the chapter-room leading out of this old cloister walk. William Rufus lay sick in the old Benedictine House of Gloucester, when he forced the pastoral staff of Canterbury into the unwilling hand of the holy scholar Anselm—Anselm whom he came to hate so bitterly, but who, had the Red King chosen, would have been his friend and counsellor, who would have saved him from that awful death and the unblest grave which was the Red King's fate.

It was in the Benedictine House of Gloucester that the strange scene round what seemed to be King William Rufus's dying bed took place, that first Sunday in Lent, 1093, when bishops, nobles, and monks stood in the sick man's chamber, and besought him, amongst other deeds of reparation, to nominate an occupant to the arch-see of Canterbury, which had been long vacant, and its great revenues and powers had been seized on by the King.

Among the crowd which stood by the King was a poor Norman monk named Anselm, of Bee, of great reputation for piety and learning, for whom the King had frequently expressed great dislike ; to the surprise of all present, King William raised himself slightly on his bed, told the courtiers that he had chosen Anselm for archbishop. The scene that followed the unexpected announcement was a strange one. The monk Anselm earnestly and pertinaciously refused the proffered honour. He asserted he was unfit, ineligible ; nothing would move him to accept the dignity.

The curious scene by the King's bedside lasted a long while ; at last a pastoral staff

was brought to Rufus. The unwilling monk was hurried to the bed where the King was lying. Anselm clenched his fist, and would not open it to receive the staff. The bishop who stood by forced the reluctant fingers open, and placing the pastoral staff within them, held the monk's hand firm, and then hurrying him into the adjoining minster, chaunted over the new archbishop the "Te Deum," and thus Anselm strangely and sorrowfully commenced his great and stormy reign over the Church in England.

It was in the same holy House of Gloucester that the wicked William Rufus kept in solemn state his last Christmas festival, A.D. 1099, wearing his crown and kingly robes.

Only some six months later the solemn crypt of the cathedral, but little changed to-day from what it was in those far-back times, probably furnished to the monk of Gloucester the sombre imagery of the vision in which he saw the immediate death of the hated King.

It was in the same minster church of Gloucester, the August of the same year (A.D. 1100), that Abbot Fulcard, of Shrewsbury, preached on the miseries of England, and predicted the manner of the King's death in terms so precise and clear, it seemed as though he knew something beforehand of the tragedy of which, in less than three short days, the New Forest was to be the silent witness.

The preacher's words as delivered in the Gloucester Cathedral pulpit were, "The Lord God will overthrow with a terrible convulsion the mountains of Gilboa (referring to King Saul's death). The anger of the Lord will no longer spare transgressors. . . . The bow of divine wrath is bent against the reprobate, and the swift arrow is taken from the quiver to inflict wounds. Quickly will this be done." Abbot Serlo, of Gloucester, sent a special messenger at once to his friend and frequent guest then in the New Forest, to relate the strange and awful portents of the sermon or the dream, perhaps of both, in the hope that the Red King would repent while for him time was. William Rufus received the messenger and the message of Serlo, of Gloucester, but only mocked. The words were spoken on August 1, the Festival of St. Peter, by the preacher in Gloucester Cathedral. Two days later, on the 3rd of August, Rufus was found stretched on the ground within the walls of the ruined church just below the Malwood Castle, a fair scene in the New Forest well loved by the wild Red King—was found by Robert Fitzhamon, Lord of Gloucester, and

another noble, in the agonies of death, transpierced by the shaft of a Norman arbalest, the blood gurgling in his throat. The dying king tried in vain to speak, but no word was caught by his faithful friends, who tried to pray with him, but in vain.

William Rufus lies in the choir of Winchester Cathedral with the old West Saxon kings, but for the murdered William no bells tolled, no alms were given; for the repose of the soul of the dead Rufus no prayers were offered. Men thought for *him* that prayers were hopeless.

The slab that covered the sad disfigured corpse of what was once King of England bore no name, no crown, no verse of Scripture. There was an awful eloquence in the strange unbroken silence of the tomb in Winchester.

* * * *

One King of England after the other made Gloucester Abbey their home; now it was the scene of a royal coronation; now it became a royal tomb. Parliaments were held here; stately festal seasons were often kept at Gloucester, not only by Anglo-Saxon, but by Norman monarchs. It was a very favourite home of the royal Plantagenets.

From Edward the Confessor's days succes-



sive generations of monks kept pulling down and building up, devising pillars and arches, raising tall roofs, planning gardens and cloisters, making the loved House of God in Gloucester more and more rich with beautiful sculptured fancies. And so the grand old prayer-house on which I was gazing on that golden summer evening slowly grew. It was the result of no one architect's fancy; it was no design even of one generation; it was, with its lovely confusion of style and order of architecture, with its curious and quaint conceits, with its delicate and exquisite sculptured lacework, it was the outcome

of five hundred years of patient, loving thought on the part of kings and princes, of scholars and artists, of men of action and men of prayer. No wonder such a building is inimitable.

There is only one description of figure-

tomb really permissible. It is when the image of the dead lies in quiet repose; a standing figure, a kneeling knight or churchman, even a sitting form is a mistake. It is certainly unmatural, undignified, positively painful to the beholder, but the sculptured form of a recumbent figure suggests rest,



repose, sleep, a peaceful waiting till the morning of the great awakening. The hands folded as though in prayer, the restful upturned face, the reposeful expression on the lips seemingly ready to break into a smile of quiet happiness. All this speaks of death, as a Christian loves to think of it. It tells of a trustful waiting for a solemn yet a joyful surprise.

Near what was once the high-altar of the Abbey of Gloucester, still the sacred spot where the Church of England carries out with her true simple rites her Master's dying charge, is a stately royal tomb, with a graceful and elaborately carved canopy of fretted stone—one of the most beautiful tombs in the world. Within this shrine lies a sleeping

figure, robed and crowned. The face—the touching legend tells us it is a portrait—the face strangely winning and attractive, though perhaps somewhat weak in character and undecided, but singularly peaceful and beautiful in its setting of long wavy hair. The face of one man and women would admire and even love; and seeing that to the rare beauty was added kingly rank, it was the face of one man would readily die for, and I dare say not a few did in those stormy turbulent days when that sad king reigned in England.

Beneath that stately tomb with the fair crowned effigy rests the unhappy man known in history as Edward II. He was no stranger in the halls of the great religious house of Gloucester. Years before the tragedy which closed his life, when his father was king of England, Prince Edward was dining in the Abbot's hall of the Monastery of Gloucester, pictures of the kings, his ancestors, adorned the walls of the guest chamber. The Prince, in the course of the banquet, turned to his host the Abbot, and asked him, half in joke half in earnest, if the monks would ever give him, the Prince, a place among his royal forefathers. The grave Abbot Thoky of Gloucester answered—were the words of Abbot Thoky a prophecy?—that he hoped one day to have him, Prince Edward, in the abbey, but in a nobler place than in a mere guest chamber.

Neither prince nor monk thought, in that high day of feasting, that for long centuries, hard by the high-altar of the Abbey, only a few yards away, the Prince's sculptured effigy, wearing royal robes and a kingly crown, would mark the place of sepulchre of a murdered King of England. The Abbot's reply was curiously fulfilled. The side of the high-altar of the great minster church of the Monastery verily was a nobler place for the Prince's effigy to rest in than the dining-hall of the Monastery.

* * * *

Gloucester owes much of the glory and beauty of its stately Cathedral to the pious daring of this same Abbot Thoky. When long years after the scene in the Abbot's hall, the body of the murdered King Edward II. lay unhonoured and deserted in that gloomy chamber of the keep of Berkeley Castle, some sixteen or seventeen miles distant from Gloucester, several of the great religious houses in the neighbourhood declined to give a grave to the dead king. These not very brave monks of Bristol, Kingswood, and

Malmesbury thought that by granting sepulture to the poor remains of the hapless uncrowned Edward they would expose themselves to the ill-will of the dead man's wife, the wicked Queen Isabella, who was exercising for the time sovereign power in the land.

By a happy inspiration, different from his brethren of Bristol, Kingswood, and Malmesbury, Abbot Thoky of Gloucester tossed aside all cowardly fears and boldly begged the body of the murdered king. The brave old monk of Gloucester too was not minded to do this pious loyal deed privily in a corner; but with a goodly retinue, in his own carriage adorned with the arms of his own stately abbey, Abbot Thoky sent to Berkeley Castle, and with pomp and ceremony fetched the corpse of poor murdered Edward home to Gloucester.

It was a brave, manly, pious act—this of the old Gloucester abbot. But when they did this noble bit of work, neither monks nor abbot dreamed of the extraordinary rich guerdon which their loved minster church would in coming days receive for their brave and beautiful act of tender chivalry.

The minster had not long to wait before it received its splendid recompense for the good deed done by its abbot. For the dead king's son, whom we know as Edward III., took speedy and sharp vengeance on his father's betrayers and murderers. Then, over the murdered king's remains, he built, near the high-altar, the graceful tomb which, after five and a half centuries, we still gaze at with wondering admiration. Edward III. was not content with simply building a stately tomb to his father's memory, he honoured with rare honour the monastery and its minster church, which, in spite of grave danger, had not forgotten the reverence due to a fallen king.

But royal favour was only a very little portion of the rich reward which the Abbey of Gloucester received for its brave act of loving charity.

With one of those sudden revulsions of feeling not uncommon in the story of a people, England turned round and began to honour with singular devotion the memory of its once despised and persecuted King Edward.

It was a singular and almost inexplicable cult, this reverence for the murdered Edward II. Soon after the accession of his son, Edward III., crowds of pilgrims, consisting of all sorts and conditions of men and women, came to visit and pray over the Gloucester shrine where the remains of the dead king rested.

Some, perhaps, came thinking thus to pay court to the reigning sovereign; some because they felt that a bitter wrong had been done, and they who doubtless had shouted approval when Edward was shut up in his doleful prison at Berkeley, now came to the tomb-side and offered rich gifts as a kind of tardy reparation. Some came to Gloucester out of a hope to win the favour of the reigning king, some to propitiate the shade of the dead, some from curiosity, some—possibly the greater number—because they believed the dead Edward, king and martyr, could somehow help them and make prosperous and happy their homes.

Miracles were reported to have been worked in that stately aisle where the new

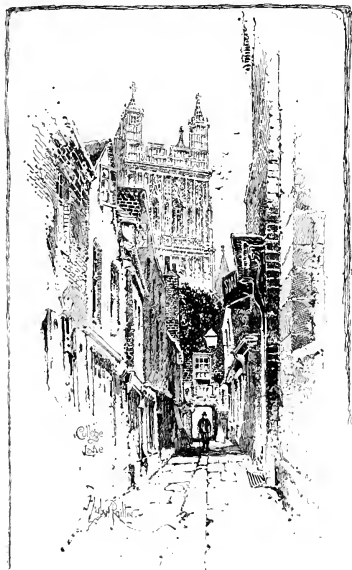
and splendid canopy had arisen over the white effigy of the persecuted sovereign.

The Abbey treasury grew rich—very rich—with the pilgrims' gifts. These pilgrims kept crowding in ever-increasing numbers to the shrine, and the strange adoration of the murdered Edward grew more and more popular.

Two years after that memorable day when he brought the dishonoured remains of King Edward II. to Gloucester, and laid them with all reverence close to the high-altar of the proud minster church of his monastery, Abbot Thokyn, now an old man and worn out with thought and care, resigned the oversight of his great religious house to younger and more vigorous hands.

John Wigmore, a notable name in the annals, not only of Gloucester but of famous artist monks, succeeded to the charge of a grim old Norman minster church dating from the days of Edward the Confessor, Harold, and the Conqueror. The great church of the Severn Lands, when John Wigmore became Abbot of Gloucester, possessed grandeur, solidity, massiveness; in its general design there was plainness, almost austerity. It had been built in rude and stormy days after the fashion somewhat of a fortress; the walls were of enormous thickness, pierced with round, arched windows of no great size, but of considerable depth. The massive pillars and low, round aisles, stood grey and solemn, suggestive of vast power and of unshaken duration. It breathed, did the old Norman minster which Abbot Wigmore found in Gloucester, awe and solemnity; but it was wanting altogether in that exquisite grace and tender beauty which in the more splendid mediæval cathedrals inspire a higher devotion.

When Wigmore became abbot of the old Norman pile of Gloucester he found himself in a different position from that occupied by any of his predecessors. Loyal Gloucester stood high in favour with King Edward III., and higher still in the estimation of the English people. The pious





act of his predecessor, Abbot Thoky, in bringing, with all reverence and honour, the body of the murdered king, was looked upon by the many as a national act of reparation for a great national crime, and Abbot Wigmore's great Benedictine House of Gloucester enjoyed now not merely a high position in popular estimation, but, owing to this popular estimation, what it had never possessed

before, an overflowing treasury, for the crowds of pilgrims visiting day by day King Edward's shrine left behind them substantial tokens of their visit in the shape of more or less costly offerings.

The monk was often a great architect. Those glorious sacred piles men wonder at and admire with so deep an admiration—mighty piles which grew up in so many

centres of Europe from the eleventh to the fifteenth century—were largely the fruit of the monk's hand and brain.

The cloister life seems to have been peculiarly adapted to the architect's craft. The cloister of the Middle Ages produced, it is true, famous historians, true poets, philosophers, lawyers, doctors, statesmen, and certainly not a few of rarely gifted painters. But the cloister was not the solitary field where these various masters in their several crafts flourished. In architecture, however, during that long period which men roughly call the Middle Ages, the monk was surely the first, and not only was he the first architect of his own day, but in succeeding days he has held the first place. The great monkish masterpieces in architecture are still the schools whither resort for instruction, suggestion, inspiration, the foremost in the craft of architects. These old masterpieces, none dream of surpassing; our generation, with all its boasted progress in science and in art, deems itself happy if it can, with fair success, imitate these matchless buildings.

High among these inimitable works ranks the great Church of the Severn Lands, the Cathedral of Gloucester.

John Wigmore, who became abbot of the old Norman minster some two years after King Edward II. was laid to rest hard by the minster's great altar, was no doubt one of these great monk-architects. He entered on his high office at a fortunate time; his abbey stood, as we have seen, high in royal favour, his treasury was overflowing with gold, and the revenue arising from the pilgrims to the shrine of the murdered Edward was increasing year by year.

The old Norman minster church was large enough and to spare; its strong foundations, its thick and massy walls, its mighty columns would endure for ages. There was evidently no occasion to rebuild or to enlarge it. But the stern plainness, the grave simplicity, the severe grandeur of the noble pile misliked Abbot Wigmore and the architect monks of his day. The Norman cathedral, built some two and a half or three centuries earlier, might almost seem to have been built for warlike or defensive purposes. The builders of Abbot Serlo and of the days of Edward the Confessor were evidently impressed with the dangers of the stormy age in which they lived, and built as though an invasion of Vikings, of unchristianised Northmen or Danes, had to be guarded against. The general impression of a great Norman abbey was that a fortress church rose up before you.

Hence the great square central tower with battlements, like the donjon or keep of a castle: we see some of these characteristic features at Peterborough and at Tewkesbury. Hence too the narrow apertures for light, scarcely more than perforations in the massive walls.

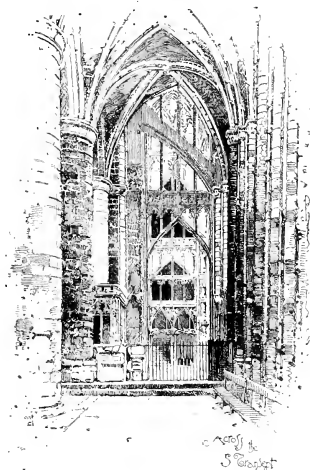
But these old stormy times were now long past. Christian churches now cast their shadows over those deep blue firs of Norway and Denmark whence the war ships of the Vikings used to sail on their expedition of plunder among the towns and villages of England and Normandy. There was no need in the days of the strong rule of the third Edward for these church fortresses. So Wigmore determined to carry out what had been long dreamed of in his quiet cloisters, and to reclothe with a new strange beauty the aisles and choir of his great minster church.

He would devise a new order in architecture, would reclothe, so to speak, the mighty stones of Serlo's minster. It was a gigantic undertaking, but Wigmore had ample means at his command to carry it out.

He began his master-work in the vast south transept, in the great south arm of the cross in the old Norman abbey. It was a bold and daring work, and must have cost, besides vast thought, enormous labour. The whole of the old work was curiously and deftly refaced and covered with panneling of richly carved stone. The new (it is now five hundred years old), beautiful stone-work, well-nigh as fresh as on the day of its completion, looks as though it were nailed on to the original Norman walls and columns and aisles; it may be compared to a mighty stone veil thrown over walls and pillars and across arches; the little apertures in the massy walls were changed into great and stately windows; the few old ornaments, always picturesque in their rugged simplicity, were preserved by the unerring taste of these fourteenth-century monk-builders, and curiously and skilfully were weaved into the new and more elaborate designs.

Six years sufficed for the completion of this first part of a vast work. In six years, with a practically bottomless purse, the south transept of the old Gloucester minster, according to Abbot Wigmore's plans, was completed. The date was A.D. 1335, in which year the first finished Perpendicular piece of work in England left the monk-workmen's hands.

It was a daring conception, but strangely beautiful—so beautiful that it not only



emboldened the Gloucester monks to go on with their curious design of entirely re-modelling their grand old Norman minster, during those long ages—men are pleased to call dark,—in these quiet peaceful homes of prayer and thought termed monasteries.

but it positively gave a new impulse to English architecture, and the Gloucester design was imitated and elaborated in other great churches and abbeys in our land.

We will go on with our story of how Gloucester put on the rest of its splendid and glorious robe of stone in another chapter.

* * * *

Sometimes in the late evening-tide, when all is still and quiet, when strangers and attendants are gone, when the great church is half-veiled, half-revealed in the tender grace of the long drawn-out soft, summer twilight, I go into that south transept, with its veil of carved stone, tossed over the stern grave Norman work, and gaze on the awful beauty which these workmen, dead and forgotten for more than five hundred years, called into being. Then I think I begin to see something of what Wigmore and his monks had in their minds when they piled their charmed stones one on the other, in beautiful confusion as it seems, but really with studied order. I begin to see something of those heavenward aspirations of these monk-architects, whom the Divine and perfect Architect lodged

THE LARK.

I HEAR the lark to-day ; he sings
 Against a hazy April cloud—
 The glorious little soul with wings !
 Who sings so sweet and clear and loud,
 That all the fields that lie around
 Seem tingling with melodious sound.

I see him not, nor do I care
 To strain with upward view the sight
 Enough for me to know the air
 Is full of his intense delight.
 I stand, nor do I care to miss
 One falling rapture of his bliss.

He sings ; the snow is on the hill,
 And over hedge and tree is seen,
 When spring has wander'd at her will,
 A prophecy of misty green,
 In which a bud or two displays
 A soft desire for summer days.

But he—he knows that thus to pipe
 Brings on the summer that shall be,
 That all his perfect song is ripe
 To wake the grass and touch the tree,
 Until the toying day-wind weaves
 A web of universal leaves.

All this he knows, and hence his song
 Throbs with the joy of what it brings;
 And being hid himself among
 The folding of the clouds he sings,
 Knowing full well his song will be
 The deeper for its mystery.

Thou poet of heaven, for of this earth
 We deem thee not: I stand to-day
 With all the ripple of thy mirth
 Around, and driving thoughts away,
 Hearing thy glorious music fall
 In one continuous madrigal.

And as I listen in this mood
 I leap to feel thy minstrel strain
 Draw the street-fever from the blood,
 The city from the weary brain,
 Till I am left such boon to bless,
 Full of unthinking happiness.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON

THE ROBBERS OF THE ROCKIES.

By J. CAMERON LEES, D.D.

FROM time to time there have appeared accounts in the American newspapers of the robbery of railway trains. These robberies have generally taken place in remote and outlying parts of the States, into which the railway system has but lately penetrated. For a train to be what the Americans call "held up," was, during the last year, rather a frequent occurrence, and the process of "holding up" was done in a manner so skilful as to be generally attended with success. There were cases reported in which the robbers got the worst of it, but they too often made good their escape, not only with their lives, but with considerable booty, leaving the train they had plundered to go on its way minus its mails and the passengers stripped of their money and valuables. Last November, on my way from San Francisco to New York, the train in which I crossed the Rocky Mountains fell into the hands of these marauding gentlemen; and as my experiences may be interesting I venture to

give them here, though they may not be so startling as those of some other travellers who have fallen among thieves.

I left Salt Lake City on the forenoon of a beautiful day in the fall of the year, and after skirting the river "Jordan" and the "Lake of Tiberias," names which the Mormons have transferred from Palestine to their own territory, the train began to enter a wild and rugged country, and to cross the great mountain rampart by which the plain of the Salt Lake is environed. All the afternoon we slowly ascended, and it was evening before we reached the Castle Gate, formed by two enormous steep rocky walls, between which the railway passes. There were a good many carriages in the train, and the "Pullman" in which I travelled had about twenty passengers. We were very sociable and time passed quickly. As soon as it was dark the berths on each side of the car were made up by the negro attendant, the heavy curtains drawn, and we all went to bed. I

had been sleeping soundly when I was awakened at two in the morning by the train being brought suddenly to a stand-still. Being in the lower berth I had the advantage of having a window to look out of. I drew up the blind, a bright moon was shining and every object outside was perfectly clear and distinct. The place looked wild and lonely enough. Huge boulders of rock were strewn about, and the hillsides rose seamed and bare. As there was no railway station visible, and the train showed no sign of going on, I became convinced that something was wrong and awakened my travelling companion in the opposite berth. As he was partially dressed he said he would go and see "what was up," and made his way to the open platform of the car. On his appearing outside, he was asked by a man standing near the track, what he wanted. He replied that he merely wished to know what had stopped the train, when he received the not very reassuring answer, emphasized by a gun pointed at him, "Go back, you —, or I'll drill a hole through you."

The occupants of the car were now wide-awake, and popping their heads out from behind the curtains of their berths, discussed the situation in a lively manner. It was now evident that we were "held up," and the conversation turned on what was likely to be the upshot. I was particularly struck by the good-humour with which every one seemed to regard the occurrence. It apparently was regarded by them as a very amusing experience, and by none more than by the ladies of our party, who joined freely in the conversation. No one could at all have imagined that they were expecting every moment a summons to march out in *deshabille* and take their stand in a row on the railway bank. Shouts of laughter abounded as one Yankee after another made dry observations as to what was likely to happen, and how the robbers would make hay of the beds while we stood shivering in the moonlight. Amid the merriment, however, there was evidently an effort by the passengers to make their money as safe as circumstances would permit. From all parts of the compartment there resounded the clink of coin. One person opposite me put his watch into a boot.

"Where have you put your money?" I heard a passenger in the next berth say to another.

"I have ripped up my mattress and put it there."

"Put it all in?"

"Yaas."

"Well then, I guess you had better take some out. Them boys knows you warn't travelling this line without a cent."

Then there was more clinking heard, as a reasonable sum was transferred from the mattress to the owner's purse. From an opposite berth I saw a lady emerge, robed in a dressing-gown. She marched down the compartment to the door, where there stood a large tin cistern for holding iced water. The lid of this she lifted and dropped in some hundred dollars. Replacing the lid she went back to her couch triumphantly.

"Guess they won't look there," she said to me as she passed by.

A long thin man, who was by profession a "drummer," or commercial traveller, now said he would "pull on his pants and go out and prospect." In a few minutes he returned, and, standing in the doorway, gave forth his information for the benefit of the company.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "the state of matters is this. They are now in the mail-car, trying to force the safe, and when they've done, we may expect the pleasure of their company here." So saying he made a graceful bow and retired.

The black attendant then locked the doors at each end of the car and went to bed.

"I see hopes," he said, "they get enough to content them without a-coming here—plenty of shiners in dat safe."

Looking out of the window again I saw a curious sight. By the side of the truck stood the engine-driver and two others in a row with their hands up above their heads. They appeared like so many boys at school. I saw no one else, but a stout middle-aged man in a huge cow-boy hat, with a gun in his hand. He looked like a well-to-do farmer. While I was watching, the engine-driver and his mates got up on the train, the engine gave a sharp snort, and to our great astonishment on we went. Sambo, the attendant, rushed out, and said we were fairly off. We passed the camp fire, beside which the robbers had waited for our arrival, and some logs of wood which had been laid across the track. The "drummer" now valiantly emerged on the platform armed with a shot gun which he said was loaded with swan shot.

"I see one of them there behind that big stone," he cried; "guess I'll give him a stringing up."

The other passengers would not allow him to fire.

"They have got Lancaster rifles, you fool," said one roughly, "and they'll go

popping off sixteen shots apiece at the cars, and one of them maybe 'll go through your darned old head." So the "drummer" restrained himself.

At the first station we stopped and the telegraph was set to work sending the news of what had happened up and down the line. We then got information as to what had really occurred. The engine-driver had seen a light set on the middle of the track. This was the usual signal to stop, and he pulled up. He found five men, dressed like cow-boys, and with blackened faces, waiting for him, who told him and his mates to come down and hold up their hands. Each of the robbers carried pistols and a rifle. Having placed a guard over the three men they proceeded to the mail car. This they left in a state of inexpressible confusion. Mail bags were ripped up, letters and newspapers lay scattered about. The bags, I think thirty-six in number, containing registered letters they took possession of. They then went to the car where the safe was kept, and ordered the man inside to open it. He had rolled all the heavy baggage against the door, and was slow in obeying their command. They told him to be quick or it would be worse for him. On entering, one of the robbers presented a pistol at his head, and told him to open the safe. He said he could not do that as it opened by an arrangement of letters composing a word. The word had been telegraphed on ahead, and he did not know it.

"I'll give you ten minutes," said the other, "and if you don't open it, guess you'll have to die."

When the ten minutes had elapsed he was going to execute his threat, but one of his comrades interfered saying, he believed the man was telling the truth. They then worked at the safe for some time, but after many attempts had to give up hopes of opening it. Afterwards they held a consultation as to whether they should go through the cars, but decided there were too many passengers for them to cope with. Going down to the track they removed two logs of wood they had placed across the rails.

"Get up," said the leader politely to the engine-driver. "Now you may go on—good-night!"

Their whole booty was thus only the mail bags with the registered letters, the value of which it was impossible to tell. They did not even take the watches and money of the engine-driver and his comrades. The object

of their expedition had evidently been the safe, which contained a considerable amount of gold.

In the smoking compartment of the train, I listened to a lively discussion as to the likelihood of the robbers being caught. The general opinion was that "the sheriff would nab them," though one "guessed they would skip out of that territory pretty quick."

"You see, stranger," said a fine open-faced man, from San Francisco, who from the number of the wild adventures he related we called "the Scalper," "Uncle Sam don't care a dime for you and me being robbed, but it's a cussedly different thing, touching the mails. You bet! they'll be nabbed." I asked him whether if they had come to our ear, there would have been any resistance.

"Guess," he said, taking out of his pocket a neat little pistol, "there 'ud be some shoot-in' goin' on around. I wouldn't give them my money without pulling on them."

Then followed some Californian yarns, well worthy of Mayne Reid, how a train had lately been stopped at Kansas, how the guard shot four robbers, and the rest fled. The State gave him one thousand dollars and the company two thousand.

"He has now changed his trade," added the narrator.

"What for?" I inquired.

"Oh, he has been on the drunk ever since," was the reply, given as gravely as if "being on the drunk" was a well-known and honourable profession.

Then the "drummer" told how at Bucharest, he had waked one night, and found a man at work on the lock of his trunk, and getting out his pistol, had shot him through the arm, and disabled him. And a ranchman, out West, from near Los Angeles, had a curious story, how the only time he was ever out without his pistol, he had been robbed. After a series of similar tales, a grave man, who had been silently smoking his cigar, struck in.

"Well boys," he said, "I'm glad them robbers got none of our plunder. But don't you go, any of you, and take the blood of a fellow-critter. It's an awful thing to do sure-ly. There was a friend of mine onst shot a man. He saw him put his hand behind his back, and thought he was going to draw, and pulled on him. The sheriff was after him, and he came up to my ranche, and I kept him dark, I did. But he was miserable. He said he could always hear the groans of the dying man. He saw him staring at him awful with all his eyes when

he lay down in bed. He didn't live long after that. It's my opinion that business killed him. Don't you, boys, go and take the life of a fellow-crittur if you can help it!"

So ended my adventure in the Rocky Mountains. I may add that I never heard while in America whether the robbers were

captured. I do not know yet whether they are still at large. I saw, however, in a telegram lately that a train on the same line had been "held up," and "that the robbers had got off with a rich booty." Possibly they were my old friends of the Rockies still pursuing their calling.

ARTISTS I HAVE KNOWN.

By JOSEPH SWAIN.

I.—FREDERICK WALKER, A.R.A.



(From Photo by Messrs. Maull and Polyblank, 1863.)

MUSING on the incidents of a more than usually busy life, spent from early boyhood amongst draughtsmen and artists, a painful impression arises by recalling the number of those who have passed away before achieving the promise of their genius. Quite a cluster of men who appeared between 1860—70—80 have already, at the bidding of death, laid their pencils down, full early for their renown to become established beyond the immediate circle of their friends, and of whom only brief and fugitive notices remain to indicate the manner of men they were and the character of the work they did. The names of Walker, Pinwell, Eltze, J. M. Lawless, Cecil Lawson, Paul Gray, C. H. Bennett, and Randolph Caldecott, are amongst those who "finished their work" all too soon for the advance of that art to which they were devoted, and whose memorials are contained in the fleeting literature to which their contributions added grace and value. These men appeared at a time which gave promise of a great art revival; they were contemporaneous with Leighton, Millais, Herkomer, Holman Hunt, Leech, Tenniel, Keene, Fildes, and Du Maurier; the first fruits of whose pencils appeared in *Once a Week*, the *Cornhill Magazine*, *Good Words*, and the *Sunday Magazine*. Five years later the *Graphic* appeared, December 4, 1869, and the pages of this popular journal were enriched with the earliest as well as the best productions of these artists. Now, amongst the pages of those periodicals, the art student must search for the first signs of those new departures identi-

fied with certain of the names mentioned.

Thus, with regard to Walker, whose work only covered a period of sixteen years, from 1859 to 1875, yet of whom it was said, he "made a school in wood designing, and in water-colour," the progress of his art must be sought for in the pages of *Once a Week*, the *Cornhill Magazine*, and *Good Words*.

Tom Taylor tells the story of Walker's introduction to *Once a Week*, in his preface to the catalogue of his works exhibited in 1876 at Deschamps's Gallery, New Bond Street: "A nervous, timid, boyish aspirant for employment as a draughtsman on wood"—Walker was then in his nineteenth year—"called on the editor of *Once a Week*, with specimens of his work."

Walker was the son of an artistic designer of jewellery, and was born in Marylebone, May 26, 1840. He was first sent to the North London Collegiate School, Camden Town, where he was always making drawings, and this gift was greatly encouraged by his mother, to whom he was devotedly attached. At an early age he went



Denis Duval and his Mother.

From "Denis Duval."

to business in the office of an architect and surveyor, but soon gave that up, and began to study the antiques in the British Museum. He was also a member of "Dagger" Leigh's art classes, in Newman Street, and was afterwards admitted to the Academy classes, but did not distinguish himself. For a period of about two years he found employment in Mr. Whymper's service; and before the expiration of his term there sought a more extended sphere as a master draughtsman.

His first illustration appeared January 14, 1860, in *Everybody's Journal*, to a story by Edmond About, entitled "The Round of Wrong." The figure extracted from this picture (at the end of article) contains indications of some of those excellencies which afterwards made him famous.

His second drawing appeared in *Once a Week*, February 18, 1860, to a story entitled "Peasant Proprietorship," and before the year closed his drawings in that periodical numbered twenty-four. In 1861, *Once a Week* contained twenty-nine illustrations from his pencil; in 1862 only twenty appeared; and in 1863 his last, to a little poem entitled "After Ten Years."

In the *Cornhill* the growth of Walker's power can be clearly traced in his illustrations to Thackeray's stories, "Philip and his Adventures on his Way through the World" and "Denis Duval." The illustrations to "Lovel the Widower," "The Roundabout Papers," and the first part of "Philip," were from designs by Thackeray drawn on paper, which had to be re-drawn on wood before being engraved. It was very difficult to please Thackeray, because he did not like his sketches altered in the least, yet in many instances his drawings had to be improved.

In 1861 Thackeray was writing "Philip," and Walker was induced to work from some of the sketches. His first drawing for the story was called "Old Fogies," and appeared March, 1861. Thackeray was greatly pleased, and Walker continued copying the drawings for several months; then he appealed to Thackeray to be allowed to make his own designs. Thackeray's permission was obtained by Mr. George Smith, and Walker's first original illustration appeared May, 1861, entitled "Nurse and Doctor." The result was very gratifying. Thackeray was delighted, and introduced Walker to all his acquaintances and friends, by whom he was greatly flattered. One of the illustrations, "Philip in Church," Walker afterwards painted in water-colours, 17 inches by 14 inches, for which he received about

thirty guineas, and this picture was lately resold for £577 10s.

Walker continued to illustrate Thackeray's stories, and some of his best work is in "Denis Duval," the story unfinished at Thackeray's death in 1863.

The last of his drawings for this story we give on opposite page, by kind permission of Mr. George Smith. After having been captured and taken on board the *Serapis*, Denis was allowed to go ashore at Deal, where his mother awaited him at the "Blue Anchor." "How my mother's eyes kindled with kindness as she saw me!" says Denis. "The

good soul insisted on dressing my hair with her own hands, and tied it in a smart queue with a black ribbon." This is the incident chosen by the artist for illustration.

In 1864 Walker illustrated the story of "Oswald Cray," by Mrs. Henry Wood, which appeared in *Good Words*; and the picture on p. 476 is an excellent specimen of his work at that period of his career.

About 1863 Walker joined the Langham Sketching Club, composed entirely of artists. One rule of this club was that the members should at their ordinary meeting, in turn, name a subject to be illustrated by those



The Two Catherinees.

From "The Village on the Cliff."

present. An hour and a half was the time allotted for the work, which might be executed in pencil, chalk, Indian ink, or colours. One sketch lying before me by Walker is "The Convalescent," the subject on one particular evening; it measures six inches by four inches, and contains three figures drawn in Indian ink. The convalescent herself is seated in an old-fashioned high-back chair near a window, and her maid has just admitted a coy little fellow who carries in his hand a bouquet. This is a specimen of Walker's best style and most charming manner.

In 1864 Walker was elected a member of the Society of Painters in Water Colours; in 1866 he received the medal of the Society of Arts; the bronze medal at Paris in 1867; and in 1871 he was elected honorary member of the Belgian Society of Painters in Water Colours.

The first work which he exhibited at the Royal Academy was "The Lost Path," in 1863, an engraving of which appeared in the *Graphic*, December 25, 1869. This was followed in 1867 by "The Bathers," which sold at Christie's a year or two ago for 2,500 guineas. In 1868 he exhibited at the

Academy "The Vagrants," in 1869 "The Old Gate," and in 1870 "The Plough." In January, 1871, he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy.

At a sale of pictures in Christie's rooms a year ago, seven of his pictures were purchased by Messrs. Agnew. These were, "Wayfarers," £735, "Spring," £2,000, "Summer," £525, "Autumn," £1,050, "Fisherman and Gillie," £756, and a gipsy woman at a fire from the "Vagrants," £126. No greater proof could be furnished of the estimation in which the deceased artist's works are now held.

In working out the minutest detail Walker was painfully conscientious. This was even shown in the backgrounds of his illustrations, most of which were drawn on the blocks from nature, the majority of them being scenes at Cookham or in the immediate vicinity.

He was always very anxious over the engraving of his drawings. A facsimile of a letter (given on opposite page), one amongst many received from him, refers to his drawing, "The Two Catherine's," for Miss Thackeray's "The Village on the Cliff," and illustrates his scrupulous care in this way. On page 473 we give the illustration referred to by permission of Mr. Smith. Of the two Catherine's, Miss Thackeray says, "My little person is only Miss George, a poor little twenty year old governess, part worried, part puzzled, part sad, and part happy too, for mere youth and good spirits. You can see it all in her round face, which brightens, changes, smiles and saddens many times a day."

Walker made two drawings only for *Punch*. The first appeared in the Almanack for 1865, and represented a charming company of nymphs and their friends in the sea. The text describes the scene as a "New Bathing Company, Limited. Specimens of Costume to be worn by the Shareholders." A lighter has been converted into a floating bathing establishment. The central figure is Neptune, who holds a trident in his right hand; and amongst the company is one who wears a whelk coquettishly set on her head, and carries in her hand an escallop-shell fan. Others wear head-gear made of a limpet, a plaice, and a gurnet.

The second drawing appeared in *Punch* August 21st, 1869, and represented "Captain Jinks (of the *Selfish*) and his Friends enjoying themselves on the River." A common fishing-boat has been fitted up with a clumsy engine, and Captain Jinks stands

beside the stoker—a man with satanic face, with right hand extended directing the course. The Captain is of the shop-walker type, and his five friends who sit in the bows smoking are counter-skippers. The boat cuts the water in such a way as to drive a wave to each shore, the effect of which is admirably shown by three incidents—an artist in a punt rushes to catch his easel which is falling into the water; a skiff is overturned, the oarsman falling into the waves; while a man with a face of exquisite restfulness sits on the river-side, rod in hand, waiting, until the *Selfish* Captain and his caddish crew have passed, to resume fishing.

Walker was correctly described by Tom Taylor as a "nervous, timid, sensitive young fellow, frail and small of body, and feverish of temperament." He never was wholly satisfied with his own work; always seeing something which he wished to amend. "There is hardly a trace of gaiety," says Tom Taylor, "in his work, but an infinity of sad sweet suggestiveness. His pictures are poems. . . . He influenced all his contemporaries not already established in their styles."

In a criticism of his work which appeared in the *Times*, June 8, 1875, after his death, the writer said, "He needed but a short technical training to discover for himself the laws of effect in this special branch of the artist's craft"—drawing on wood—"which resting on the sure foundation of an appreciation of light and shade at once most strong and subtle, were combined in him, with an ineffable grace, an exquisitely delicate feeling of the mutual relations of human form and expression, and of both these to colour, and the imaginative feeling which guides the combination of figures and their background, be it landscape, interior, or architecture and scenery combined, so as to make all the elements of a piece work to one and the same effect."

"S. C." in the *Cornhill Magazine* for July, 1875, indicates many of the characteristics of Walker in the course of a very appreciative notice.

"Only space fails, one would like to speak of some of his infinitely refined and lovely way of painting garden flowers and foliage, a lady watering her borders; another lady, beautiful exceedingly, sitting on a mound at the foot of the sun-dial in an old Scotch garden. Or of the style and beauty which he knew how to put into common things. . . . Or, what is important, the great and immediate influence his art had upon his contemporaries; and how, both in water-colour and drawing for the wood-engraver he has been virtually the founder of a school. Or, what

June 14 66

My dear Sir

I returned last evening
I have been anxiously expecting
a sight of the proof, which I
do think most admirably and
-the large one beyond my antici-
pation. There are one or two
trifling matters that might be
just looked to. The little Governor
head :-

The line I
have marked
in dots
to be taken away,
making the
'back hair' more
clearly defined



The was a little dot in front
of her upper lip that I
have removed & the
lines on the throat
too dark

The child behind her
has some straggling hair which I
have removed - I have thinned the
line of the boys cheek which sticks
out too much - The hand of the
lady (at the door) on the child's back
has too black a line round it and
I have carried some light under
the table & softened the edge of
the table cloth -

Many thanks for the care
you have taken

I am, My Dear Sir

Very truly yours

Fred^r Walker.

is a larger matter still, of the range and variety of sentiment which his work covered. This has not been sufficiently acknowledged. . . . He was a great fisherman. One day a friend had sent him an account of a heavy fish he had caught and an invitation to join the party. The reply is a drawing, quite brilliant and masterly, of the 'Temptations of Saint Anthony Walker!' He kneels in a long gown and hood upon a hassock, the tansured likeness of himself, admirably humorous, painting and, as it were, doing penance at his easel. The tempter presents himself in the form of a huge and grinning Highland

gillie with his rod, who rises from a water all ringed over with the leaping of salmon; the air is full of salmon, they leap and curl; drawn as only one who knew them well could draw them, and one of them thrusts his insidious nozzle between the very bars of the easel. . . . Do not think there is any reason to suppose he had reached or approached the fulness of his powers. Scarcely any painter ever has reached them at thirty-five. And his methods hitherto had been always experimental, always rather uncertain, both in oil and water-colour, and showing the hand of one who was continually feeling after something



"See, dears, here are two silver pencil-cases. They were both your Uncle Richard's."

From "Oswald Cray."

greater than he could yet do. No man was ever more disinterested in the pursuit of his ideal. . . . His conceptions would grow gradually from small beginnings; not one of his large designs, but there exists for it a number of sketches, attempts, commencements, improved ideas. He was in the habit of altering, effacing, repainting as he went along, often almost despairing and giving up. . . . In the street, in the country, on the river, among the antiques, everywhere, he was always stopping, watching, receiving, and combining impressions; and in the studio his chief work lay in giving shape to the images that had formed themselves in that ever active laboratory of his brain. He was poignantly sensitive to

all kinds of impressions, as well as to those of the lovely looks of human beings and aspects of the world which he has put on record for us. . . . One felt towards him almost as towards a woman or child, because of his small stature, his delicate hands and feet, and quick emotions, as well as because of a look there was in his eyes like the wistful and liquid looks of children."

Walker was one of the first men to introduce brush work into his drawings on wood. By using a half-dry brush he gave texture to the line he was drawing; his work

was bold and effective rather than elaborate. With a few lines he could produce all that he wanted to express; and every line was full of character.

For the benefit of his health he spent the latter part of 1873 in Algeria, returning in the spring of 1874. Unfortunately from this he derived no permanent benefit, for upon his return he suffered severely in the throat and chest. The spring of 1875 witnessed a temporary improvement in his health, but he died on June 4th in the same year. He was at the time upon a fishing excursion near St. Fillan's, Perthshire, and was buried on the Tuesday following at Cookham Church, in the same grave with a brother and his mother. A memorial to the deceased artist in the form of a medallion portrait was executed by Mr. H. H. Armstead at a labour of love, and erected to his memory in the church.

To the character of the disease from which he suffered was probably owing Walker's restless dissatisfaction with his own drawings, and the "sad sweet suggestiveness" with which he endowed his work.



From "Everybody's Journal."

THE OLD KNIFE-GRINDER.

"STILL at thy glass, thou dawdling lass!

Still fiddling with thy gown!

Get hooked, I say, the quickest way,

And bring my bandbox down.

I'll change my cap—by some good hap,

Here's Nathan come to town.

Well worth the fee those scissors be;

They've served me long and leal."

And whirr, girr, whirrilek,

Round goes the wheel.

"There's packs of jacks and idle quacks

That make a vast parade,

But saw and jag for all their brag,

Or leave you ne'er a blade.

At twice the price I'd have 'em nice,

And Nathan knows his trade."

She ties the ribbon round her chin,

She gives her hair a feel;

And whirr, girr, whirrilek,

Round goes the wheel.

There's hauling down of handles brown,

There's searching drawer and box,

And all the street's a fuss of feet,

A fluttering of frocks;

But calm he stands, with watchful hands,

Correct and orthodox.

He pauses now to test the edge,

Then presses, sole and heel;

And whirr, girr, whirrilek,

Round goes the wheel.

Horn spees repose across his nose;

His nightcap gives a grace;

He takes the blade from wife or maid

With grave decisive face;

While light the steel his fingers feel,

And diagnose the case.

He names the charge in final tone,

Admitting no appeal;

And whirr, girr, whirrilek,

Round goes the wheel.

What secrets deep his head must keep,
 What sights his eyes have met!
 For squire and dame his service claim,
 And people grander yet—
 The Queen confides to none besides
 Her best white-handled set.
 But not a word of all he knows
 Those close-set lips reveal;
*As whirr, girr, whirrilek,
 Round goes the wheel.*

Come scissors slight and shears of might,
 Come knives of every strain;
 The tweezers nip, the pincers grip,
 The hammer beats amain;
 Down, 'neath the toes the treadle goes,
 The wheel spins round again.
 "There, dame, the blade's as good as new—
 I trow, 'twill carve the meal!"
*So, whirr, girr, whirrilek,
 Round goes the wheel.*

FREDERICK LANGERIDGE.

JONAH.

A Bible Study.

BY THE LATE CHARLES READE, D.C.L., AUTHOR OF "IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

JONAH, the son of Amittai, figures amongst the prophetic writers, but he was not one; he was only a seer, like Nathan, Elijah, Elisha, the prophet that came out of Judah, and many others. Like them, his inspiration was occasional, but taught him something of the mind of God (Jonah iv. 1). His other predictions are lost for want of a chronicler, but a master-hand has recorded his great prophecy and the strange events that preceded and followed it. This little Hebrew seer suddenly received a grand and startling commission—to go to the banks of the Tigris and threaten the oldest, largest, and wickedest city in the world with speedy destruction for its sins. That still, small voice, which no mortal had ever defied, thrilled Jonah's ear. "Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it; for their wickedness is come up before me."

Here was an honour for a petty seer. His betters would have received it with pious exultation. Samuel, or Nathan, Elijah, Elisha, John the Baptist, or Paul, would have risen like lions, and gone forth with strong faith and pious pride to thunder against great Nineveh. But this strange man received the order silently, and silently evaded it. He did not hang his head and object like poor crushed Moses, when the hot patriotism of his youth had been cooled into apathy by exile, family ties, and forty years' intercourse with Midianish bullocks. Jonah received the divine command, quietly turned his back upon it, and on Nineveh, fled to the seaport Joppa, and sailed in a ship for distant Tarshish.

So imperfect was his inspiration at this time that he thought the hand of the God that he served could not reach him on a foreign sea.

They got into blue water, and such was his confidence that he told the ship's company he was flying from the tutelary God of Palestine. His hearers, no more enlightened than himself, received his communication with no misgivings.

But presently a mighty tempest from the Lord fell upon the sea, and the ship was in mortal danger. The mariners were terrified, and cried every man to his God, and, not trusting too much to that, threw the cargo overboard. But there was one man who did not share their apprehensions. He went quietly to sleep, and neither the roaring sea, the whistling wind, nor the poor, creaking, labouring ship disturbed him. And of all the people whose lives were in such peril, who was this one calm sleeper?

It was Jonah.

But the shipmaster came to him, and shook him, and insisted on his calling on his God. But lo! the peril increased, and from the suddenness and violence of the storm, they began to suspect the anger of the gods against some person in that doomed vessel. So they cast lots to learn who was the culprit, and the lot fell on Jonah. Then they questioned him as to his country and occupation, hoping, somehow or other, to gather how he had offended heaven.

Then Jonah, who now realised his folly and the narrow views he had taken of Him who is omnipresent and almighty, replied, "I am an Hebrew; and I fear the Lord, the God of heaven, *who hath made the sea and the dry land.*"

Then the quaking mariners remembered he had told them he was flying from his God; and now behold that God, by his own confession, was not a local divinity, but the creator of sea and land.

Connecting this new revelation with the sudden tempest and their increasing peril, the men were in mortal fear, and put a terrible question to Jonah:—"What shall we do to you to save our own lives?"

Then Jonah, faulty as his character was, shone out like the sun. No shirking; no craven subterfuges. He looked them in the face and said—

"What you must do is, lay hold on me, and cast me into the sea, so shall the sea be calm to you; for I know that for my sake this great tempest is upon you."

Thus did Jonah show himself a prophet and a man. Though terror-stricken, murderous eyes glared on him, and the fearful sea yawned and raged for him, he was so true and so just that he delivered his own doom unflinchingly.

Nobility begets nobility; and the partners of his peril could not bear to sacrifice a man in whom they saw no evil, but on the contrary justice, heroism, and self-sacrifice. The poor, honest fellows said, "Anything but that," and chose rather to be wrecked on shore. Their ship, after all, was but a galley lightened of its cargo, so they got out their long oars and made a gallant effort to row their trireme ashore, and there leave her bones, but save their own lives and that self-sacrificing hero. This was not to be. Sixty hands labouring at those oars could not prevail against the one hand that hurled the raging sea at that labouring galley and drove her from the land.

Then these doomed men resigned themselves to the will of Jonah's God. They cried to him most pathetically, "We beseech thee, O Lord, we beseech thee, let us not perish for this man's life." And on the other hand, they begged that if Jonah was innocent his blood might not be laid on them, since they had done all they could to learn the divine will. And when they had so prayed, they took up Jonah and cast him into the sea.

No doubt, as that pale but unflinching face went down without a cry or murmur, they looked on awhile with horror and misgiving; but not for long; the sea subsided as if by magic. The waves were calmed, the wind abated, the vessel was saved. The rescued mariners worshipped the God of Jonah.

To his late companions Jonah was lost for ever. But God chastises his rebellious servants—not destroys them. Some monster of the deep was sent to that ship's side, and swallowed up Jonah as he sank.

It was a terrible punishment. Think of

it! For all these things are skimmed so superficially that they never really come home to the mind, least of all to the mind that is bent on preaching doctrines and not on comprehending facts. The man found himself in a place cold as death and dark as pitch; no room to move hand or foot. After the first shock of utter amazement, the sliminess, the smell, the water rushing through the fish's gills, must have told him where he was. Oh, then conceive his horror! So he was not to die in the sea and there an end; but to lie in the belly of a great fish till he rotted away; or to be brought up within range of the creature's teeth and gnawed away piecemeal and digested in fragments.

Take my word for it, the poor wretch passed many hours of agony, expecting a slow death of torment, and would have given the world to be vomited into the raging sea and perish by drowning—a mild and common death.

But as the hours rolled on and death came no nearer, he began to hope a little, and to repent more and more. The man was soon crushed into that state of self-abasement and penitence, out of which a forgiving God often raises his faulty servants to great honour and happiness. He prayed to God out of the fish's belly, and said—

"I cried by reason of mine affliction unto the Lord, and he heard me; out of the belly of hell cried I, and thou heardest my voice."

"For thou hadst cast me into the deep, in the midst of the seas; and the floods compassed me about: all thy billows and thy waves passed over me."

"Then I said, I am cast out of thy sight; yet I will look again toward thy holy temple."

"The waters compassed me about, even to the soul: the depth closed me round about, the weeds were wrapped about my head."

"I went down to the bottoms of the mountains; the earth with her bars was about me for ever: yet hast thou brought up my life from corruption, O Lord my God."

"When my soul fainted within me I remembered the Lord: and my prayer came in unto thee, into thine holy temple."

"I will sacrifice unto thee with the voice of thanksgiving: I will pay that that I have vowed. Salvation is of the Lord."

"And the Lord spake unto the fish, and it vomited out Jonah upon the dry land."

Who was now the happiest man in all the world? Why this forgiven sinner; this punished, humbled, rewarded rebel.

To him life was ten times sweeter ; the sunshine, the shelly beach, the purple sea, with its myriad dimples and prismatic hues, ten times more lovely than to other men.

Lazarus was happy returning from the grave to his beloved Master, and his darling sisters that wept on his neck for joy.

Happy was the widow's only son, whom the Master, mighty yet tender, delivered with His own hand from his coffin to his bereaved mother, wild with amazement and maternal love. But both these men came back from the neutral state of mere unconsciousness to daylight and the joys of life.

Not so Jonah. He had been buried alive, and came back from the sickening horror of a living tomb, from a darkness and a death that he felt, to the warm bright sunshine, the glittering sand painted with radiant shells, the purple sea smiling myriad dimples and rainbowed with prismatic hues.

Whilst he gazed at these things with a rapture they had never yet created in him, and poured out his soul in gratitude, there came to him once more the still, small voice of his Master, clear, silvery, dispassionate, and divinely beautiful.

"Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and preach unto it the preaching that I bid thee."

Jonah now obeyed with alacrity and went to Nineveh, strong in his divine commission.

Nineveh having perished about two centuries before Herodotus visited the Tigris, we have no better authority as to its size and population than the words of the Book of Jonah. We may, however, rely on the universal tradition that it was a city of vast size and magnificence, and three days' journey in circuit by Jewish computation, or 480 Greek stadia, which two measurements agree, being 60 English miles.

It was a brilliant and luxurious city, at the head of the world in general magnificence and in the fine arts.

A rude Hebrew seer came from a country inferior in every mental quality but knowledge of God, and threatened this magnificent city with destruction in forty days, if the people did not repent their sins and turn to the true God.

The thing to be expected was that the townspeople would laugh at him for a day or two, and then drag him through their gutters, or whip him through the streets with his prophecy pinned to his back in cuneiform letters.

But Jonah, inspired by God, and being, so to speak, a prophet raised from the dead to

do a great work, preached with supernatural power, and bowed these Assyrian hearts from the throne to the cabin. The king of Nineveh, the greatest monarch of the day, rose up from his throne at the preaching of Jonah, laid his royal robe in the dust and sat on the ground in sackcloth and ashes, a picture of lowly penitence, and an example which all his people followed. They fasted, not by halves, but to the confines of torture. They tasted neither food nor drink, and they kept food and drink from their herds, their flocks, and their beasts of burden. They covered themselves and their cattle with sackcloth ; they abstained from the sins that Jonah had denounced, and cried for mercy to the God of this Boanerges. Then God saw, pardoned and spared.

Here was a triumph for Jonah—alone, and with no human help, he had terrified and converted the greatest city in the world. Even egotism, if humanised by benevolence, could have found gratification in this. But poor Jonah was all egotism. A witty Frenchman has defined an egotist as a character who will burn down another man's house to cook himself two eggs. Jonah was quite up to the mark of this definition. He would have burned down a populous and penitent city to enjoy his one egg, the *amour propre* of a seer.

He was sore displeased, and complained to the Lord. He even said—though I cannot say I *quite* believe him—that this was the only reason why he had fled to Tarshish. He knew his prophecy would prove an empty menace, for said he, "I know that thou art a gracious God, and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repentest thee of the evil. *I wish I was dead.*"

Now if any one of us had been allowed to speak for God we should have come down on this egotist like a sledge-hammer.

What ! do you cast in God's teeth that quality by which alone you have yourself escaped destruction ? Return then to the belly of that shark, and there, in the darkness of your eyes let light visit your soul blinded by egotism.

Come now—shall penitent Jonah and penitent Nineveh be destroyed for their repented sins ; or shall both be saved, and God be consistent, though man, Jonah included, is not ?

But God never talks like that. He is better than man at man's best. Man forgives, but remembers, and sometimes even alludes. God, when He forgives, obliterates. It is so throughout the sacred books, and although neither the Hebrew writers nor



THE OLD KNIFE-GRINDER.

FROM THE PICTURE BY WALTER GAY. *Salon*, 1892.

any other writers can comprehend or describe the infinite God, yet they all reveal this fragment of His infinite nature with a consistency that bears the stamp of truth and excludes the idea of invention.

When Jonah stood by the sea-side saved from death, God did not say to him "See what comes of resisting my will!" He obliterated what He had forgiven and merely repeated his command about Nineveh without an unkind word. And now that His wayward servant reproached Him with His weakness in forgiving penitent Chaldeans, He only said to him, with more than maternal sweetness, "Dost thou well to be angry?" This did not melt the angry Jonah. He turned his back on the city, which he hated for not fulfilling his prediction punctually. He went out into the fields and sat down to see whether God would really be so cruel as to mortify Jonah and save 600,000 people, not one of whom was Jonah.

God pitied His servant exposed to the mid-day heat, and prepared a gourd to comfort his aching head, and afterwards instruct his heart.

Then Jonah enjoyed great happiness. All the day he looked upon a wonder of nature. A lovely gourd came up from the ground, growing slowly but perceptibly, and reared and expanded its huge succulent leaves till they formed a thick canopy over the head of the favoured prophet.

Then Jonah rejoiced in the impenetrable shade of this lovely plant, and began to be half reconciled to the prolonged existence of Nineveh.

Then the gourd entered on its second office. The Almighty had planted a worm in the gourd, and the worm was enabled to destroy it as rapidly as it had grown.

Then did the sun and the hot wind beat on Jonah's head, and he cried once more, as our foolish women do when things go wrong, "I wish I was dead."

Then God said to Jonah, tenderly, "Dost thou well to be angry?"

Ungracious Jonah replied, roughly, "I do well to be angry, even unto death."

Then came the still, small voice, sweet yet clear, gentle yet mighty and penetrating, which no patriarch but Jonah ever resisted so long; and even he must yield to it at last.

"Thou hast had pity on the gourd, for the which thou hast not laboured, neither madest it grow; which came up in a night, and perished in a night: And should not I spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are

more than six score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left; and also much cattle?"

Now if the reader of Jonah is curious to know whether he left Nineveh as great an egotist as he entered it I can only give him one man's opinion, but it is not a hasty one. In the first place the Omniscient is not to be defeated; why should Jonah's egotism resist Him to the end, any more than Jonah's flight baffled Him for more than a day or two?

Primâ facie, the Almighty must conquer the heart of Jonah, since He knows the way to every heart.

Starting from this safe position, I ask myself why so faulty a man as Jonah was so honoured? Clearly it was not because of his rebellious spirit, nor his egotism; but in spite of them.

Probably he was a man of pure life and morals; certainly he was the soul of truth. Why should not the God of truth select as a vehicle of prophecy the brave, truthful man, who facing desperate men with the sea raging on him at his back could say, "The truth is you must take me up and fling me into the sea; for with my just execution the storm will abate."

Jonah did not write the book; but he must have communicated the facts and the main particulars of the dialogue.

Now no *unconverted* egotist tells a tale so fairly throughout, and the concluding dialogue so thoroughly against himself, as it is done in this book. You read this dialogue between God and a man; and the writer is a man. A man yourself, you are shocked at the man, and you bless God.

Moreover he has given God the last word and the best. Now, no unconverted egotist ever did that, nor ever will. The unconverted egotist is to be found in a thousand autobiographies, catch him giving an opponent the last word, or the best.

I have little doubt therefore that Jonah went home a converted egotist, and that when he came to think quietly over it all he yielded to divine instruction, and that his character kept improving to the last day of his life.

Of course I reject the conventional theory that Jonah being a prophet, had no personal weakness under his skin, and wished penitent Nineveh to be destroyed only because he feared for his own nation if it was left standing. If he foresaw the captivity at all, he must have known that the danger was to be from Babylon, after Nineveh had been

centuries extinct. Long after Jonah, Nahum threatened Nineveh, but did not fear it.

These skimmers forget that, if Jonah was faultless, God must have been imperfect, since God and he were in direct opposition; and that not once, but twice. The book of Jonah is generally underrated; one reason is, it is judged by commentators, who have never tried to tell an immortal story, so they underrate a man immeasurably their superior, since the able narrator is above the able commentator, and high as heaven above the conventional commentator, who is mad after types, and who follows his predecessors, who follow theirs, "ut anser trahit anserem."

The truth is that "Jonah" is the most beautiful story ever written in so small a compass.

Now in writing it is condensation that declares the master; verbosity and garrulity have their day, but only hot-pressed narratives live for ever. The book of Jonah is in forty-eight verses, or one thousand three hundred and twenty-eight English words.

Now take one thousand three hundred and twenty-eight words in our current narratives, how far do they carry you? Why ten to one you get to nothing at all but chatter, chatter, chatter. Even in those close models, "Robinson Crusoe," the "Vicar of Wakefield," "Candide," "Rasselas," one thousand three hundred and twenty-eight words do not carry the reader far; yet in the one thousand three hundred and twenty-eight words of Jonah you have a wealth of incident, and all the dialogue needed to carry on the grand and varied action. You have also character, not stationary, but growing just as Jonah's grew, and a plot that would bear volumes, yet worked out without haste or crudity in one thousand three hundred and twenty-eight words.

Then there is another thing. Only the great artists of the pen hit upon the perfect proportions of dialogue and narrative. With nineteen story-tellers out of twenty there is a weary excess of dialogue. Nor are all the sacred narratives so nicely proportioned as Jonah. In Job the narrative is so short as to be crude and uninteresting compared with the events handled, and the dialogue is excessive, and in some places false, since similar sentiments and even similar words are given to different speakers. In the Apocrypha, "Judith" and "Tobit" are literally massacred by verbosity and bungling; not so, however, in "Susannah and the Elders"—that is a masterpiece as far as it goes.

To my mind, speaking merely as an artist,

the Acts of the Apostles eclipses all human narratives,

"Stellus exortus uti . . . Ethernus sol; "

and in the Old Testament, Genesis, Samuel, Jonah, and Ruth stand pre-eminent, and Jonah above sweet Ruth by the greater weight of the facts and the introduction of the Deity. And oh, the blindness of conventional critics, groping Hebrew records not for pearls of fact, but pebbles of dogma! They have failed to observe that the God of Jonah is the God of the New Testament. Yet it is so, and this great hook connects the two Bibles, instead of contrasting them and sore perplexing every honest mind with a changeable Deity.

No doubt the God of the New Testament can be found, or heavenly glimpses of Him, in the Hebrew prophets. But how about the historians? The truculent writers of Joshua, Judges, and Samuel have surely now and then coloured the unchangeable God from their own minds and their own state of civilisation.

The Book of Jonah is not a book of prophecy, but just as much a history as Samuel; yet in the history of Jonah, written long before Isaiah, God is the God of the New Testament; the God we all hope to find in this world and the next.

Were there no other reason, every Christian may well cling to the Book of Jonah. As to the leading miracle which staggers some people who receive other miracles, these men are surely inconsistent. There can be no scale of the miraculous. To infinite power it is no easier to pick up a pin than to stop all the planets in their courses for a time and then send them on again.

Say there never was a miracle and never will be, and I differ but cannot confute you. Deny the creation and the possibility of a recreation or resurrection. Call David a fool for saying, "It is He that hath made us and not we ourselves," and * * * a wise man for suggesting that, on the contrary, molecules created themselves without a miracle, and we made ourselves out of molecules without a miracle; and although your theory contradicts experience as much, and staggers credulity more, than any miracle that has ever been ascribed by Christians or Jews to infinite power, I admit it is consistent, though droll.

But once grant the creation of a hundred thousand suns and a million planets, though we never in our short span saw one created; grant the creation of men, lions, fleas, and

sea anemones, though all such creations are contrary to our experience ; and it is a little too childish to draw back and say that our Creator and re-Creator is only the Lord of flesh, and that fish are beyond His control.

Clearly, infinite power can create a new fish in Jewish waters, or dispatch an old fish in the millionth of a second from the Pacific to the shores of Palestine.

Now to go from power to wisdom, is this miracle a childish one ? does it smack of human invention ?

What were the objects to be gained by it ? A rebellious servant was to be crushed into submission, yet not destroyed. He was to

feel the brief agony of death by drowning, then to be laid in a horrible dark prison till he repented, then to be restored to the world in a fit state of mind and body to take a long journey and threaten the greatest city in the world.

Tackle all those difficulties, effect all those just and wise objects, invent your own miracle, and perhaps when you compare it with Jonah's, you will think very highly of the latter, and not so highly of the noble army of skimmers, who have discredited and sneered at a record they have never tried hard to comprehend.

"Facile judicat qui pauca considerat."

CARAVAN LIFE FOR PLEASURE AND HEALTH.

By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N. ("THE GENTLEMAN GIPSY").

"IT is just the sort of way I should like to travel."

"Why, your mode of life must be perfectly idyllic."

These and similar remarks have been made to me wherever I have gone, in towns, villages, or rural hamlets, and all through the length and breadth of England and Scotland. The size and general appearance of my caravan have excited a good deal of curiosity, and I would have been wanting in courtesy had I not invariably permitted people to see the internal economy of "The Wanderer" as well as my external arrangements.

I may say then that I have been very much interviewed indeed on the road, and by all kinds and conditions of men—and women. But the questions asked of me, as to my mode of life, have invariably been of the same nature, so much so that not only has their monotony tired me, but I could answer them all in my sleep. This short paper then is, in a great measure, based upon these questions, for I cannot have a better criterion as to what ought to interest the generality of readers.

I began caravan life in the spring of 1885, but my house on wheels was planned and on the stocks many months before. At first I thought of buying a caravan from some gipsy people. I soon abandoned that idea ; it is one that no person should entertain who does not wish to be introduced to strange bed-fellows. But I heard of a caravan to be sold that had belonged to a baronet. "Surely," I thought, "this is just the thing."

I went with Mr. Hutchison, of the *Boy's Own Paper*, to inspect it. Horror ! He must have

been a baronet without a soul. A huge bed and a huge coal-burning stove formed the principal articles of furniture. The bed was at the back ; the sheets dirty and the blankets all awry, just as the man had left them ; a few pictures of actresses and caricatures of the *demi-monde* class were on the walls, and the whole place reeked with the odour of stale tobacco.

It was immediately after this that I determined to build for myself. And so carefully were my plans made out, and so strictly were they adhered to, that I have met no one yet who can suggest improvements. Except that she is very large and long—about twenty feet—and built of mahogany, the external view of "The Wanderer" gives little notion of the comfort and elegance inside.

"Something between a Pullman car and the saloon of a yacht." These are the words in which a lady described the caravan the other day. "But surely," she added, "you had some one to assist in the arrangement of your curtains, mirror, brackets, flower-stands, and nicknacks ?"

"My wife."

"I thought so."

Well, as this lady interviewer—an American, by the way—gave me a very thorough and complete sifting, I may as well put down some of her questions and my own straightforward answers.

"Does your wife never travel with you ?"

"She comes for a few weeks at a time, about the beginning or end of a cruise, bringing one or two of the younger children. She enjoys it very much. But it is not every lady who would."

"Why?"

"Because in going for an outing or summer holiday, ladies, as a rule, do not like a lonely life; they like to 'see things,' as they call it. Forests and glens, and woods and wilds generally, are not so much to their taste as city sights, shop windows, and new-fangled dresses."

"You do not go much into towns then?"

"I avoid them all I can. I generally manage it so that the mid-day halt for baiting and doing shopping falls in a town or city. Even then it is not pleasant. There is the never-absent crowd, universally polite and civil, of course, but the less educated portion just as universally curious. They will even lift themselves up by the window-sill to stare inside. Sometimes this crowd has amounted to several hundreds and the street has been blocked."

"Have policemen then asked you to move on?"

"No, never. It is their duty to move the crowd on, not me with my horses, tired perhaps, hungry and fagged by the heat. The kindness I have received from the force during my tours has been unremitting, and given me a higher opinion of policemen than ever I had before. When lying on road-sides by night, as at times I must, or in lonesome meadows, I have been often offered a police sentry, and though I have invariably declined, men have been sent, through the goodness of an inspector or superintendent, to 'give an eye to the caravan' during the night."

"Have you ever been attacked?"

"No, and seldom molested even by drunk people. You notice that I carry revolvers, and my navy sword. I've never had occasion to handle either in a business way, though it is well to be provided."

"But you must have money in the caravan?"

"I cannot get along without that. I telegraph to my banker for supplies and he sends postal orders to any town I may name. These are easily carried and are useful everywhere, though in many out-lying districts the orders presented by me in payment of my stabling-bill, were the first the good folks had ever seen."

"You have a very noble Newfoundland there?"

"He is the Champion Hurricane Bob, and is better far than fifty revolvers. He looks upon the caravan as his own, and it is a treat to hear his low, deep, and ominous growl if a footstep comes anywhere near us at night. A more faithful friend never lived."

"Where does he sleep at night?"

"From the top of the verandah-like covering of the broad coupé out there, where I recline or sit during the day, there depends at night a huge sheet of Willesden canvas. This is tied under the coupé; we thus have an additional room. This is Hurricane Bob's sleeping chamber, and his master's bath-room every morning. On the driver's seat the valet places a bucket of water every night with the sponge and towels. That is the bath. When ablutions are over and I am dressed, then down goes the sheet, the coupé is wiped and tidied, and rugs and plaids neatly arranged for the day."

"You sleep on the sofa yourself, I suppose?"

"Yes; a hair mattress is placed thereon every night at nine o'clock, and the bed made up, the blankets, pillows, and sheets being kept in one of the lockers under the sofa. The beds themselves, my valet's and mine, are put in water-proof bags and placed on the roof under Willesden canvas."

"Your valet sleeps in the after compartment?"

"Yes, there are the folding doors that can be carried open during day, and the curtains are drawn at night. Thus I have my privacy and he has his. We retire to rest early, and are always astir shortly after six."

"You are pleased with your valet?"

"I never wish a better. The valets I had in previous tours were very worthy young men, but both somewhat slow and forgetful. To be told once how to do a thing is enough for my present factotum."

"I saw your advertisement in a London daily for a valet. It was amusing."

"It was not meant to be amusing. It was inserted in sober earnest. But some of the would-be comic papers had their little joke over it. The advertisement ran thus—

"Third cruise of *The Wanderer*. Valet wanted. Height about 5 feet 8 inches. Character irreproachable. Must be able to read, write, and ride either bicycle or tricycle, and be able to play fiddle, clarionet or flute. Must neither drink, smoke nor snore."

"Yes, it reads strange, but it is sensible. You see the valet's bed lies athwart ships, so a giant would have been awkward. A good character is indispensable, because during my temporary absence on tricycle trips, the charge of the caravan devolves on him as my first officer. He has to read to me at times, and keep his own log of the roads, weather, &c. Music is a blessing in a caravan. You notice our two violins, the

guitar, and the small harmonium. Many a dull wet evening do they help to while away. Wells, my man, who is really rated secretary, is an accomplished violinist, and a fairly good cook. Given a bivouac in a quiet tree-shaded meadow, a good dinner, with music to follow, a gentleman-gipsy feels he needs but little else here below.

"The tricycle is the tender to the great caravan. This my man rides on ahead with in country roads, being most careful to see that the way is clear at the corners of narrow lanes. In towns and villages he rides behind, to prevent school-board children from clinging like bees to the rear of the carriage.

"The tricycle comes in handy in many ways too numerous to mention, especially in making little tours 'cross country, and down narrow lanes where the caravan dared not be ventured.

"As to drinking, that speaks for itself. Smoking in the saloon would ruin the curtains; and as to snoring, for a light sleeper to have a snorer in the after-cabin, with only the bulk-head between, would be anything but pleasant."

"The coachman?"

"I've been as fortunate with my coachmen as with my valets. They, however, are on board wages and sleep and eat on shore, except on Sundays, when coachee is usually invited to dinner on the grass, in rear of the caravan. A little kindly sociality like this is never thrown away on a good servant. A coachman who drank more than enough would be an objectionable character, he would be peevish of a morning and harsh with his horses. This would assuredly lead to unpleasantness with the captain, and for the time being we would be all at sixes and sevens. Yet the temptation a coachman has to drink is very great; he eats in tap-rooms and every one wants to stand treat.

"When I have any of my family on board all the space is needed, and then the valet also sleeps on shore, or at times I dispense with him and do my own valeting. But this is fatiguing. Both servants sign articles for the whole cruise before starting, just as sailors do before going to sea. The advantage of this is apparent enough."

"You have two good horses?"

"Yes, and have had them for three years. Nor have they ever been sick or sorry. They are stabled every night and most carefully and well fed. It is the greatest mistake in the world turning horses out, while you are on the road. They are the moving power, and must be kept hard and up to the

mark. Oats, beans, and a modicum of hay or chaff alone can do that."

"I suppose you seldom go at more than a walking pace?"

"On the contrary we nearly always canter. This is how it is: on level roads we trot; we walk down hills and up long hills, resting now and then on the roller if need be, but short steep pitches we rush, Russian style, at a wild gallop, and rest at the top. This is the only way to get up a pitch. Although the caravan weighs nearly two tons, still on a rolling give-and-take road, like that between Brighton and Rottingdean, we should pass every cab on the path, and leave them far behind us. Our quickest record for speed this year was four miles in twenty-one minutes. Our longest day's record was twenty-seven miles, and this through some of the wildest passes and highest spurs of the Grampian mountains."

"But you find the roads trying at times?"

"We do. In the forest of Dean, for example, the hills are heart-breaking and dangerous. It was all we could do at times to get up, and all we could do to stagger down with one wheel locked by skid and safety chain. The roads this year were very much cut up by the excessive drought. It was like driving on a shingly sea-beach."

"How about the weather?"

"We encounter all kinds of it, but are always in the dry. Thunder-storms, rain-storms, and worse than all, dust storms in mining districts: we face everything except gales of wind. When it blows big guns, we must seek for shelter to escape being blown over."

"What do you do then?"

"Nothing, only dine and read and play. You observe my little book-case contains only fairy editions of the poets, including the works of the prose-poet and true naturalist John Burroughs."

"Might you not take with you a gun, fishing-tackle and a canoe?"

"One might, but this would necessitate staying a day or two at different places, and you would not see so much of the country."

"How far do you reckon to travel each season?"

"On an average between ten and twelve hundred miles."

"With the exception of bad roads and terrible hills have you any other difficulties to contend with?"

"Not now, because I am used to the roads. At first there was the daily anxiety connected with the finding of a comfortable pitch

or bivouac. I think I have reduced caravan travelling to an art, and I will tell you my plan. But first let me read you a sentence or two from an article by a clergyman who is new to the road, just to show how 'pitching' should not be done.

"Our first night's camp," he says, "was on an exquisitely beautiful waste of heather and gorse-clad sand-hills, flanked by deep woods. We drew up in a charming retreat, turned our horses loose, and spread the cloth for a rustic meal. Then some people came up and bade us pack up our goods and be off, as the lord of the manor would have no caravans on his land. Already the evening gloom was gathering round the landscape and it was quite time our tired children were laid at rest. Thus, on our first day, we had a reminder that even the wild open land of England is not free for a night's lodging when this is sought by a homeless, wandering Englishman."

"Certainly the open lands of England are not free to nomads and gipsies. Nor do I blame the lords of the manors. For your real Romany Ryes are a careless and not over cleanly race. They smash trees for fuel, they will fire the grass, the heather, or the gorse, and they do not leave their camp-site in either a sanitary or a slightly condition."

"But I find no difficulty, and although I would rather lie by the roadside than invade even a waste, I am never refused a camp. My plan is this then—having done a fair day's journey, say fourteen or fifteen miles, I call a halt at the entrance to some village, mount the cycle, and ride leisurely on. I enter an inn where there is stabling. I do not give myself the airs of a gentleman-four-in-hand, but ask for hostler or landlord and have a look at the stables. If they suit I quickly ask the charge for two horses for the night including hay, but not oats, as these I carry. Making the bargain beforehand insures pleasantness *minus* imposition next morning. Then comes the question from me, 'Have you a nice level hard meadow?' If he has not and you have a pleasant face on you, ten to one he knows someone who has exactly the place, and with the hospitality of a true Briton he will at once dispatch his little boy or little girl, or even go himself, so that your bivouac is speedily secured, and in ten minutes' time your servant is cooking dinner while you rest on the sofa and read."

"Your bivouacs must at times be very pleasant?"

"I must be silent on that subject. If I

once commenced to tell you of my meadow life, I would not know where to leave off."

"How do you arrange about cooking? Do you sometimes dine on shore as you call it?"

"Neither my valet nor I ever eat or sleep beyond our wooden walls unless it be on the grass. We live plainly and, *ergo*, wholesomely. We have always good appetites on the road. My valet does the cooking. Yonder in the pantry stands the Rippingille oil-stove. No, it does not smell. It heats the caravan, but that soon cools down again when we open doors and ports. Besides, in fine weather we cook on the grass. We breakfast at seven, take luncheon during the mid-day halt, and dine in the evening. We sometimes have beer; but as often as not tea, coffee, or cocoatina takes the place of it. On the road ginger-ale is a good drink; so is water with oatmeal, cold tea, and the essence of coffee with cold filtered water. We do not starve, I assure you. In hilly countries we generally have *two* breakfasts, one lunch, one dinner, and something before turning in."

"A hammock to hang out of doors and a tent are pleasant accessories."

"Our meat-safe hangs under the caravan, with buckets, oil-can, the dog's dishes, a spade, the ladder, shutters, and the steps."

"Do you ever meet ordinary gipsy people?"

"Very often. And most civil and obliging they are, and never fail to give one good hints about the roads."

"You have some difficulty in finding your way sometimes?"

"Yes, and I have often been lost. I have road-books and guide-books, a map for every county, and three for Yorks. But the best of books and even maps are at times misleading. The finger-posts are handy when you can find them, and when they are not too dilapidated. So the amateur gipsy must never be backward in asking his way, and he should not only write the information in his note-book, but if possible sketch it."

"Still, one must be careful whom he trusts. Little boys and girls are as a rule misguiding, and women folks misleading. Policemen and farm servants labour under the disadvantage of not apparently knowing their right hand from their left. At all events, if one of these is facing you while he speaks, it is his own right he is thinking about, not yours. The best people to ask the way of are gipsies, carters, brewers' draymen, and butchers. If, while you are talking to any of these, the man's eye beams with ready intelligence he may be trusted. If he hesi-

tates in the least let him go. After telling me the road, I've known a fellow scratch his poll and remark, 'Coomo to think on't now, sur, there be a better road than that.' The only road a joskin like this is sure to know is the road to his month."

"Is caravanning suitable for children?"

"Eminently so. It does one's heart real good to see the way they enjoy the constant change of scene and the variety of incidents continually cropping up. A boy will learn more of life in three months on the road than he would in years at school. Morally and physically speaking, caravanning is capable of making a man of your son."

"You look upon it, then, as the only real way of travelling in this country for pleasure?"

"Certainly it is, if you want to see the scenery and mix with the rural, the wayside, and the canal population."

"Wouldn't a four-in-hand or drag do as well?"

"Oh, no, because you would find an entire lack of sleeping accommodation at the very places you wish to put up at, and you should then have either to wend your way back to some town, or go farther on in search of a hotel."

"The scenery in this country you consider very charming?"

"I must pause before I answer you. Charming it is in all conscience; but you have to analyse it before you can understand wherein the charm lies. I think it is as much in its peacefulness, quiet, and innocence, if I dare use the word, as anything else. You must be beyond the hearing of the shriek of the railway whistle, and roar of trains, before you can really enjoy it. And this you nearly always are in a caravan. Civilisation must be some distance behind you. You must feel yourself back in the Middle Ages, as it were, among a primitive people, with primitive houses and cottages, and rustic gardens. Why, I've known a

neatly trimmed hedge on the roadside, or the sight of a factory stalk rising above a wood, spoil the effect of a splendid view. But in travelling as I do, every turn of the road brings you a different scene, and every day that dawns changes the character of the scenery. Then in this country we have all kinds of it—the tree-scapes are always a sight, whether flat, as in the Midlands, or rising over rolling hills, as on the banks of the romantic Wye. Castles and ruins we have in abundance; wide stretches of wild, solemn moorland, as in higher Yorks; Northumbria has a character of its own; so have the classic banks of Tweed, the seashores wherever we go, and the dark, frowning glory of our Scottish Highlands. Oh, I do assure you that to the ordinary race-a-day tourist Britain is virtually an unexplored country."

"And the effects upon the health of such tours as you make?"

"Are worth all the medicine ever made. I attribute this to the regularity of life one is obliged to adopt, to the pure air, the exercise, the plain living, but, above all, to the entire freedom from care and worry and the actual happiness one enjoys. I myself never made adipose tissue, as doctors call it. I am a literary man and work exceedingly hard during winter and spring, generally doing a little extra to pay for my summer holiday. Well, by the month of April I feel as flabby as a baby; but I am as hard as the mainstay of a line-of-battle ship before I am six weeks a gipsy. And my men the same; we all get hard and brown and tough on the road."

"Well, I am so much obliged; you have given me quite a deal of novel information."

"There are a thousand things I have not told you."

"May I ask you one final question? Is yours an expensive mode of travelling?"

"No; the first outlay—that for caravan and horses—is the chief expense."

"Good day then, and thanks."

"Good day."

SAVED AS BY FIRE.

By E. M. MARSH, AUTHOR OF "MARAH," "EDELWEISS," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.—"THERE'S MANY A SLIP."

PHYLLIS knelt down in front of the old lady, who, placing her hand upon the girl's head, blessed her in tender tones. Then she stretched it out to her "boy."

"My bairn, you have won her; keep her as the apple of your eye, and let your love be as a shield to her from all harm and sorrow."

He pressed her hand. Speech was scarcely possible to him, but his eyes, as they rested

on the kneeling figure, told what she was to him. At last he said,

"Margaret, is lunch not ready? Phyllis is faint and weary."

"Poor child! Yes, it is in the next room. The bell sounded some time ago."

Sir Bernard stooped and lifted Phyllis. She glanced up with a smile. Then all the long hours of vigil and suppressed feeling broke out into a passion of tears. She clung to him, while he soothed her with tender words and caresses. Then he laid her on the couch and divested her of her wraps.

"Lie still and I will bring you what you wish."

"I am all right. I could not think—"

"Yes, you could." He laid his hand on her shoulder. "You are mine now, 'St. Cecilia.' I can be a tyrant, as you will see."

Her smile had something of its old charm as she replied,

"Is love ever tyrannical?"

He bent down and kissed the fair face.

"I thought that was only a penalty under certain conditions," she said, laughing and blushing.

"I shall have to make a claim for sins of omission as well as commission; and besides, it is more expressive than mere words. You should not look so irresistible."

"Bernard," interrupted a voice, "it is all very well for you, but you forget Phyllis is exhausted," and Mamsell stood behind him with a plate of chicken and a glass of wine.

"Margaret, I apologise, but we might have a sort of *al fresco* repast in here."

He placed a small table by the sofa, wheeled up a chair for Miss Dallas, then went and fetched the requisites for lunch, dismissing Hawkins, who was quite bewildered by the unusual unpunctuality and general topsiturniness of the household atmosphere.

What a delightful meal that was! Sir Bernard was in overflowing spirits, rattling on about the events of the previous evening, all the while surreptitiously supplying Phyllis with the most tempting delicacies he could find, until she had laughingly to cry him mercy, declaring that though she might not have supped or breakfasted, she had not developed the appetite of a cormorant. At last, leaning back in his chair, he contemplated her gravely.

"I have one piece of news that I fear will prevent such an enormity. An admirer of yours has gone over to the enemy. I believe

Miss Letitia laid siege so artfully to Danby's heart that it has been caught at the rebound. Poor fellow! how dreadfully jealous he was of me."

Phyllis's eyes flashed a spark of annoyance, as they always did when Mr. Danby's name was mentioned,

"He was very rude at the Harman's."

"What did he say?" asked "Grannie."

"He wanted to know whether, when Sir Bernard—"

"Miss Trevylian—I beg your pardon."

She turned towards him with a sort of shy desperation—

"Whether, when *you* proposed for him, I had said, 'Speak for yourself, Bernard.'"

"What impertinence!" cried the old lady.

Her cousin smiled.

"That is what I longed for you to say."

Phyllis blushed.

"How you bewildered me! If you had spoken I do not know but that you might have taken me by storm."

"If I had thought that, I would not have held my peace; but you looked afraid of me."

"Afraid, did I? I was afraid to trust the evidence of my senses, and fearful of myself."

"Oh, thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

She touched his hand with a sweet penitent air. He raised hers and kissed it.

"I thought it was Nancy. I felt like a traitor to her."

"Miss Greatorex was more clear-sighted, and wished me God speed."

"Did she? Dear Nan! But by-the-bye, did Jack stay to the end of the evening?"

The mention of Nan had brought him back to her mind. She felt a certain compunction in allowing her own happiness to obliterate the remembrance of his trouble.

"Jack? No," said Miss Dallas. "What became of him, Bernard?"

"I only saw him for a moment, frantically searching for his hat and coat, of which he seemed to have lost the number. That was about half-past one. The time you disappeared, Phyllis."

Sir Bernard looked at her as if he thought the two circumstances had some connection.

Phyllis sighed, "Poor old fellow!"

"Does he require your sympathy?"

"He made himself and me very miserable."

"I was dreadfully afraid at one time," interrupted Miss Dallas, "that you cared something for him, Phyllis, and I guessed Bernard's intentions long ago."

"You wise cousin! Here comes Hawkins. He has not seen such an informal meal before."

When the room was restored to order, Miss Dallas rose.

"I am going to take a siesta, Phyllis; you should do the same."

"Phyllis,"—Sir Bernard lingered lovingly over the name—"Phyllis can take hers here. I don't want to lose sight of her just yet."

Deftly he arranged the cushions on the sofa. Many a time he had done it for his mother.

"Now go to sleep; I have some letters to write, and will not disturb you."

She took the hand that rested on her head and laid her cheek on it, then pressed it softly with her lips. He bent down,

"Very nice, as far as it goes, but I should prefer it elsewhere."

She kept her face concealed a moment, but at his whispered "St. Cecilia" she lifted it, and, like a butterfly's wing, her kiss *effleurait ses lèvres*. She received double payment, and then was left to rest. He sat facing her, and every time he lifted his head he found her watching him with a wistful loving gaze. He left his place, and took a low seat by her side.

"Do you know you are very disobedient. You are supposed to be sleeping, and you only look at me. Have I changed so much within the last few hours?"

"Yes, to me. I am afraid to go to sleep, lest when I wake I shall find it has been a dream; and, besides, it is pleasant to feel I have the right to look at you."

"Had you not that always?"

"Not in the same way."

A smile lit up her face. He laid his hand over her eyes.

"Naughty child, you have all the rest of your life to do it in; will not that satisfy you?"

She drew his hand down.

"I will be good, only sit where I can't see you."

"No, I shall not; I shall stay where I am. I am in no humour for writing; I constantly find myself making a big P or C."

When Miss Dallas returned she found the room dark save for the firelight, which in sudden flashes illumined "St. Cecilia's" restful face, and brought out the threads of gold in her "boy's" hair. His head had sunk upon the arm that encircled her waist. They were both sound asleep. And Margaret Dallas sat and watched them with folded

hands and sweet intentness, letting her thoughts

"Dwell with the living past, so living, yet so dead."

Surely, although invisible, unfelt, it was

"The mother's kiss upon the sleeper's brow,"

that made her boy look so young, so free from care—the boy she had known beside her Marion's knee in

"The days so far removed, yet, oh, so near,
So full of precious memories dear."

And Mamsell was content. She could now sing "Nunc Dimittis" with a joyful heart.

The next morning, when Phyllis entered the boudoir it seemed quite strange to be met with a kiss and loving greeting, and to be waited on with gentle assiduity. A little of her old shyness had returned. She found herself several times on the point of saying Sir Bernard, but always pulled up, substituting *you*, or leaving a little blank or suggestive pause to be filled up *ad libitum*.

"I find I must give you something to remind you of our new relationship, which you seem inclined to forget." He took her left hand and slowly, as if he liked the process, slipped a half-hoop diamond ring, in old-fashioned setting, on the third finger.

"It is a family jewel, Phyllis. I would not give you my mother's; it did not bring much happiness."

She raised her eyes to his face that were tremulous with unspoken love and thanks. Then the same look of humility stole over her that Nancy had seen.

"Bernard,"—sweetly the name was syllabled—"I am but the beggar-maid, and you my king. I have nothing to give *you*, only love."

"I am glad," he said simply; and then, half-playfully, "you are my patron saint, and even kings must bow before the hierarchy of Heaven. But come, I want to show my wife. Will you ride this morning? We will go to the Rectory and to Falkland."

She answered softly, as if asking a favour,

"Bernard, would you mind keeping it quiet—from strangers, I mean? of course not from the Markhams or Nancy, but I do not feel as if I could bear the cold, prying outsiders to mingle their congratulations with those of sincere friends."

"But, dearest, it must be known soon: the servants have found it out, you may be sure."

"But their gossip will not be believed, and I want you all to myself for a little while."

"Don't you wish to triumph over Miss

Letitia? And besides, these," touching the flashing stones, "tell their own tale."

She looked at the diamonds lovingly, and rested her forehead on them. Then, as if the thought they embodied were too precious to be spoken of, she passed over to the first part of the sentence.

"Why should I? She could not, from her standpoint, conceive of Sir Bernard Maxwell stooping to look at, except for passing amusement, his cousin's companion."

"Stooping, do you call it? I think a star has deigned to come down to me; but what was Jack saying to distress you? Was he at the bottom of your grief? Did the foolish boy really aspire to my 'St. Cecilia'? Plucky, to say the least of it."

"He fancied I had cared for him before you came, but indeed I never did, except as a brother. You will be gentle to him, Bernard, although he may be apt to resent your success."

"We will go and see whether he has developed any suicidal mania. He looked fit to do anything desperate on New Year's Eve. But he is young. He will soon get over it. Do not vex yourself."

"Ah, but the momentary pain is sharp. If I had said *no* to you, would you have got over it soon?"

He held her tightly.

"If you had I should have gone and hanged myself, I think."

"And yet," she said, half reproachfully, "you cannot sympathise with Jack."

"Yes, I do, awfully; and, to prove it, I will go and express my regret to him that I cannot give you up. If you will get on your habit I will order the horses, and we will go straight to the Rectory."

There they found the members of the family had lost something of their usual gaiety. The conversation was first upon the dance; then, hesitatingly, Phyllis asked after Jack. Dot replied, with a pout,

"He is gone; he would not even stay for the New Year."

The tears rose to Phyllis's eyes. She bent forward to Mrs. Markham, and, in affectionate undertones, said,

"I feel almost ungrateful. I am so sorry; you will not love *me* the less, I hope, you, my first friend."

"I, my dear?" replied the little woman, kissing her lovingly. "I should have been glad if it could have been, but Jack is impetuous."

The two seemed to have settled down for a confidential chat, but Sir Bernard startled

them by suddenly saying, "Phyllis, the horses are champing outside and I have not yet introduced my wife. Mrs. Markham, what do you think of her?" He laid his hand on the girl's shoulder as she sat in a low chair by the fire.

Joy stretched out her hands to both.

"I can't tell you how pleased I am. I always expected and hoped it. I do indeed congratulate you."

Dot looked gleefully from one to the other, then made a rush at Phyllis and embraced her.

"Oh, you charming Lady of Castlemount! It is splendid; now Phyllis will stay with us always." And Dot relieved her feelings by giving a little pirouette. "Sir Bernard, aren't you glad you came home?"

"It was evidently Kismet. You know the ballad, how one fled over the mountains, Love, as he thought, behind him, but he could not escape, for it lay close to his heart; how he tore the strings from his zither, thinking it might be concealed there, while it nestled in his hand, and then he went home and Love was sitting by his hearth. I fancy he gave in then as I did."

Dot laughed merrily. "I don't wonder, if Love were like Phyllis."

"Neither do I," said he with a humorous glance at "St. Cecilia," who was trying to appear grave as if she did not hear the compliments, but the curve of her lips broke into a smile as she said softly, ignoring Sir Bernard,

"Dot, don't you think it was only a cricket after all?"

Dot clapped her hands.

"Oh you dear, humble thing! Sir Bernard, imagine Phyllis as Love disguised in the garb of a cricket! Why, I am a cricket, always chirruping, but Phyllis! What is Phyllis, Sir Bernard?"

His look was exclusively for Phyllis, his words for Dot.

"The lost chord of my life."

The bright brown eyes glistened with full appreciation. Then when the riders were fairly off, she gave Mrs. Markham a hug.

"Oh, mother, it would be perfect if Jack were here."

Very earnest and loving were Nancy's congratulations.

"You did not need my help," she said to Sir Bernard.

There was a warm glow in his eyes as he replied,

"Do you hear the footsteps of the bride, Miss Creatorex?"

"I fear I shall not see her unless you can wait for our return. We are going abroad after all. Dr. White has worked upon my father's fears till he has made up his mind to start at once for the Riviera."

"I hope you will not be long away, Miss Greatorex, for I know some one would hardly think herself properly married unless you were there to see the ceremony performed; and I am of too impatient a disposition to wait long."

Nancy tried to answer gaily, but the tears came.

"Dear Phyllis, write as often as you can; it seems like death to me to leave Falkland and all the dear ones."

Phyllis kept her promise, and weekly letters went to and from Castlemount and Cannes, where the Squire and his daughter settled. Phyllis herself did not know how, though not stated in so many words, her epistles were permeated with the happiness that overflowed her heart. It seemed as if before she had not known what living meant. Watched over and cared for, the delight of Bernard Maxwell's eyes, his every word and action prompted by thought of her, she was walking in the full sunshine of a summer day instead of the cold grey of a winter dawn, developing her capacity for loving which had lain dormant until she came to Castlemount. A bud with half-disclosed charms is lovely; how much more so when the deep rich tints of the inmost petals are revealed and the perfume exhaled from the very core of its being! Her mirth was more girlish, and the grave, abstracted look that at one time so often visited her face was rarely if ever seen. She very seldom went to the village except on her errands to the poor, for she fancied the very happiness in her face and mien would betray her. She and Sir Bernard rode almost daily, but in the least frequented parts or within the Castlemount bounds.

"Home and 'St. Cecilia,' I want no wider range now," he said once when they had ridden to Harden Point. He had dismounted and stood leaning against the crutch of Bayard's saddle. "Phyllis, do you know that day we came here, when you placed your hand in mine, I vowed that I should have the right to clasp it as now, or never see Castlemount again?"

She sat gazing over the widespread landscape. Softly she answered,

"Bernard, do you think we are too happy? I have nothing in the world to wish for."

"I have," he replied with a smile. "I want my wife."

A shimmer of light flashed across the liquid depths of her eyes, responsive to his words, but an indefinable shadow rested on her, an undercurrent of sadness in her tone.

"Before I saw you I felt content and as if in a haven of quiet, closed in and sheltered, with no aspiration beyond; but now a boundless realm seems to have opened out, boundless as love, yet narrow as if focussed to reveal only one object at a time. It seems terrible that the loss of one thing should have the power to blot out the sunshine from God's world, but so it would be if anything parted us. I feel sometimes that I love you better than the dear Lord who died for me, and that like Francesca di Rimini, the presence of the beloved would make the inner circle of torment endurable when heaven would be purgatory without. Bernard, scold me for being wicked, I who dared to sit in judgment on you."

"Scold you for letting me know the greatness of your love! Dearest, as water rises to its own level, so the love that is God-given, as yours is to me, must return to its source. The crystal clearness of the divine spring can never utterly be fouled though it go far down into the valley. Love, I look into your face and thank God for bringing me this pure rill of joy to ripple by my side. Love is life! There is no wrong in it when love is God. Do you think our lives have hitherto been so blest that a little extra happiness is begrudged? Yours has been colourless, mine often relieved by dark shadows. Phyllis, why do you speak of parting? What can part us? Dear one, the grey winter is depressing you; when am I to carry you off to summer climes?"

"Bernard, we must wait for Nancy."

"I declare," he said laughingly, as he remounted Selim, "I shall have to take you to her if she keeps me too long. What is the limit of my patience, do you think?"

"The limit of your love," she replied tenderly.

At the same moment that they turned to descend the hill, Miss Dallas was receiving visitors—General Mackintosh and his second daughter. The latter was more gushing than usual, the reason being soon made clear.

"Lettie has some news for you, my dear madam."

"Oh, papa! I don't know how to tell it. You are the first person to know, Miss Dallas. I am engaged to be married. Guess who to?"

She blushing drooped her head and gave a little gurgling simper.

"It is not a very difficult riddle," said the old lady, smiling. "Mr. Danby is, I suppose, the happy man."

"You seem to have known more about it than I did," remarked the General. "I must confess Letitia has not done badly for herself; he has a tidy little property, eh?"

He looked as he felt, proud of his daughter's conquest.

"And I was so jealous of Miss Trevylian," put in she, "and George—that's Mr. Danby, you know—declares he never really cared for her, only like all young men enjoyed a flirtation. Very naughty of him, was it not?"

Mamsell would have given much to be able to enlighten her on the subject, but Phyllis had to be considered.

Letitia was so proud of her position as bride-elect that she felt quite annoyed that Phyllis was not present to be dragged in the wake of her triumphal car, so she condescended to inquire after her.

"I have not seen Miss Trevylian for ages, except at church; she does not gad about as much as she used to do."

"No," replied Miss Dallas; "she has been otherwise occupied. She is now out riding with Sir Bernard."

Letitia elevated her eyebrows, and with a short laugh exclaimed, "What an indulgent mistress you are! Miss Trevylian must thank her stars for having found such an easy situation; it is all play and no work. I quite envy her."

Miss Dallas was spared a reply, for at that moment steps were heard on the terrace. Letitia, who was seated near the French window, looked up. What she saw nearly took her breath away.

Sir Bernard and Phyllis were walking up in riding dress; his arm was passed through his companion's, in whose uplifted face love and trust were plainly revealed. There was a look of mutual confidence and understanding between the pair not to be misunderstood.

Letitia stared at Miss Dallas. "Then it is true what has been rumoured in the village!"

"What?" said the old lady with a somewhat malicious smile.

"Why that Sir Bernard was engaged to Miss Trevylian."

"You had better ask him."

When Phyllis discovered the visitors she would have liked to run away; but her lover kept a gentle but firm hold of her, ushering her into the boudoir with perfect sangfroid.

While they were shaking hands Miss Dallas said, "There is quite a sound of wedding bells in the air, Bernard. Miss Dallas has come to tell us of her engagement to Mr. Danby."

"But, oh, Sir Bernard!" exclaimed the young lady with several notes of exclamation in her voice and face, "I hear the same of you."

"That I am engaged to Mr. Danby? Not that I am aware of."

"Now, don't laugh at me; you know what I mean."

"Where did you get your information, may I ask?"

"It is quite the gossip of the place. I did not believe it; but——"

"You have changed your opinion?"

"Yes, this minute." She looked doubtfully from one to the other.

"Miss Mackintosh, rumour for once has not lied. Miss Trevylian has done me the honour of consenting to be the future mistress of Castlemount. But I am forgetting to congratulate you. When is the happy event coming off?"

"In a few weeks. George and I have nothing to wait for, and long engagements are a bore; one can't be on one's best manners for months."

Sir Bernard glanced down at Phyllis, on the back of whose chair he was leaning, and he thought how impossible such a speech would have been from her. He only replied with the slightest tinge of sarcasm, "There is such a thing as inconstancy."

"Oh, no fear of that; we are both too well satisfied with our bargain. I suppose you will not be long in following our example?"

"Miss Trevylian wishes to wait till Miss Greatorex returns."

"Goodness me! Why, she won't be home till May. You're evidently not afraid of a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," she remarked to Phyllis. "Men are slippery things."

"Have I ever shown any eel-like propensities, Miss Letitia? It is too bad of you to blacken my character by such insinuations. Miss Trevylian might believe you."

"If Miss Trevylian is wise she will ask no questions; I would never trust any man farther than I could see him. But come along, General; we have made quite a visitation."

She bade adieu to Phyllis with greatunction; she had been dismayed at first, remembering their last meeting; but as Phyllis did not seem inclined to resent her conduct on that night, she was not going to

abate a jot of the friendliness she began to feel for Lady Maxwell. Castlemount was a house worth visiting. She little guessed that the cold, quiet girl whom she was willing to patronise had made up her mind that Mrs. Danby of Dene should only be received on the stiffest and rarest occasions. So Letitia was all that was charming to Phyllis, though behind her back she did hint that she was a sly minx, and had played her cards well.

When they were gone Sir Bernard said playfully,

"Are you scared at the prospect, 'St. Cecilia'—tied for life to one of a sex whose vanity is only exceeded by their inconstancy."

She laughed and sighed almost simultaneously. "Poor Mr. Danby! I wish she were not such a bird of ill omen."

"He deserves his fate. Imagine bidding for a gem of the first water, and then being content with a Brummagem imitation!"

"It is fortunate we have not all the same taste, Bernard."

"Dearest heart, I should not be surprised or jealous if all the world fell in love with my wife." He stood softly stroking her silky hair. Her hat was off, and her head rested against the cushioned back of the seat. She was always touched by the way he said "my wife," as if all the sweetness and contentment were centred in those two words.

A slight tinge of amusement coloured her next speech. "Are you not afraid to look forward to that consummation? I shall perhaps put off my company manners, and what you imagined to be satin turn out buckram. I think it is very good of me to give you a chance of finding me out before it is too late."

He bent fondly down to her. "Phyllis, I love you better now than I did a month ago, when you promised to stay with me. I am going to emulate the man whose wife was the most beautiful thing in the world to him to the end of his days."

"She must have been a woman of a thousand."

"Or he, a man?"

"I think very often, however much a woman may prize a man's love, she does not know how to keep it."

"You will be saved a good deal of exertion on that score. You have only to be yourself."

She raised her laughing eyes, from which the previous shadow seemed entirely to have

fled; but that evening she asked him to sing from *Orpheus*.

"No, I cannot now," he said, "I am too happy. I could not brook even the spectre of separation to loom in the distance. *Per sempre*." He threw his head back as if to shake off the dreadful thought. "That is the wail of despair, it is not for us who have hope. I'll sing thee songs of Araby instead," he continued, and seated himself at the piano.

Phyllis felt that tears were perilously near the brink, the shadow was returning. Try what she might, she could not rid herself of the idea, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." She knew it was absurd, but that her happiness was too perfect to last came with a sense of oppression. She did not let Sir Bernard see that anything troubled her, for he would have laughed it to scorn, or suggested that the most effectual way to bell the cat would be to encircle it with a wedding ring. Before she went to sleep that night, she had almost made up her mind to tell him that she would waive her desire for Nancy's presence if he wished it. And the morning light, though it dispelled her morbid fancies, did not lessen her resolve. Very shyly she approached the subject, as they stood together before the fire in the library. She went close to him as if to hide her face.

"Bernard, if you would rather not wait for Nancy," she glanced up timidly, with heightened colour.

"Yes; what then?"

His blue eyes wore an amused yet touched look; he would not help her, but held her with a loving clasp.

"I do not mind; we could go to her."

Then her face disappeared altogether as if half frightened at the suggestion.

"St. Cecilia, you have her spirit of self-sacrifice. Nay, I can wait a little longer."

He lifted her head and made her look at him.

"Dearest, if that momentous question, 'Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?' be answered in May, I will take you away to the Italian lakes, and let you see how the flowers bloom and the water gleams sometimes aqua marine, deepening into emerald and peacock blue, reflecting the vine-clad hills with their background of snowy peaks."

"Bernard, it will be lovely! I only wish I understood Italian."

"My dear child, I will provide you with one word that will take you a long way,

Questa. When you are on board a lake steamer, you are almost sure to see an elderly old-maidish looking person, with an inquisitive nose, surmounted by glasses, and in her left hand a *Badeker*. Going up to the captain or his deputy just as he is in the act of speaking through the tube to the engineer, she runs one finger along the line to be quite certain she has got hold of the name, *Badeker* is closely written in places, then pointing in the direction she imagines to be correct, says interrogatively, 'E *questa* Laveno,' or 'Baveno,' as the case may be. The captain is courteous and replies in the affirmative, so she goes off, nodding her head sapiently at her friend, generally a stouter, less wiry looking person, and addressing her long before she reaches her seat, announces for everybody's benefit, 'Yes, he says it is. I was sure I was right.'

Phyllis laughed at him.

"Bernard, how absurd you are! I fear that would not be of much use to me. If I indicated the place and said the name, that would be enough."

"Exactly; but you would not get the reputation of knowing Italian. I assure you," he continued with mock gravity, "*Questa* will carry you a long way."

Then abruptly his mood changed, he drew her to a seat by his side.

"What a blessing to feel I can take you anywhere, with no one to interfere! To have you all to myself, with no fear that you had backward longings for those left behind, or they for you! Selfish, am I not? but it is a joy to me to think no one has a right to you but me."

"I do not wish any one else now, but I remember when I was a child and saw others with their parents or brothers and sisters, I envied them, especially their mother."

"You do not remember her at all, Phyllis?"

She shook her head sadly.

"Were you called after her?"

"No; her name was Gwendoline."

Sir Bernard gave a slight recoil.

"I am glad yours is not."

"Why? It is pretty."

"Because—but never mind; it is no use recalling an old bitterness that you have sweetened."

But the spectre of a dead past, all unseen by the occupants, was entering the room. Bernard Maxwell, like Orpheus, had looked back.

"Love," Phyllis whispered, "would you

like to see her picture? I have a small painting of her, done when she was a girl, before her marriage. My aunt gave it me when she was dying, telling me to keep it sacred; it is not framed and it might be damaged by being exposed, so I have had it locked up, taking peeps at it sometimes. I felt I could not bear to have it criticised; it was my father's work, he was a good amateur. I have always meant to show it to 'Mamsell,' but whenever I have lifted the handkerchief that covers it, it seemed to be somehow uncovering the dead, and I left it in its place, but you are my second self, would you like to see it? She must have been very lovely."

"Like her daughter," he said fondly.

"No, not at all like me; I am a Trevelylian."

Quickly she went on her errand, and Bernard Maxwell waited, unconscious of the spectre that stood at his elbow, the ghost of his revenge. If he had but known what she was bringing, he would have blotted out his eyesight rather than have beheld it, but he had looked back!

CHAPTER XX.—ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

SMILINGLY, Phyllis returned, and going up to Sir Bernard passed her arm through his as she held out the portrait. He took it. It was an able likeness, well drawn, and evidently executed by a loving hand. Just a face and bust. A very beautiful face. Sparkling, *riante*, *mignonne*, clear brown eyes, and rich chestnut hair. Phyllis waited for some expression of admiration, but none came, only the muscles of the arm she held grew rigid, then a shudder ran through Sir Bernard's frame. She lifted her head, and instinctively dropped her clasp. He was gazing at the painting as if turned to stone, then a look of loathing and repulsion crossed his features as though a serpent had crawled out of the canvas. The girl stood mute, she could not speak, there was a tightening at her heart. She made no motion to stop him, when mechanically he advanced to the table, laid down the portrait and, without looking at her, said hoarsely,

"Do you know who that is?"

She tried to answer firmly, but the words died away in a scarcely audible murmur,

"My mother, Gwendoline Trevelylian."

"She may have been that when she was innocent, but I knew her as Gwendoline de Marcie."

The name seemed forced from him against

his will. In another moment Phyllis was left alone.

She remained motionless, paralysed. What was this that had come to her? Not until the door had closed on him, and she heard his retreating footsteps, did the sense of desolation wake her to a knowledge of what had happened. Then she sprang forward.

"Bernard, come back!"

The bitter wail was unanswered, and for the first time in her life, Phyllis fainted away.

She was lying on the floor pale and senseless when Miss Dallas entered. With an exclamation the old lady stooped and with some difficulty drew the prostrate figure up to the couch, bathing her forehead with eau de Cologne, the only restorative she had at hand. Slowly and painfully the girl recovered. Opening her eyes, she met "Mamsell's" anxious, pitiful gaze. She shivered and put her hand over her face.

"Dear, why did you not let me die?"

"Child, what is it? You are ill."

"No, only heart sick. See, on the table, perhaps he is mistaken."

Miss Dallas rose and lifted the picture. Phyllis watched her eagerly. There was evidently no mistake. Miss Dallas started.

"Where did he get this?"

"It is not his, it is mine. That is my mother!"

The stunned look disappeared, and the shuddering cry escaped,

"He cursed her!"

Miss Dallas went back and laid the girl's head on her lap, stroking with tender hands the piteous, upturned face.

"Mamsell, comfort me, tell me it is a nightmare, that I am delirious or mad, anything but that I am her child, and Bernard lost to me!"

"Phyllis, he is surely not going to visit her sins on you! Oh, no; my boy could not be so cruel."

"Dear, the look on his face, shall I ever forget it? No, *her* daughter can never be Lady Maxwell, he would not wish it."

"But he *shall* not sacrifice his own future and yours for an old hatred. I must go and find him."

Very indignant the old lady looked; anything like injustice was more hateful to her even than republican principles. But Sir Bernard was not to be found. He had gone out, saddled Selim and ridden off, at first leisurely, as without sense of volition, then faster, until the canter broke into a gallop, as the horse was sent in the direction of the

downs. Bernard Maxwell, like his father, always sought distraction in exercise from any overmastering passion. But fly as he might, the spectre of the past kept pace with him, looming larger and larger as if to grapple with him. One thought obtruded itself,—had she known it all the time, and kept it back till she felt her power over him assured? Away with the black suggestion, it came like a temptation of the devil, to drive away all his belief in goodness; but were she stainless as snow—oh, God, that other!

Faster and still faster he rode; he could not breathe, he must have air, the spectre had got him by the throat. At length he reached the high ground where sea and land stretched in an illimitable line. He drew bridle and dismounting flung himself on the turf, while his horse stood beside him with panting sides, snuffing and whinnying as if sharing his master's distress. Then he rose, and flinging his arms round Selim's neck, sobbed with tears that come to a man but once in a life-time. Gwendoline de Marcie's daughter! It rang in his ears, it paralysed his senses. His Phyllis!

"St. Cecilia!" he cried aloud. "Oh, what have I done to deserve this?"

And his cousin watched and listened, and Phyllis lay apathetic and still, refusing food.

"No, dear, it would choke me."

Then as she saw the tears in the old lady's eyes, she said,

"You do not hate me, Mamsell?"

"I! child; how can you ask me? Does it matter to me *who* you are, when I know *what* you are?"

"You are very good," was the sad reply.

"Phyllis, don't look so hopeless; Bernard, when he comes to himself, will take you back to his heart."

The girl started up.

"Mamsell, do you think I would consent to be so taken?"

She rose and paced the room, then stood before her friend.

"Do you not see that things can never be the same? Two ruined lives part us, his mother's and mine. She may not be dead" (her eyes glowed with their terrible earnestness), "and I must search for her. She may be saved yet; and whose is the duty, if not her child's?"

Miss Dallas looked at her. She had drawn herself up to her full height, with a gaze that seemed to see through and beyond the four walls; she raised her eyes upwards and with clasped hands said,

"Oh, God, help me to find her."

The door opened and Hawkins, with an astonished air, handed Phyllis a note.

"From Sir Bernard, miss."

"Then he is home?" queried Miss Dallas.
"I will go to him."

The old servant looked embarrassed.

"If you please, ma'am, the master wished me to say that he was busy, and did not wish to be disturbed."

The old lady bit her lips and watched Phyllis while she read. It was very short.

"Phyllis, I write to you, for I dare not look upon your face, at least not yet. When I saw that portrait and knew that, though she was your mother, I could not say, 'Mea culpa,' but still felt that mine had been a righteous vengeance, what could I say to you, her daughter? Oh, Phyllis! my 'St. Cecilia,' for you will ever be that to me, forgive me if you can; think of me with some pity, for am I not the most miserable of beings? I am going to try and exorcise this demon of the past which haunts me and obscures your fair, pure image. Stay with Margaret and comfort her. Good-bye, my love, my love, I feel as if I were writing with my heart's blood.

"Yours,
"BERNARD."

Phyllis looked up.

"He is going away."

"Not altogether, child? You must not let him, he does not know what he is about. How can you stand there like a marble statue, instead of doing something?"

She sighed wearily.

"It is of no use. Read what he says."

The old lady seized upon the one ray of hope in it.

"But it is only for a time; the shock was great no doubt, but it will pass, he loves you all the same."

"Miss Dallas, you forget," there was a slight accent of dignified reproach in her words, "she was my mother whatever her faults. If she destroyed his, I have a right to ask him, what has he done with mine? She disappeared, but in what way? How could she live, she to whom you say admiration was the breath of life. She may have been driven to despair and," the girl's voice sank to a horrified whisper, "perhaps, died by her own hand! No; two lives stand between us. There is no hope. He bids me stay here, but I cannot, I must find her."

Miss Dallas saw the passionate determina-

tion in her face, and knew it must be so, but she would not part from her without an effort.

"Child, do not leave me; bereft of you both what am I? We will advertise for information regarding her. Where can you go, without a clue to her whereabouts? Wait until we have tried this means."

She drew Phyllis towards her. If she would only weep or give some expression to her anguish, but that cold, steadfast mask she wore, with far-away eyes that glowed like a consuming fire, seemed a living torture.

Sir Bernard left without seeing either his cousin or Phyllis. He immediately put Scotland yard on the alert; he, too, felt he must find Madame de Marcie. Miss Dallas advertised that "If Madame de Marcie, formerly Gwendoline Trevylian, would apply to Messrs. Clay and Tibbit, she would hear of something to her advantage."

A fortnight passed, and Miss Dallas saw that Phyllis was eating her heart out. At last the girl spoke.

"Dear friend, you must not keep me. Day and night I hear her say, 'Phyllis, my child;' her face haunts me."

"Where would you go, my dear?"

"To Paris. She lived there with my father, and there she married a second time. She loved it, you say, she was nearly as French as English. She might have gone there to die, or be living in obscurity."

"But you cannot go alone."

"Some one might want a companion, but that would not give me sufficient freedom. I would rather, if you could give me some letters of introduction, teach music and English. I will take Lion, and no one will harm me with him by my side. Mamsell, I dare not stay."

Very earnestly she pleaded, with clasped hands and pale, eager face, that retained its look of patient suffering.

"Dearie, let me talk it over with Mr. Markham. He can help us if he knows the whole story."

"One thing, Mamsell, say nothing to Bernard; it would only add to his pain to feel I had been driven to take this step."

"But he must hear of it."

"Yes, but the later the better."

So Miss Dallas went to the Rectory, and told Mr. and Mrs. Markham the tale. Joy was quite overcome, but her husband at once said,

"Command me, my dear friend. I can spare ten days easily just now; my wife and Dot will be glad of the change. We will

take Phyllis over and see her located in comfortable quarters. I can sympathise with her feelings. At any rate the experiment can be tried, and Phyllis Trevylian might go like Una through the length and breadth of the land and find no ill."

Everything was speedily arranged. Not till the parting did the girl break down. She clung to Miss Dallas.

"My foster-mother, my more than friend, must I leave you, leave this that has been my Paradise!"

"Phyllis, promise me," said the old lady, "that you will look upon Castlemount as your home, to return to whenever you are lonely and tired."

"My haven of rest," she answered wistfully. "Yes, I will come, some day."

A fortnight later, and Miss Dallas was sitting in the boudoir reading a letter from Phyllis, when a footstep was heard and Sir Bernard entered, looking worn and harassed.

"I have come again, you see, Margaret," he said, kissing her affectionately. "I could not stay away. I had no peace of mind or body without 'St. Cecilia.' Where is she?"

Now Miss Dallas had not quite forgiven her "boy" for his desertion. She was so constant to an ideal herself, that a mixed character like his made her a little impatient; so she answered coldly, "Gone."

He had flung himself down in a chair with an air of lassitude very unusual to him, but at that one word he sprang up, towering over her with his impetuous query, "Gone! Where?"

In that moment he knew what he had lost. He had pictured her, wounded perhaps, and inclined to shrink from him at first; but of his power to win her back he never doubted. Who had ever resisted Bernard Maxwell when he had made up his mind to overcome? But she was gone—where? And he had not been told. He would follow her though it were to the world's end.

"She is gone to Paris in search of her mother."

"Margaret! and you suffered her?"

"I could do no less. Day by day I saw her wearing away, and during the night even, when I could not sleep, I heard her tossing restlessly; and when I went to her she was always lying with wide open eyes, and she would say, 'Mamsell, she is calling me, let me go to her.' She thought she would find her more readily in Paris. You saw my advertisement, no doubt?"

"Yes. I have put the case in the hands

of detectives; all that I have heard as yet is that when she disappeared she was very poor. Her man of business had decamped with her money, and as she had never prosecuted she was supposed to be dead. If I could only prove it, would Phyllis come back?"

"I do not know, Bernard; she is not a girl to be taken up and dropped at will."

"I will go and ask her. You will at least tell me where she is."

"Of course; but it will be a lost journey."

"Margaret, you drive me mad with your curt replies. Why? Has Phyllis forgotten me already?"

"Forgotten you! No, she could hardly have done that; seeing I found her senseless on the floor after you had gone out."

Sir Bernard covered his face with his hands. His cousin broke off abruptly, "That you were implacable to one you hated I knew; that you could be so cruel to her whom you professed to love, I had to learn. What had she done? That she was Gwendoline de Marcié's daughter was not her fault; nay, Gwendoline Trevylian must have been a different being from her we knew. There is no evil in that lovely face my dear child had treasured as a memento of one whom no doubt she idealised. I always saw she had a great tenderness for her dead mother, as she supposed. Her aunt had kept her sister's secret well. When I heard you were leaving I begged her to go to you, thinking you could not resist her, but she declared that nothing could alter the fact—the ruin of two lives had parted you."

"But not for ever, Margaret. It must not be; she is gentle, she will have pity."

"Bernard, the curse has recoiled on yourself. Oh, my boy!" a tender yearning came into her voice.

But Sir Bernard's brow darkened. "And have I not cause to curse her yet? Did she not rob me of my mother? And now she has taken from me the delight of my eyes. What have I done," again he cried, "to deserve this punishment?"

"You forgot. 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.'"

He sat brooding awhile, then said abruptly, "Margaret, I must try; I was so taken by surprise, it was as if a serpent had sprung out of a bed of roses."

"Believe me it will be useless at present. She is now full of the sense of duty; her mother fills her thoughts. Wait for a little, till the sickness of hope deferred comes over her, and loneliness makes her crave for love and sympathy."

He walked impatiently up and down. "What is she doing? She cannot live on £100 a year."

"She says she can. I wanted to continue her allowance as my companion, but she would not hear of it. She is proud, your Phyllis. She means to supplement her income by giving lessons in music and English."

"My 'St. Cecilia,' " he murmured, "whom I had thought to shield from all evil and trouble. Margaret, she *must* listen to me. I will tell her I was mad with the horror of the discovery. We will search for her mother together."

Miss Dallas shook her head. "You will fail. Go and travel for a time; change of scene will do you good. Where is Lord St. Maur?"

"In Africa, I believe; I am not fit company for any one. I feel wrecked in sight of port."

The old lady's heart went out to her "Boy" and she strove to cheer him.

He looked at her and took her hand. "I feared you too had gone against me, cousin. I could not bear that."

She kissed him fondly. "My poor Bernard."

"Did she leave no message for me?"

"No, only this." She went to a drawer in the secretaire and handed him a ring case containing the diamond hoop. He recoiled at sight of the flashing stones.

"Then it is indeed farewell," was all he said, and bade Miss Dallas good night. "I am terribly weary, my cousin."

He went towards the door, but turned back to the low lounging-chair Phyllis had always occupied. He rested his head upon it for a moment then walked silently out of the room. Miss Dallas saw that his eyelashes were wet. Many a long weary hour the master of Castlemount paced up and down his chamber.

Far away in the sunny Riviera, the blue waters of the Mediterranean were sparkling as they came to shore with a soft rustling. The orange groves were displaying their golden fruit, and the scent of their blossoms perfumed the air. Invalids, and people who had gone merely to escape the cold March winds, pass a young couple sitting on a rustic seat. They cannot help looking back, there is something very touching they think in the youthful lovers; for strangers see what friends do not, that the girl is slowly but surely dying. There is a look of trouble in the young man's face which they attribute to his concern for

his companion. Unheeding the curious sympathetic glances, the two sit silent awhile, then he plucks a piece of orange blossom, looks at it wistfully, and flings it down, putting his heel upon it.

"Nancy," said Jack, for it was he, "it is almost a pity that Darwin could not prove his theory of our descent from apes, or a series of evolutions, for then we should have no souls to suffer with—bodily pain is nothing to it."

She did not answer at once, but sat absorbing into her being the beauty of the earth and sky; then very softly,

"It seems to me, Jack, that some are very anxious to forge the iron chain which binds them to the animal, instead of strengthening the golden link which unites them to the divine."

Jack continued to trace lines on the ground with his stick. "I fear very few of us have retained much of the divine—you—and," he paused—"and, one or two I know are made in a different mould from most of the common herd."

"I think, dear," she answered him, "the very vilest of us have done some good action in our lives, which cannot have been mere animal instinct when the whole tendency of the life is to evil, so must have been some spark from the Prometheus fire kindled at a God-erected altar. And as to the mould, we are all much of the same material, a variety of patterns perhaps, depending very much as to the result on the way we choose to fill them in. Of course if we select ugly glaring colours and work them in coarsely, instead of blending them into a perfect whole, that is our fault, not the designer's."

"But how often the thread we thought was to enhance the beauty and utility of our work is snapped and rendered useless!"

Nancy read "Phyllis" scrawled on the gravel. He scratched it out hastily when he saw she had noticed it.

"Jack, the great Designer only gives us little bits of the pattern at a time to exercise our faith in Him, so what might suit the piece we have in hand might not what is to follow; the thread might not have blent so well, Jack. We cannot know all, we can but trust and work at what is before us. We are many of us colour-blind, and cannot always distinguish the right shades and so the thread is broken off for us."

..... "But what am I?
An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry."

said Jack sorrowfully.

"I wish I could come back and bring you the other end of the strand, dear." Nancy glanced upwards with a far-away gaze.

Jack bent forward and looked into her face with a startled expression in his own.

"Nancy, you don't mean that!" His eyes followed the flight of a bird that was winging its way seawards.

She laid her hand affectionately on his arm, saying, "I think sometimes my life has been like a little woodland stream, very sheltered in its course, nothing gay or grand in its surroundings, but tiny wild flowers have rejoiced in its freshness, while here and there the big forest trees have bent their branches to listen to its song, for it has sung always—out in the open, where the sunshine has kissed it or deep in a glade where only the grasses have heard it. And now it is flowing down a glen that leads direct to the sea—no intermediate river to absorb it in a larger melody, or drown it in the rush of its waters—but gliding into a land-locked bay, whose surface is scarcely ever ruffled by storms, where the rivulet can sing its swan song, as it flows peacefully into the ocean."

There was a momentary pause, then Jack said, with a slight catch in his voice, "Phyllis lost to me—and you. Oh, Nancy, do not leave me!"

"Hush!" she whispered. "Here comes father."

Mr. Greatorex arrived, carrying letters.

"One for you, Jack, and one for Nan. It looks like Miss Trevilian's handwriting, but bears the Paris post-mark."

"Perhaps Sir Bernard has waxed impatient, and they are on their honeymoon trip. How delightful if they joined us here!" and Nan looked quite radiant at the idea.

Not so Jack, his face expressed anything but joy at the prospect. He had wandered about trying to forget Phyllis and, as always had been his wont when in trouble, ended in seeking Nancy. He had been with her about a fortnight, during which time no letter had been received from Castlemount, which had greatly surprised her. Jack had not told her of his rejection, but she guessed it from his bitter allusions to Sir Bernard, and his avoidance of her friend's name. He had tried to appear glad on being told of their happiness, but Nancy saw that his heart was sore, and was very gentle to him in his wayward moods. That day was the first on which he had openly alluded to his loss.

While Nancy had been speaking he was scanning his letter in utter amazement, exclaiming at last, "Nancy, do read yours.

My people are in Paris with Phyllis, her letter to you will explain, my father says. He wants me to join them there, but I can't manage that."

Nancy tore open the envelope, and hastily read the contents. She glanced up from the perusal with dilated eyes. "Father, Jack, oh, I am grieved. Sir Bernard and Phyllis have parted."

Had Jack been a nagging woman, he would have said "I told you so;" his face expressed as much.

"The reason is the strangest," continued Nan. "It seems that her mother did not die when she was an infant, as she supposed, but must have married again and became—Who do you think—Madame de Marcie!"

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed the Squire. "That is a pretty kettle of fish. I remember her well, a lovely fascinating woman she was, but Bernard Maxwell never forgave her for drawing his father from his allegiance to his wife. Not that I think she was as bad as he believed. If it had not been she, it would have been some one else. I never thought much of Sir Maurice; Lady Maxwell was a jewel in a swine's snout. Dear me, dear me," said the old gentleman again. "It is a pity; they seemed so suited to each other."

"But surely Sir Bernard would not be so cruel as to visit the sins of the mother upon the daughter," cried Nan.

"No, I hope not; but you see she might feel some repugnance in marrying a man who drove her mother out of society. But what is she doing in Paris?"

"She hopes to find some trace of her mother, she feels certain she is not dead. They have been advertising to no purpose, and Paris was Madame de Marcie's second home. Phyllis hopes that on our way back we will stay there a little while."

"Of course we will, but we must not return to Falkland till May."

"Father," said Nan coaxingly, "I am wearying for home, don't you think we might go a little sooner? I shall be just as well there."

"My dearest heart looks really better, doesn't she, Jack? It would be a pity to spoil the good you have gained by leaving the South before the cold winds are gone."

She sighed, then looked up brightly. "As you like dear, I am quite content if Dad is." She rose and took his arm. "I must go and write to Phyllis; she will need all the assurances of our love, now that she is alone."

SUNDAY READINGS FOR JULY.

By THE EDITOR.

FIRST SUNDAY.

Read Isaiah ix. 1-8; John xiv. 23-31.

"LET THE PEACE OF GOD RULE IN YOUR HEARTS."

MANY of the commands given in Scripture may be regarded as promises as well as commands, for God would never enjoin what we were unable to fulfil; and, accordingly, when we are told to rejoice, or to be holy, or to know God and to love Him, there is implied the possibility of our attaining to these conditions. It is for this reason that we believe the peace of God may and ought to rule in our hearts. The command is a pledge that this peace is attainable.

By the phrase, "the peace of God," we understand the peace which God Himself possesses, and which he bestows. Ineffable peace is the abiding accompaniment of the divine perfection. That peace of God once dwelt on earth, for He, who is the Prince of Peace, has revealed how the eternal calm and rest of God can be enjoyed in our humanity. This truth was heralded in the song "Peace on Earth," and it was with the legacy, "Peace I leave unto you, my peace I give unto you," that the Man of Sorrows entered into his last conflict.

There is a kind of peace the opposite of that which Christ desires for us. There is the peace of death, where all is tranquil because all is cold—like the motionless surface of a frozen sea. Conscience is silent because it is seared, and the heart knows no aspiration because it is too crass and heavy to feel the beauty of any spiritual ideal. Such peace can be reached only by the destruction or denial of what ought to be truest to our nature, as being made in the image of God. But the peace into which we are called in the Gospel is vital, conscious, intelligent. There is in it no stifling of any mental or moral activity. It is as the perfect calm of the intellect when highest truth is grasped, and all its former questionings are stilled because they have been answered. It is as the rest of the eye when it perceives perfect beauty; or as the rest of the ear when it is filled with melody. The heart is truly at peace when it is satisfied.

There is a fundamental difference between such peace and happiness. Happiness arises from without; peace is from within. Happiness depends on what "happens," or the

"hap" of life; but peace can be possessed in spite of misfortune. Happiness has its source in what we have; peace in what we are. It is never said that Christ had happiness, for outward circumstances were all against Him; but He had peace, and that peace lay at a depth which no storm from without could reach. It was a part of the eternal blessedness of God enshrined in a human life, shining from within outwards, and unquenchable as the divine nature. And yet as possessed in humanity it reveals what man is capable of being, and is therefore at once the measure and the pledge of our redemption.

There are those whose hearts are so filled with thoughts of happiness that they are scarcely conscious of their need of the peace of God. They fancy that they require no more than what they now enjoy or hope to enjoy of the good things of life. Hence, friends, comfort, the interests and duties of the world, the excitement of occupation or the gratification of cultivated tastes, fill up their every sense of want. Religion, in its conventional aspects, seems by its very presence to minister to their content. Now and then they may be visited by a sense of the feebleness of their tenure of this comparative abundance. Whenever they reflect seriously, they know in their secret conscience that they have not the kind of peace that will last, although the earth and heavens were to pass away and they were left alone face to face with existence and with God. They need more than what they have. They need the peace of God, which no change can affect, but which will abide for ever.

And there are others who are painfully aware that as yet they have not this peace, but who, unlike those described, are most anxious to possess it. They believe in its possibility; they believe the testimony of such as can bear witness to its blessedness; they have, perhaps, sought it carefully and with tears, and yet their seeking has hitherto brought it not. Their deepest spiritual desire is for the consciousness of this peace, and they earnestly wish for some guidance as to its attainment. "I have not peace with God, or such peace of heart and conscience as I read of in Scripture, and which many of the people I meet assure me that they enjoy," is a confession often made to the heart if not the world—and it is a painful one. It is a consciousness that is perhaps most vividly

realised in times of religious excitement, frequently based on much ignorance and mingled with much selfishness.

It may, therefore, be of some use to consider the conditions under which abiding peace may be attained and preserved.

SECOND SUNDAY.

Read Job xxxiii. 1-9; Romans v. 1-11.

PEACE BY FAITH IN CHRIST.

When it is said, "Let the peace of God rule" (or rather, "sit as umpire," and be the decisive influence) "in your hearts," there is indicated a possible hindrance to its doing so. If we do not "let" it rule, there must be a cause preventing it being enthroned over our motives. These hindrances are various. We shall at this time consider one of them.

St. Paul speaks of our being "justified by faith," and thereby having peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Without entering on the theological aspects of the doctrine of justification, let us try to understand how peace with God comes through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; or, in other words, we will try to remove a common hindrance arising from a misunderstanding of the nature of faith.

One of the great evils connected with what are called "revivals" is the tendency towards an exaggerated turning of the eye inwards on the search for feelings of this or of that, which may be taken as a sign that the person who experiences the feeling is "saved." The question, "Have you found peace?" is probably followed by the counsel, "Only believe!" and, as thus given, the effect is to direct the attention away from the objects which are to be believed in and which alone can inspire peace, to a morbid self-scrutiny, which frequently ends either in a gushing self-satisfaction or in great misery, religious melancholy, or even lunacy.

The mistake arises from not understanding the true function of faith. When a person searches his heart for faith he is seeking it where it never can be discovered, because he is in quest of the principle of faith instead of using faith. "If I had only faith!" becomes the saddest confession when it springs from this perversion of the simplicity of the Gospel. It is not the principle of faith which saves any man. It is faith in Jesus Christ which saves; and it is not self-examination which can produce that, but the perception of what Christ is that creates confidence and peace. As well might a man examine the lenses of his eye to gain the

pleasure of sight, or look into a telescope to discover the delight of the astronomer. It is not the eye but the landscape, not the telescope but what the telescope reveals of the starry heavens, that gives joy. The eye and the telescope are but the instruments through which the objects are seen, and it is the objects, not the eye or telescope, which create the interest. And faith is the instrument whereby we reach Christ, but it is Christ, not faith, which produces "peace in believing." The principle of faith by itself is powerless. If a man is drowning he is not saved by discovering whether he has or has not sufficient faith in life-buoys. He is saved by trusting to the life-buoy, and it is the life-buoy that saves. As long as he clings to that he is kept up, but were he to let that go and enter on a process of self-examination as to the amount of faith he possessed, he would infallibly be drowned. In like manner the turning of the attention from Christ to a search for the principle of faith is necessarily destructive. And yet this is the folly of which many are guilty who fancy that faith saves them, instead of perceiving that it is Christ grasped by faith which is alone effectual.

The only way therefore in which we can be delivered from ourselves, and be brought into an attitude which leads to "peace in believing," is by using faith instead of thinking about it. When the mind is occupied with God, when the heart perceives the love of the Father, when the eye gazes up to Christ as He bends from the Cross over the sinful world, as our spirits learn the glory of the Father and of the Son, we apprehend that which meets our every want, stills our every fear, leads us into confidence and hope and creates the response of our love to the love of God. Peace with God never can arise from some assurance as to the amount of faith that is in us. It comes from beholding in God that which gives us perfect assurance of His Fatherly goodness and the forgiveness of His grace. In Him, and in Him alone, "is our help found."

THIRD SUNDAY.

Read Psalm cxix. 1-16; Romans viii. 1-9.

PEACE BY SPIRITUAL-MINDEDNESS.

A second hindrance to the fulfilment of the command, "Let the peace of God rule in your hearts," may be found in our stopping short at forgiveness, and failing to see that the end and purpose of forgiveness is to lead us into the possession of the mind that

in Jesus Christ. If there are obstacles to peace which stand as between us and God, and are removed by Christ's work for us; there are others which lie within, and can only be taken away by the power of the Holy Ghost quickening spiritual life, and through the power of that life producing holiness. There is a spurious Evangelicalism which never goes beyond the idea of pardon. It is essentially contrary to the law of God and to the true redemption that is in Christ. It takes the word "No condemnation," and fancies that God is glorified by rejoicing in that alone; while it closes the eye to the fuller declaration of how there is no condemnation only "to those who are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit," and in whom "the law of the Spirit of life that is in Christ Jesus" has produced freedom "from the law of sin and death." Of a similar character is that religionism which seeks continued renewal of peace to conscience through confession and priestly absolution. The object of both is the same, for it is a trafficking either with Christ or with His Church for immunity from the consequences of sin; while the power of the Saviour to redeem the affections and sympathies, and to bring them into fellowship with Himself, is denied through disobedience to His will and resistance to His grace. True spiritual peace and tranquillity can arise only from spiritual harmony with God. In whatever degree it may be attained, there must be the same kind of life that is in Christ, with its moral congruity and communion of spirit with spirit, which is the foundation and source of vital salvation. "I in them and Thou in me—that they may be one in us," expresses the great secret of the life eternal. We may repeat, with a greater or less sense of their beauty, the words of the Gospel which tell of the divine mercy to the Church. We may imagine that all is well, and reach a delusive peace by repeating stock phrases as to how "all has been already done," or how "the robe of Christ's righteousness is sufficient to cover all our misdeeds," while we are turning aside from the work which Christ is now seeking to do in us, and are avoiding the very righteousness which He is seeking to impart. And so it is that so many people try to live in two different worlds. They have a department which is kept for good thoughts now and then, when they go back and back to Christ for pardon, or when they kneel in church in confession, and when the words of

promised absolution seem very sweet and satisfying. This department is their religion. But they have another sphere of life in which all their interests are keenly alive, but into which the truth of Christ, and what He teaches as to purity, kindness, love, honesty, and consideration—or, in one word, holiness—is never allowed to enter. In the one field they keep hold of all phraseology which speaks of mercy and of the future heaven which they hope some day may be theirs "for Christ's sake;" they sing with gladness the hymns which seem to bring these comforts near to themselves, and they enter keenly into the views which magnify the grace of God towards a sinful world. When they are within that field they appear quite open to the good seed of the word, and to whatever may be taught by it. But when they enter the other field, where the traffic and amusements and temptations of the world abound, then the flock of foolish and idle thoughts are permitted, like birds of the air, to carry off each serious impression; the wheels of business, with its cares and its low standard of principle, are allowed to trample the richer capabilities of the being into hardness; and "the thoughts of other things," like thorns and thistles, soon choke better impulses, and absorb all the strength and energy of the heart. Under such conditions as these it is impossible that "the peace of God" and the blessed calm, which are the fruits of the sweet action of divine law, can possess "the heart and mind." The peace of Jesus arose from His constant abiding with the Father, finding it His "meat to do the will of the Father," and having His whole life in complete accord with the mind of God. The "minding of the Spirit," or the appreciating and delighting in the things of the Spirit, is the consequence and token of the life of Christ in us; and the fruit of that is spiritual peace. We defeat the blessed purpose of Christ concerning us when we receive only the tender invitation, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest," while we overlook the one method whereby He bestows it: "Take up my yoke and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

When we seek security rather than righteousness and self rather than God, or when we turn the grace that is in the Lord Jesus into a defence against the demands of His holy love, we then defeat His purpose, and render the attainment of even that which

we seem to desire impossible. And thus our Lord's words come true; for he that will keep his life to himself will lose his life in God, while he who is willing to lose his life in self, by yielding self wholly up to God, will gain his truest life as made for God and redeemed by His Son.

Justification is but the portal to the life in God; but it is the living of that life, the feeding of the affections upon Christ, Who is the bread of that life, the growth up into Him in all things Who is the fulness of that life, and the reign of that spiritual order which results from obedience to highest spiritual law, that is the secret and security of abiding peace: "Great peace have they that love Thy law, and nothing shall offend them."

FOURTH SUNDAY.

Read Isaiah xxvi. 1-13; John xvii. 20-xviii. 11.

PEACE THROUGH STAYING THE SOUL ON GOD.

There can be no course more fatal to true Christian peace, and therefore fatal to spiritual well-being, than to seek peace for its own sake rather than to seek God, forgetting self and selfish experiences. The morbid longing after the feeling of peace, and to touch, taste, and handle the proofs of our salvation, is suicidal to the very good that is sought after. And so the promise is not "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on peace," but "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." There is often much of this selfishness in our religion, even when we imagine ourselves sincere; and it is quite natural that it should be so, for we cannot learn the strength and subtlety of the tendency to use God, as it were, for our own purposes, in order to gain that amount of religious satisfaction which may soothe our feelings, without interfering with our real pleasures and indulgencies, until God reveals, it may be in the sharp school of His fatherly chastisement, how greatly we have been shutting Him out of our hearts. Our life is often staying itself on some other object although we fancy we are serving God. We have not learned to submit wholly to God, to let Him reign over us, and to be the treasure of our souls and the portion of our inheritance. Every man has some stay, and that which is his chief good is practically his religion, because he depends upon that for his happiness. This does not necessarily interfere with his going to church, or reading his Bible, or repeating the creed. Many of these false stays may be good gifts of God, which become evil

only because perverted from their true purpose. Money, prosperity, and success; the dear ones who fill life with its brightness and interest; physical health which has been the source or the minister to countless enjoyments; all these may be held by us with such an undisputed consciousness of our right to them, that we are scarcely aware of how greatly our peace depends on them. But when the family circle is broken, and the one place is left empty which had been the chief centre of our affection; or when disaster falls upon our fortune and our accustomed support is swept from us; or when instead of health there come weakness and suffering; we are then taught with a terrible precision how all along our "stay" had been elsewhere. If we have the eye to read aright the meaning of such dealings, we will discover that they are sent for a good purpose. They are as the pressure of the Father's hand constraining us to Himself; they are His way of showing us that "the one thing needful" is not health, or friends, or prosperity, but to know Him and to learn His good and perfect will. In the very sternness of the conflict which is then passed through, in the very agony with which the heart strives against the divine will, even when it seeks to submit to it, there is discovered how much the life has hitherto been fixed elsewhere, and the counsel of the Apostle, "My little children, keep yourselves from idols," assumes a new meaning. But when the man has learned after such tribulation to stay himself upon God, who can describe the peace, as the dark clouds roll away and the calm heavens with the eternal stars open in unfathomable tranquillity?

Verily "the one thing needful" is to possess the living God as the stay of the soul—God who made us, and Who loves us and understands us as no one else can. It is He from whom every good gift has come; and when He seeks us by taking these away it is only to enrich us more fully, bestowing instead of the temporal the eternal.

The experience of the old Hebrew seer has been confirmed in that of men of every age, and of every rank, some of whom had to endure such "a sore fight of affliction" as dwarfs our trials; and they all bear testimony to the fact, that God did keep them in perfect peace because their minds were stayed on Him.

If we ask how we can thus stay our minds on God amid the common details of life, we can look to Jesus Christ and there find an answer. The secret of that highest life consisted in everything being committed to

the will of the Father. When a child at his mother's knee, or a boy among other boys, or an artisan engaged in ordinary toil, or when preaching the Gospel of the kingdom and healing all manner of sickness, or mixing with happy guests at happy festivals—whether in the crowd or on the solitary hill, whether filled with triumphant joy or cast on the ground in agony, He had this un-failing and changeless characteristic, that His mind was stayed on God, and the result was that He had perfect peace.

FIFTH SUNDAY.

Read Psalm xxxvii. 1—11; Philippians iv. 1—9.

PEACE THROUGH PRAYER.

We have considered in previous Readings various conditions laid down in Scripture, under which the peace of God may be reached and maintained. Each of these conditions refers to different kinds of necessity. What St. Paul states in Philippians suggests a way of peace through the daily employment of prayer, which, if it have not those features which make the others critical moments in our experiences, is not the less important.

There is a blessed exercise enjoined through which peace is promised amid the events which crowd daily upon us, in the turmoil of busy cares and under the pressure of the trials which continually beset us. "In everything," St. Paul says; in little things as well as great; in the desires which may be called worldly as well as in those that are purely spiritual; in personal difficulties regarding money and business, as well as in our specially religious anxieties; in the ordinary affairs of the household and family, as well as in the perplexities of faith or conscience; "in everything" we are to "make our requests known to God." The exhortation indicates the frankest opening up of the heart; it is as if he said, "Make a clean breast of it all and tell it all to God, as a child might speak to an earthly father, and, because of the very openness of its confidence, win that father's help." In that spirit go to God, unload your burthen and leave it there before the throne of the heavenly grace. And we are to do so "with thanksgiving"—not crying to God as to some hard taskmaster, but with a happy and trustful prayer, the deepest tone of which is heartfelt thanksgiving.

And the promise is not that we shall receive everything we may be asking. If we deal with God as a child would deal with a wise and loving earthly father, we must com-

mit our desires to Him with the confidence that He knows what is best for us, and that in His goodness He may refuse what in our ignorance we may request, but which He in His perfect knowledge may see would be evil for us instead of beneficial. For the same love that would not give a stone to the son asking bread, would refuse the prayer which in its blindness was begging for the stone instead of bread, or for the scorpion instead of fish. God does not, therefore, pledge Himself to give the very things we ask, but He does promise to meet the truer and deeper desires of the heart which seeks the highest blessing. He will give to the sincere that which, when they are able to look back on life, will be acknowledged by them to have been infinitely better than what they had thought at the time to be most needful. Jacob in his ignorance imagined that all things were against him, that Joseph was dead, Benjamin as good as lost, and his own life ruined, when in reality all these things were working out the greatest blessing for himself and his family.

But if God does not promise that we are always to get our own way, He does promise, when we make our requests known to Him by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, that "the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep our hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." That peace is unfathomable in its blessedness and power. St. Paul uses a similar expression when he speaks of "the height and depth and length and breadth of the love of Christ" as "passing knowledge." There are some things which we learn to be immeasurable only when we attempt to measure them. The more we know them, the more we recognise our incapacity to know them thoroughly. It is the very extent to which modern science, with its most powerful instruments, has been able to pierce into the depths of space, that has taught us the illimitable character of the starry system. The more we know of God, the more are we impressed by the shallowness of our knowledge; and the more we possess of the peace of God, having the life wholly fixed in Him, the more will we understand St. Paul's description of it as a peace that "passeth all understanding." And from its earliest to its latest growth it is ever held "through Jesus Christ," as at once its ground and its example. Grace and peace are indissolubly united. The grace that is brought in Christ is ever followed by His peace.

And now "may the Lord of peace Himself give you peace always, by all means."

THE WEAKER VESSEL.

By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "JOSEPH'S COAT," "RAINBOW GOLD," "AUNT RACHEL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THAT section of the great world which lived by faith in old china was deeply stirred by the news that the eminent art critic's collection was about to be offered for sale by public auction. Jones, who came now and again to see us in our new home, was actually pathetic about the threatened dissipation of an assortment which had cost so much skill, and patience, and money in the gathering. Not only the crockery ware, but the bronzes, the Japanese lacquers, the Eastern ivories, the rare engravings, rare editions, and rare coins, were all going. The chief passion of this tragedy to Jones's mind was that certain pictures of the Italian school, which had never been brought together before, and which illustrated a certain development and phase of art, would have, in all probability, to be sold separately, and might be scattered the wide world over. He wrote letters to the daily papers about this, and was as sad and angry over the laxity of the Government in not securing this treasure for the nation as Jeremiah was in his day concerning the backslidings of his people. I have no doubt that, to people learned in such matters, these works possessed a high value of their own; but to the uninitiated, who cared for art-work chiefly because of its beauty, they could hardly have been less pleasing than they were. It is always dangerous to attack the enthusiastic specialist, and I was careful to disguise my own ignorance and to leave Jones alone.

Delamere had expended quite a considerable fortune in amassing his collection, and had, in fact, been impoverished by it. He had for years past paid to the insurance companies a larger annual sum than it would have cost him to live in bourgeois comfort and to indulge in those commoner signs of wealth which he despised. The house in Cromwell Terrace was dismantled, and bronzes, books, coins, ivories, pictures, and china were all ranged, catalogued, and exposed to view in the rooms of a great West-End auctioneer famous for his knowledge of such things and his conduct of their sale. Such part of fashion as was at that season of the year to be found in town thronged the rooms daily, and valetudinarian collectors were borne swiftly home from remote health

resorts to be present at the sale. Many of the objects were beautiful even to the eye of ignorance; and to the learned there was nothing in the whole extensive collection which had not some high special value, beauty, or interest of its own.

Clara and I went to see the collection. The rooms were almost empty when we got there, for the first flush of public interest was over; but at the far end of the long chamber in which the principal treasures were exposed to view I saw and recognised the stately figure of Mr. Delamere. I could not help glancing at him from time to time as he wandered hither and thither amongst his belongings, as if taking mute and mournful farewell. He saw us at length and came over to us, looking extremely dignified and stately, as a martyr might if he were let out on bail the night before an *Auto-da-fé*.

"You know my little collection already, Denham," he said, with a gentle, noble sadness. "There were many larger, even amongst the private treasures of the world, but not many so complete within its own limited lines. A life-long interest in these things, a life-long study, enabled me to acquire many objects of interest and value which wealthier collectors were compelled to pass for want of money. This intaglio, for instance, cost me a mere thirty pounds. It may realise ten times that sum to-morrow."

He told me all about the object to which he drew my attention, gave me a little sketch of its history, of the life of the artist who brought it into being, and of the special artistic purpose it served in relation to the rest. On a point like this he always knew how to be charming. For, whatever else he pretended, I never knew anybody bold enough to charge him with inaccuracy or ignorance about the precious objects in his possession. He had spent his life in learning all that was to be known of them, and all the enthusiasm and feeling of which he was capable were expended on them.

"I would fain have kept these things," he told me, looking about him with his air of mournful dignity. "It is a wrench to part with them, but I can afford to keep them no longer. It is too much to hope that all of them will fall into good hands. The newly rich begin to hanker after these possessions,

and many of them are so sadly ignorant that one fears, one fears."

I waited for him to make some inquiry about Mary, and did not for one moment imagine that he knew nothing of her present whereabouts. I made no allusion to her, and he made none. He had been too much occupied, as I found out afterwards, in the classification of his belongings, and too much saddened at the thought of parting from them, to find time for mere domestic considerations. Clara, after lingering for a little time, had continued her round of observation alone. She had been very cool in her manner towards him, but Mr. Delamere did not seem to have noticed that. His heart was in the coffin there with his crocks and other bric-à-brac, and he must needs wait until it came back to him.

On the third day of the sale we went again, and bought two or three of the least expensive trifles, partly to have some record of the home in which Clara had lived so long, and partly because they were the things that had pleased her most. Delamere himself was there, and was buying in some remnant of his own, for the sale had achieved an unexpected and surprising success, and it was a matter of common rumour that the proceeds had at least doubled the estimate of the auctioneer. Delamere was well-to-do again. He had impoverished himself by his purchases and by the prodigious insurance-money he was compelled to pay, and now it turned out that he could hardly have made a more fortunate investment of his money. For years after people learned in such matters quoted the prices realised at the sale of the Delamere collection. Even now one hears casual mention made of them at times.

A week or two after the sale the bereaved gentleman found time to think about his daughter, and to discover her present whereabouts. He made a solemn call upon us, and inquired after her welfare. Clara at first was indisposed to meet him, but I succeeded in persuading her that it was better to do so, and after a little time she succumbed to argument and entreaty. When I entered the room in which Delamere waited he was bending caressingly over a Dresden shepherdess which had not long ago been one of the least-prized objects in his own possession.

"She is divorced from her surroundings, poor thing!" he said, with a mournful smile; "divorced from her surroundings. By the way, Denham, I learn that you have given an asylum to my daughter."

This was a little startling. The divorced shepherdess really seemed the more important personage of the two.

"Miss Delamere is visiting us," I answered, "and is so good as to give Mrs. Denham some lessons in housekeeping."

"That," said Mr. Delamere, with eyebrows raised in mingled allowance and astonishment, "is not a position I should have thought her willing to occupy."

This staggered me so completely that for a moment I could only stare at him. I told him then, and I am afraid that I told him somewhat hotly, that his daughter was with us as an esteemed and honoured guest. He put on his gold-rimmed *pince-nez*, and said smilingly that I was an enthusiast.

"You have a warm and impetuous nature, Denham—a warm and impetuous nature. Is Mary within doors?"

It was nearing five o'clock, and she was expected momentarily. I told him that she might be expected immediately, and added that she spent most of her time amongst her poor.

"Her poor?" he asked. "She has that fancy still. Well, well."

Clara came in at this point, and she and Delamere met with an icy courtesy by no means comfortable to witness.

"I learn from your husband, Mrs. Denham," he said, sinking gracefully into a chair, "that Mary is labouring amongst the poor. I should suppose that, with her breeding and inherited instinct, she finds that self-imposed office at times a little trying."

"My dear Mr. Delamere," Clara responded, "we cannot all spend our lives in the contemplation of the beautiful."

"No, no," Delamere assented. He saw as clearly as I did that my wife was a partisan, and likely to fight in the interests of her own side if she had but the slightest provocation that way. "There are sterner duties in the world."

"Indeed there are," said Clara, with perhaps unnecessary warmth of emphasis.

"I should be the last to deny it," he answered smoothly. "One or two of us live out of the hurlyburly of the plains, and invite sometimes a casual eye to our surroundings. The rest go their way in pursuit of meaner needs——"

"All of them?" Clara asked, flushing at his tone.

"Is there," he asked in turn, "any nobler or more elevating employment than the pursuit of beauty? Is it not at least worth while that a few should devote themselves

to that pursuit; should strive to show the world at large that beauty and utility are not antagonistic; that the simpler and less elevated forms of life need not necessarily be sordid?"

"The world is a big place, Mr. Delamere," said this truculent wife of mine, "and there is room enough in it for some of all kinds of people. There may be room, perhaps, even for a young woman who goes about nursing the sick poor."

"Room!" cried Delamere, avoiding combat. "Room, indeed! Who denies honour to the social martyr? The heart is touched, the sympathies are fired, by the contemplation of a thousand silent heroisms."

Now this was too bold a taking away of the mouse from pussy's claws to be endured with patience.

"Give me," said Clara, "the people who live in the hurlyburly of the plain, as you call it. The soldier who fights for his country, the poor man who breaks his back over his spade, the chimney-sweeper who sweeps a chimney honestly——"

"My dear Clara," said Delamere, "I would give you a chimney-sweeper gladly if I had one. I have no taste in chimney-sweepers, and if such a person were upon my hands I would part with him willingly to any lady who might choose to ask for him."

"That is a poor retort," said Clara, "from a conversational fencer so skilful as yourself."

"Ah, really," said Delamere, with a smile, "if we are to take off the buttons from our foils and fight in earnest, I decline the combat."

"Out of pure pity, one supposes?"

"Out of pure fear," he answered.

"I do not think," she said, with a little indrawing of breath and a slight pinching of the nostrils, "that either of us would hurt the other much."

"I am sure," he answered, half rising to bow to her, "that neither of us would desire to hurt the other."

What end this fencing bout would have found had it been continued I can hardly say, though I fancy that a scratch or two might possibly have resulted on both sides. It was ended by the entrance of the chief cause of conflict. She came in with her pale cheeks somewhat flushed with exercise, and her eyes, which were commonly sadder than one liked to see them, brightened by the same cause. She started when she saw her father, and Delamere for his part cast a horror-stricken glance at her costume. He

was evidently quite unprepared for it, as she was for his visit.

"I had not expected to find you here," said Mary.

Her manner was grave and reserved, but it was easy to see that she was inwardly agitated by the encounter.

"Do not leave us, Mrs. Denham," said Delamere, seeing my wife make a movement towards the door.

Then he moved across to his daughter.

"Pray allow me to offer you a chair, my dear. You will stay with us, Denham. Thank you. I have something to say which, as it seems to me, demands to be said in the hearing of all here present."

In spite of his invitation Mary remained standing, but she laid her hand upon the rail of the chair he had placed for her. I noticed that it trembled as she set it down, but she waited for what her father might have to say with a look of calm attentiveness.

"I think," said Delamere, "that I am not mistaken in supposing that the cause of severance between you and me is known, or guessed, by Denham and his wife."

"Not a word has been spoken between Mary and myself upon the subject," said Clara. "I can't pretend not to know it, but I know nothing of it through her."

"I should have believed that of my daughter," returned Delamere, "even without your authority. It would be futile in a man who has just made public confession of his poverty to pretend to delicacy in a case like this, with respect to bygone financial embarrassments. I have never had much knowledge of business, and I have proved now to my own satisfaction that I have a rather curious incapacity for it. My old friend Chetwynd, who was in the habit of advising me, died half-a-dozen years ago, and since that time I have tried to manage my own affairs. The world is not made up of honest and high-minded people. I was plundered on all hands, and but for the little collection of artistic treasures with which I had surrounded myself I should have been almost beggared."

He delivered all this with a sort of proud humility, as if he took it, as I really believe he did, as a sort of distinction to be ignorant of business affairs. He reserved himself from boasting of it, but that was only because he would not boast of anything.

"In these conditions," he continued, "a gentleman for whom I had never professed any especial sympathy or regard, made me an offer of pecuniary assistance. He did it

in a manner most unexpectedly delicate and friendly. I accepted his assistance. There were circumstances which made that acceptance so distasteful to my daughter that she left her father's roof."

Apart from a certain dignified querulousness which he had sometimes shown, I had never seen a touch of emotion in him until now. He quavered a little on the final words of this portion of his speech, and made a motion as if to draw out his handkerchief. He put this impulse by, however, and went on again with a complete resumption of his common manner.

"I was enabled, by an unlooked-for occurrence, to repay a portion of the loan much sooner than I had dared to hope. I was the more rejoiced at this inasmuch as my daughter had made arrangements to engulf the whole of her own very small fortune in the immediate repayment of the borrowed money. My purpose in coming here now is to place in your hands, Mary, a cheque for the balance of the loan, and to request that you will forward it to the solicitors of your trustee."

He unbuttoned his frock-coat and produced a pocket-book, from which he took the cheque he spoke of. Mary accepted it with a murmur of acknowledgment, and he flowed on.

"I trust that there is no feeling in your mind, my child, which will prevent us from resuming our old relations towards each other. I had not intended that you should become aware of the obligation under which I had placed myself. It was one I should have had no fear of offering had the conditions been exchanged or exchangeable, and it appears to me that a service which one honourable man may offer, another man of honour may accept. I have never, for its own sake, regretted my acceptance of that proffered help. I regretted its discovery, and I have had reason to regret the construction which was placed upon it. Next to my own good opinion it is not unnatural, perhaps, that I should value yours. Next to that I valued the labour of my lifetime. That small monument to beauty which I had so patiently and fondly reared I have sacrificed. I have scattered it to the four winds to regain your daughterly sympathy and affection. The Delamere collection exists no longer. The labours, studies, travels, of a lifetime will leave no record to the world. I had hoped," he continued, a little moved again by his own eloquence, "to have bequeathed it to the nation. It was small, but in itself

it was complete, and it might have taught a lesson. 'Ex pede Herculeum.'"

Now I dare say that if we had not all three been perfectly well aware that the Delamere collection had been sold from an altogether different motive than that which Delamere claimed, we might have been affected by his sacrifice, and have taken him to our hearts with instant affection. For my own part I should have preferred to have been miles away, for on Mary's behalf I found the scene difficult to endure.

"I am very glad," she said, "that the money is repaid, and I am very sorry that the collection had to be sold."

What made the thing a little worse for me was that I knew, on the best authority, that Pole had never offered Delamere anything, or had indeed so much as known of his necessities until Delamere himself had written to him about them. I fancy, from the look his daughter gave him when he spoke of the generous offer made to him, that she shared my knowledge. It was a beseeching and frightened glance, and I read into it a prayer on her part that he would not lower himself in her eyes.

Delamere had evidently made less by his motion than he had anticipated. He looked surprised at Mary's brief and simple answer.

"Do you leave me to conjecture," he demanded, "that anything in the nature of a barrier remains between us?"

"Would it not be better," she asked, "to talk of this when we are alone?"

Delamere reddened, and walked to the window, where he stood for a moment looking on the street. The click of the door-latch seemed to reach his ear, for he turned at the moment at which Clara and I were slipping quietly from the room.

"Denham," he cried, in a louder voice than he often used, "I desire your presence. Mrs. Denham, I beg you to remain."

He strode over swiftly to us as he spoke, and holding the door so as to prevent my closing it, drew us back into the room.

"I appeal to you, Denham," he said, then closing the door and standing with his back against it, as if to bar any further attempt at egress. "Those who know you best speak of you as an honourable man. I appeal to you as an honourable man to say if, in this matter, in your judgment, I have done anything unbecoming."

I have often been placed in embarrassing positions, but so far in the whole course of my life I have known nothing to equal the extreme awkwardness of that moment. I

could only answer that I would infinitely prefer not to be appealed to, and that in these matters another man's opinion was quite valueless. I added that I would accept no man's judgment as to my own acts or character.

"It is Mary's wish," said Clara decisively, putting her arm through mine as she spoke, "to continue this conversation alone. I am sure that that is the best and wisest course. Perhaps Mr. Delamere will be so kind as to open the door. Thank you."

Mr. Delamere opened the door, and closed it behind us, and that was the last Clara and I saw of him for a considerable time. We could hear his voice below us in stormy or persuasive tones for something like the space of half an hour. At the end of that time he went away.

"I wish," said Clara, "that he would ask me for my opinion of his conduct in Mary's absence. It would be a positive relief to me to let him know it."

Plainly, Delamere's sense of honour differed widely from that of the common run of men, and where that happens it is always a misfortune. I do not think he ever rose to a clearer conception of the case than to suspect vaguely that he *might* have acted less delicately than he would have preferred to do if he had taken time to think about it. No doubt it seemed to him that a considerable hubbub was being made about a very simple matter. It was a long time before he brought himself to forgive my preference for silence.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

I HAVE already had occasion to mention a certain weekly publication which called itself a journal of society, and was the forerunner of a large and important family with which the world is now familiar. The existence of this journal was brief and stormy. Whilst it continued to appear it made a considerable noise in the world, but until it finally made so loud a bruit that it fell to pieces in the shock of sound itself created, it made no greater sensation than by its articles on "The Buried Lady of Title." It was a scandal-loving print, and as different from its decorous successors as chalk from cheese. Those who bought it and read its pages did so in the unflinching hope, not often disappointed, of finding something to the disadvantage of people in high places. Its conductors had never before had so piquant, so exciting, and so strange a story to tell as this of the buried lady of title. They made the most of it,

doling out the story in instalments week by week, and asseverated so stoutly that the narrative, curious as it was, was made up of simple facts, that even the most doubtful began to take a sort of speculative interest in it, and to look forward with curiosity for next week's revelations.

By whatsoever means the tale had come to the ears of the man who wrote it, there was no denying its accuracy or its completeness. The story of Pole's unfortunate hidden marriage was related in detail. No names or places were mentioned, but to one who knew the history already the identification of the people concerned was not merely easy but unescapable. The parting of the ill-assorted pair was slurred over somewhat, but from that point the narrative became once more precise and clear. There is no need to repeat it, for it tallied with what has already been set down in these pages. The writer, loath to part with so interesting a theme, dragged it on from week to week, until at last, in large type, he announced the presence of the buried lady in London. He stated that a representative of the journal had been admitted to an interview with her, that she declared the plot to have been invented by her husband, and was prepared to take such simple and immediate steps as were necessary for the establishment of her own position.

Now this was a very remarkable statement, and if it could possibly have been true would have been disquieting; but there was so little doubt that Pole's wife had already surrendered herself into the hands of the law that the threat of return was preposterous. The thing was evidently a *brutum fulmen*, and demanded nothing but to be left to itself. I got letters from Pole, who still lingered in Paris and had heard the news there, to this precise effect. I wrote to him in the same strain, and it was agreed between us that there was nothing to be done but to let the rumour die.

The rumour obstinately refused to die, and coming at a season when not much in the way of public interest was stirring, it grew to be probably the commonest topic of conversation in London at that season. A startling murder chased it for a week, or nearly, but the criminal was caught, and the buried lady of title came into vogue again. Then, though the discreet journalist still found no names, the world at large got hold of them, and Lord and Lady Worborough were in all men's mouths. If Clara and I had been disposed to be as communicative upon this topic as our friends would have desired, we might,

I verily believe, have made ourselves the lioness and lion of the hour. As it was, we grew rather unpopular by reason of our reticence.

Our world at large made such a pother about the revelations of the society journalist, and appealed to me as Pole's bosom friend with so much pertinacity, that almost anybody who did not talk about this one disagreeable theme would have been welcome. Jones, who was superior to all sorts of vulgar interests, came by times, and talked upon the questions with which he particularly concerned himself. When he first appeared I was inclined to be afraid that he intended to renew his unavailing pursuit of Mary Delamere. Clara shared this belief or doubt of mine, and so I thought it best to come at once to an understanding. I invited him to my study under specious pretext of consulting him as to the authenticity of some prints I had lately purchased, and, having decoyed him thither, opened fire upon him at once.

"Jones," I said with the solemnity and solidity befitting a family man, "you are aware of the fact that Miss Delamere is at present residing here." Jones admitting this, I put it to him as gently as I could that in his capacity of old friend Miss Delamere and ourselves would be very glad to welcome him. But—Jones took the hint with a smiling alacrity.

"Ah!" he said, "I remember to have spoken to you about that matter in those queer old rooms of yours in Gray's Inn before anybody supposed that you were going to be one of her Majesty's commissioners, and when I seemed likelier than yourself to wear the rosy hymeneal fetters. You remember that I expressed some doubt about the wisdom of the course at the time, even though I actually proposed to embark upon it."

I told Jones that I remembered his remarks at that time to have been characterized by his usual wisdom and excellent good taste. I had found out long ago that it was quite impossible to wound Jones in that way. No faintest suspicion of a want of sincerity in people who took that tone with him ever crossed his mind. It relieved me and left Jones unhurt, so that there was a kind of mild double pleasure in it.

"Well," he said, "it is given to a happy few to blunder and not to be punished for their blunders. I was saved from the results of my own indiscretion, and I am not likely to renew it. Miss Delamere need not fear that I shall play the part of the disconsolate lover. I do not think," he added with a

conquering smile, "that it is a rôle for which I was cast by nature. I do not think it a part in which I should be likely to shine."

In that case, I told him, he should be welcome to the general bosom of the household. I was glad to know that he was cured, and even expressed a hope that his sufferings had not been at any time abnormally severe.

"No," he said with the same conquering smile, "I think not. Do you know, Denham," he continued in his philosophico-confidential manner, "I have been rather devoting myself of late to the observation of the youthful male of our species. I have more especially directed my studies to the point at which he is said to be in love. I am assuming no airs of superiority. I am quite conscious that not very long ago I trenched with a perilous nearness upon his position. But if I were not putting myself into an insolent competition with the general opinion, I should be very much inclined to say that the youthful male, absurd as he commonly and inevitably is, is more absurd at that moment than at any other of his whole foolish and futile existence."

One never knows the truth about oneself, and I may have been as great a prig in laughing at Jones as Jones was in deserving to be laughed at. I did laugh, however, with great heartiness, and he was pleased—so pleased, in fact, that he set up as a social humorist for the rest of the evening, and exerted himself to be delightful. It was not unnatural, finding himself the cause of so much innocent and admiring hilarity, that he should make his visits pretty constant. He told me once, I remember, that he was at his best in my society. It was not, he was good enough to say, because I lent any additional brilliance to the conversational fireworks of the evening by any effort of my own. I was receptive. I was appreciative. I gave him courage. He felt safe in my presence and knew that he was understood—not wholly, perhaps, but fairly well—lest I should grow too proud.

It happened one night when we were dining that Jones came in in evening dress to announce the possession of a box at Her Majesty's. Some considerable person of Jones's acquaintance had taken the box, and finding himself unable at the last hour to use it, had sent it to him. Would Mrs. Denham and myself accompany him? The new *prima donna*, who had taken the world by storm, was to sing that night. Royalty would be present. Jones was of course superior to the coarse, unreasoning sentiment

of loyalty which touched the crowd, and yet had a furtive liking for a prince. Would we go?

The point was under discussion when a loud double knock sounded at the front door, and a telegram was brought in to me. I asked Jones's leave to open it, and this being graciously accorded, I read it, and found that it came from Pole. He was back in town, had gone to his old chambers, and begged me earnestly to meet him there with all possible dispatch. He would stay in his rooms till midnight awaiting me.

I passed the telegram to Clara, who gave a little start on reading the name by which it was signed, and a veiled glance at Mary, who sat opposite. She passed it back to me and assumed a face of comie dismay to hide, if need were, the effect the name had made upon her.

"John," she said, "it is too bad. I had set my heart on *Rigoletto*. Of course you must go. The business must be urgent, or he would not use such terms."

"Could you entrust Mrs. Denham to my care?" Jones asked, "and join us afterwards?"

"We should be leaving you alone, dear," said my wife to Mary.

"I am not at all afraid to be left alone," she answered, smiling. "You must let me help you to dress. There is not much time to lose."

So Jones's suggestion was adopted, and I, having answered Pole's dispatch, hastily changed my attire, and a hansom having been got to the door, departed, in some wonder as to the object of my friend's return and the meaning of his pressing desire to see me. It was not long before these questions found an answer. Pole was waiting for me in his rooms, and at the sound of my hurried footsteps on the stair he opened the door and admitted me.

"You must forgive me," he began, "for disturbing you with my affairs. You are the only man in the world who knows the whole story, and you are the only man with whom I can bear to talk about it. Sit down and look at these, and tell me what I ought to do."

"These" were a little sheaf of bills, made out to the Countess of Worborough. Most of them were receipted—all but two, in fact—which I found at the bottom of the pile. I glanced over them hastily, and found one from a milliner, one from a jeweller, another from a jobmaster, another from an upholsterer. There were eight or nine in all, and

roughly, they amounted to between two and three thousand pounds. Of this sum, fully two thousand appeared to have been paid.

"Tell me what it all means," I said.

"Read that first," he said with a groan, throwing a crumpled note upon the table.

It was still warm from his hand when I took it from the table, and it was so tightly pressed together in places that I had some difficulty in opening it without tearing the paper. When I had succeeded, I read in an excited-looking scrawl that the Countess of Worborough presented her compliments to the Earl of Worborough. She was informed that she had committed forgery in signing his name to the cheques by which the enclosed bills were paid. If the Earl of Worborough chose to encounter the scandal of a prosecution, the Countess would be unfeignedly delighted. That was all.

It appeared that, by some means as yet unknown, Lady Worborough had become possessed of a cheque-book from her husband's bank, had signed his name, and being confronted by the tradesmen, had calmly announced the forgery, and had sent this note through Pole's solicitor. Two of the tradesmen had accompanied her to the lawyer's office, and all had agreed to wait for an answer from Lord Worborough himself before taking further proceedings. Pole had arrived in town that morning, had spent his day in settling the accounts, and now wanted counsel.

"It's not the money," he said, walking agitatedly up and down the room. "I had enough and to spare before the money came to me, and if she would only go away and be quiet with it, she should be welcome to it every farthing. I would rather break stones at the roadside, and live on a shilling a day, than live in constant dread that this kind of scandal should be sprung upon me."

In all my acquaintance with him I had never until now known him to lose his self-possession. But now all his old nonchalance was gone; his voice shook with shame and anger, his footsteps and his gestures were disordered, and his whole bearing was changed.

"If I gave her all I had," he went on, "I can guess what use she would make of it. I have half a mind to do it and take an alias, and go away to California and make a living there by my own hands."

In a while he began to recover himself again, and he resumed, in something like his accustomed manner:

"But you see, Jack, the money isn't mine. The next heir has as good a right to it as I had. And even if it were absolutely

mine, to do as I pleased with, there are grave responsibilities attaching to the mere annual income. It's possible to do a prodigious amount of good with such a sum. It's possible to do a prodigious amount of harm. I can't run away; I can't turn tail and hide myself. You forgive me," he said suddenly, "for throwing my miseries on your shoulders." He laid both hands upon me and rocked me to and fro a little after his old fashion, and then, turning away, began to pace the room again, but more slowly and despondently than before.

I told him, truly, that I wished, above all other things, to be of use to him. Could we, I asked him, decide upon anything, and could I act as his emissary?

"I tried to face the lawyer about it this afternoon," he said, "and I had not the courage to do it. I had to face the tradesmen, and that was shame enough for one day. She knows," he went on, sadly desperate in voice and face, "that I will bear anything bearable rather than endure any public scandal which can draw another name into its ugly coils, and she presumes on that."

"You told her once in my hearing," I responded, "that you held one power only over her, and that you would use it. You can make an arrangement with her, an arrangement which all men would admit to be generous, and if she will not accept that with reasonable conditions, all men will hold you justified in using your power."

"I can threaten her with it," he answered; "but how can I carry the threat into action? How could I leave my wife penniless, let her do what she would?"

"Offer her," I answered, "a fixed allowance, on condition that she refrains in all ways from annoying you. If she refuse that allowance, you are not responsible for the refusal. The position is unhappy, but you are not helpless in it. You have only to decide and to be strong."

"That," said Pole, "is the plain common-sense of the case, and I know it as well as you do. But it is not easy to decide, nor easy to be strong. Strength and decision may end in bringing an innocent creature within reach of common gossip and offensive pity. I tell you," he added passionately, "my wife has this hold upon me, and she knows it. In her lifetime, by that horrible plot of hers, an innocent, pure-minded, high-bred woman promised to become my wife. I would rather die—I would rather go on dying every day than drag her name into publicity."

I argued with him, long and earnestly. I showed him that until he took some such step as I counselled he could not hope for a moment to be free of annoyance, or even free of the danger of disgrace. I got him at last to assent to this proposal: That I should make it my business on the morrow to secure an interview with his wife, and to make an offer to her of an income of five thousand pounds per annum, on condition that she quitted England, and undertook in no way to molest her husband.

"Suppose," he asked me, "she should accept the offer and break her promise?"

"Let the agreement," I answered, "be drawn up by your own lawyer, and let him be answerable for your side of it. Let her be answerable for her own. No man can blame you. No man can have anything but sympathy for anybody who suffers as you do."

So far then the thing was allowed to stand as if decided. The matter and the manner of an interview had afforded but a poor prelude to a night's enjoyment at the opera. But life has to be lived somehow, and it is an old commonplace that sad hearts often find themselves in haunts of pleasure. After a good deal of persuasion Pole was induced to accompany me, and when he had dressed we set out together. Jones was pleased to find a place for Lord Worborough in his box, and Clara welcomed him with evident heartiness.

We heard but little of the music, and were disturbed on more grounds than one. The audience shared a part of our disturbance, for there was a party in the next box whose members persisted, in spite of indignant cries of "Order!" in loud conversation and laughter. Once or twice there arose a considerable clamour, and at one moment an indignant official of the house knocked at the door of the box in which we sat, and being admitted, requested us to keep silence.

"We," said Jones, "are amongst the chief sufferers from the disturbance, not the creators of it. The noise comes from the next box."

A louder burst of laughter than we had heard before confirmed the statement almost at the moment at which it was made. The indignant official melted for one moment into apology, grew instantly indignant again, and withdrew. We heard him rapping at the next door, and after this the noise became less marked, though conversation was still carried on in a higher key and with less restraint than is usual in such places.

I tried to fix my attention upon the business of the stage, but my thoughts wandered from it persistently, and I went back in fancy to the interview just over, and forward in fancy to the business of the morrow. I disliked that coming interview less than I should have fancied, and even felt something of the glow of battle as I contemplated it. I was just resolving in my mind how uniformly courteous I would be, yet how firm and decisive, and was rehearsing the speech I meant to make, when the music, which had all the while been swelling and swelling, and no doubt helping my martial thoughts by its cadenced clash and roar, stopped suddenly as if a cataract should have ceased in full bound. A voice sprang out of the sudden silence, and every creature in the theatre must have heard it. What words came before, or what words were intended to follow afterwards I could not guess. But the words that struck through the sudden silence were neither more nor less than these—"Lady Worborough."

They were spoken in a shrill and ill-bred female voice, and were, as I have said, audible to every person in the theatre. People turned and stared, and there was a hubbub of cries of "Order!" "Shame!" and "Silence!" and voices called from the gallery, "Turn them out!" From that moment a hush fell upon the noisy occupants of the box, and we heard no more of them. At the sound of the words we had all turned to look at one another in a common astonishment. Pole's pale face flushed crimson, and then went grey. We sat afterwards in a confused and comfortless silence, and the final descent of the curtain was a relief to all four of us. We delayed a moment in quitting the box, and the lately noisy people, our neighbours, went out before us. Pole laid a hand upon my arm and detained me for a moment, whilst Clara and Jones passed out upon the corridor.

"She was there," he said.

"No, no!" I answered. "The name has been on everybody's lips for a week past." I could have bitten my tongue off a second later for my stupidity, but he did not seem to notice it.

"She was there," he said. "I heard her voice half-a-dozen times."

Clara was looking brightly back at us, smiling at something Jones was saying as he arranged her cloak. She beckoned me with her fan, and we went out and joined her. The corridor and the stairs were fast emptying, but there was a crowd in the vestibule, and the usual clamour of voices sounded

there. It was raining slightly out of doors, and people were pausing to put up umbrellas. We made our way through the concourse slowly, and as we came out upon the colonnade a mau with a stentorian voice bellowed, "Lady Worborough's carriage!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

I HAD no difficulty in escaping from the light duties of my office, and at noon on the following day I sought out Lady Worborough at the address her husband had given me. Judging from the upholsterer's bills I had seen she had begun the furnishing of a house, but she was for the time being residing in an hotel; a quiet, solid, old-fashioned, and expensive house of which I could only remember to have heard that it was commonly used by a very distinguished person in my own part of the country on his rare visits to town. It had the severest sort of aspect when I reached it, and the solemn old butler who came forward to inquire my business would have been at home in the establishment of a bishop. I gave him my card and asked for Lady Worborough. A little to my surprise he showed me upstairs without inquiry, and conducted me into the antechamber of what turned out to be a splendid suite of rooms, very large, very solemn and lonely-looking. Here he left me for a moment to look about me and passed into a room beyond. He came back after a very little time.

"Lady Worborough will receive you, sir," he said. "Will you be so good as to walk this way, sir?"

He led me through a room much longer than the first, into an apartment where a table had been laid for breakfast. The breakfast paraphernalia was still there, in some disorder, and beyond the table stood a gaunt woman, something over middle age, of unmistakably French aspect. She had almost a dragoon-looking monstache, and her tall, spare figure was rigorously embraced by a tight-fitting bodice of dull black silk. Her cuffs and collar were of a gentlemanly pattern, and her black waveless hair was parted on one side. For a mere second on beholding her I was uncertain of her sex.

"Will monsieur give himself the trouble to be seated?" she said, addressing me in French. "Madame la Comtesse will be here immediately."

She sat down in a military attitude, and I took the chair her gaunt finger had indicated. The elderly butler retired, closing the door behind him, and we sat in a chill, prim silence for perhaps five minutes. The lady

smoothed her cuffs and her moustache, and looked at me uncompromisingly, as though she were a military person who carried a cartel of defiance. At last the door opened, and Lady Worborough swept upon the scene for all the world as if the footlights had gleamed before her. She was attired in a gorgeous dressing-gown of scarlet silk and black lace, and she wore white lace at the throat and wrists. The door had been thrown open for her by some person out of my range of sight, and was closed behind her as she entered. She threw the skirts of her dressing-gown about her feet, and stood, posed for a second or two, as if waiting applause. Then she inclined her head to me, and made a motion with her hand to her companion, who obediently placed a chair behind her. She sank into this, and settled herself leisurely, with the same stazy exaggeration of common manners which had marked her entrance. With all this sorrowful affectation there was no abatement in the bitter and disdainful hauteur of her look, and whenever, in the slow, purposed stage majesty of her movements, her eyes encountered mine, they glided away with the old, insufferable hate and pride.

"To what," she asked me, "am I indebted for the honour of this visit?"

"I am afraid," I responded, "that I cannot speak of the business which brings me here in the presence of a third person."

"Madame Surel does not understand a word of English," she said, with a sort of scorn and impatience in her tone, as if she had expected me to know this. "You may tell me your business and begone."

"I will not detain you," I answered, "a moment longer than is necessary."

"You detain me unnecessarily in saying so," she answered. "Let us have no flourishes. Say what you have to say, and go."

Thus exhorted, I made myself as brief as possible.

"I am here, Lady Worborough, as your husband's messenger." At this first mention of her title I saw the first touch of complacency I had ever seen upon her features. She repressed it instantly, and looked, if possible, more proud and self-disdainful than before. "He desires me," I continued, "to lay a proposal before you which he hopes may close all contest between you and him. On his side he is willing to pay to you during your lifetime a sum of five thousand pounds per annum, and on your side he asks an undertaking that you will leave

England, and that you will not in any way molest him. He will pay the debts you have incurred until now, and will make over to you all properties you may have acquired in making them. But he will be answerable for nothing further."

If I had seen the faintest hope of succeeding by persuasion, if I had been tempted by any little fancy that she could have been touched by appeal or reason, I would have taken another tone, and have chosen other words. As it was, I simply laid my message before her, drily, and kept all feeling out of it.

"You will tell Lord Worborough," she said, "that I reject his contemptible offer with the scorn it merits."

"I am instructed," I returned, "to say that no other offer will be made, and that in case of the refusal of the conditions now proposed to you, Lord Worborough will feel compelled to leave England—"

"And leave me," she interjected, "to my own devices? I know what to expect from Lord Worborough. It will be quite as well that Lord Worborough should know what to expect from me. You bring me his ultimatum. You may carry back mine. I will take nothing less than the position which is justly due to me."

I asked her to define that position.

"Since Lord Worborough decides to live apart from me," she answered, "and since I would on no grounds consent to hold any avoidable intercourse with Lord Worborough, I claim that my solicitor and his shall meet to ascertain the amount of his yearly income and that it shall be strictly halved between us. I claim to live in England if I choose, and to spend half the year at Worborough Court and half the year in my house in town. I claim at such times to invite whom I please."

It was not with the slightest hope of reasoning with her, or bringing her to see her own side smaller than she saw it by the light of nature, but out of pure curiosity to know how far her contemptuous disregard of others would carry her, that I asked where Lord Worborough was to live. She raised her eyebrows with a theatrical pretence of indifferent astonishment.

"What is it to me where Lord Worborough lives, or where Lord Worborough dies? If Lord Worborough should cease to live I shall have my claim upon the estate."

I hastened to close the interview.

"The agreement of which I have spoken will be drawn up by Lord Worborough's

lawyer it once, and submitted to your ladyship."

"Lord Worborough's solicitor may save himself the trouble of drawing up any such document. If it is submitted to me I shall put it in the fire."

"That is your last word upon the matter, madam?"

"That is my last word upon the matter, sir."

I rose and turned to go, but recollected that I had not delivered the whole of the message entrusted to me.

"I am to say," I added, pausing half way to the door, "that an advertisement will appear to-morrow morning in every London daily journal to the effect that Lord Worborough will not hold himself responsible for any debt whatever contracted in his name. He will make arrangements with his men of business for cash payment in respect of everything that may be required by them, will abolish his own personal banking account, and draw solely upon his steward."

She turned a little pale at this, and I thought that I had made an impression upon her. I waited in silence for a considerable time, but she gave me no answer. Her hands, which I noticed for the first time were glittering with heavy and valuable-looking rings, clutched at the scarlet silk of her dressing-gown with precisely such an exaggerated motion of anger as an actress would have employed upon the scene.

"Permit me, Lady Worborough," I said. "There is no desire to be harsh or overbearing. The offer I am empowered to make is generous, and no court of law in the world will find it inadequate to your position. The offer will never be withdrawn upon your husband's side, and upon signature of the document I have named you will be able at any time to realise the allowance made to you. But no further offer will be made, and no penny will be paid until the document is signed."

"Very well, sir," she answered, "you have my answer, and you may go. I will starve in the streets rather than accept this wretched pittance."

She rose to her feet, and strode to and fro about the room, swinging her trailing gown about her as she turned, with a hand obviously trained and skilful. The old sense I had of her having rehearsed the scene came back upon me, and I could see that she had, in her own fierce, self-hating way, a relish and enjoyment for the airs she practised and the tones she used.

"And who are you?" she cried, pausing suddenly in a statuesque attitude, with both hands drawn backward clutching her robe and her chin high in the air. "Who are you who dare to come here to insult me with this infamous message? You, my husband's hanger-on and toady, who owe the bread you eat to the generosity of Lord Worborough."

"That, madam," I answered, "is no part of the question I was empowered to discuss. I have the honour to wish you a good day."

She flashed between me and the door in an instant, setting her back against it with simulated pantings of rage and scorn, and eyes wide open. All the airs were simulated, but there was evidently a real passion behind them. Pole had told me something, though not much, of the manner of her rages, and I began to see that I was fated to witness at least one of them. She rated me at first with a slow and measured tone, which gradually increased in volume and rapidity, until it grew to an inarticulate shriek. She tore the laces from her neck and wrists, and rent them with teeth and fingers into fragments. Whatever pretence she had begun with, she had got past her own guardianship by this time, and was embarked upon the full tide of a mad hysteria. The gaunt female who acted as her companion seemed accustomed to this display. She marched quietly and with a determined air to her mistress, and then moving suddenly behind her, pinioned her elbows, and, in spite of her raging resistance, drew her from the door.

"Allez-vous-en!" she said to me in one of the pauses of the mad screaming voice.

I needed no second bidding, but slipped out hastily, closing the door behind me. In the next apartment the wild cries sounded almost as fiercely in my ears as they had done at first. I closed a second door and they were fainter; a third, and they were barely audible. I could still hear them, or fancied that I heard them, in the hall, but the solemn old butler, who may, for all I can tell, have been a little hard of hearing, gave no sign, but opened the door and bowed me out upon the street with an unaltered gravity of politeness. I had not arranged to meet Pole again until the evening, but, according to agreement, I made my way to his solicitor, and gave him instructions for the preparation of the document. He promised, under pressure, that it should be ready for delivery on the morrow; and I returned to my own duties, such as they were, and remained in my office till the customary hour of leaving.

If ever Pole had stood in need of justifica-

tion to my mind, the scene in which I had just taken part would have amply served his turn. As it was, it served only to confirm an opinion already sufficiently fixed and solid.

When we met that evening I told him the result of the interview.

"I expected as much," he said. "She will not yield, and I dare not. She must go her own way and dree her weird."

We drew up between us the advertisement we had decided upon, and sent a commissioner in a cab to the advertisement offices of the various London papers, and next morning the announcement appeared and was naturally much talked of. Pole lingered in London long enough to complete his instructions to his lawyer and to give directions to his steward. It was decided to close Worborough Court and to leave only the servants absolutely necessary for its preservation from decay; and the unhappy master of the stately old place went abroad again to carry his burden as best he might.

Before he went it was decided that in case of any new movement on the part of Lady Worborough I was to be consulted by the lawyer before action on our side was taken. Pole was going to move about, not knowing as yet in what direction, and caring as little as he knew.

At our parting he named Mary Delamere of his own accord for the first time since the discovery of his wife's plot. He asked after her health and general welfare with a quiet, sorrowful composure, and I answered him with perfect truth and candour. She suffered, but she suffered very nobly to my thinking, and I told him that he might be sure that in a while she would find a tranquil happiness. That was our good-bye, for the train started as I spoke, and we had time for no more than a final shake-hands.

About a week later I was seated in my office when a messenger announced a visitor. The visitor being ushered in appeared as a sandy-haired and pale-complexioned man of middle age, who had a jaunty manner and an air of humorous enjoyment of things in general, tempered by a habit of respectfulness. He announced himself as coming from Pole's lawyer, and he brought with him a curious and embarrassing history. Lady Worborough had, it seemed, taken up her

quarters at the Court, had taken her companion with her, and had proclaimed her right to stay there. The messenger appeared to find a certain not easily discernible drollery in this history, and smiled outright half-a-dozen times in telling it. My glance seemed always to quell this unseasonable tendency to mirth on his part, but if I turned from him for a moment it was only to find him inspired once more to a broad grin by the hidden humour of the situation.

"The steward circulated the advertisement, sir, amongst the local tradespeople, but Lady Worborough has so far paid in ready-money, and of course nobody has refused to serve her. She doesn't seem to spend much, her ladyship doesn't. She has killed quite a number of the cocks and 'ens in the back premises"—here the broad grin flashed out again, was struggled with, under the influence of my unsympathetic eye, and with difficulty dismissed—"and we learn, sir, that she has given orders for a dozen pigs to be killed and salted down as if she had made up her mind to stand the siege. Of course it costs her nothing to maintain the servants, because they are on board wages, and are paid regularly by the steward. Mr. Wantage would very much like to know, sir, what, in your opinion, ought to be done under the circumstances."

I could think of nothing that could be done under the circumstances, but to leave Lady Worborough in possession of the Court, until circumstances compelled her to vacate it. The lawyer, when I came to confer with him, shared in this opinion, but when it came to our ears, as it did later on, that articles of value were being sold, we deemed it our duty to interfere. The dull and stupid contention went on for six months, and then her ladyship, tiring of the business, disappeared. There were occasional paragraphs in the newspapers, by which one learned that the eccentric Lady Worborough was at Bath, or that the eccentric Lady Worborough was at Scarborough. But by-and-by these flickered out, and for a full year no intelligence of her doings reached me. I supposed that she was living upon the proceeds of her last raid upon her husband, and I looked forward with certainty to her reappearance when her store should be exhausted.



THE most precious gift God can bestow on the world is that of a great man. With the growth of the democracy there has been a tendency to underrate, in theory at least, the value of the individual. When some fifty years ago the present Laureate sang the glories of the coming age, he believed that in the future there would be a reversal of the past, under which the world had been ruled by a few great personalities. In the new age the "common sense of most," and the influence of a vast public opinion, were to be the chief governing powers. He saw that already

"The individual withers, and the world is more and more."

In spite of the second "Locksley Hall," in which the poet records in words of scorn the disappointment of his earlier hopes, yet his anticipations have undoubtedly to a large extent been realised. With the education of the masses and the rapidity of communication, whereby opinions are disseminated over the civilised world, the tendency is, and ought to be, towards the growth of the power of the many, and to the weakening of the individual.

It must always be a moot point how far great men make periods, or are themselves the product of periods. There was a time when the historian deemed his task fulfilled when he recorded the character and the deeds of whatever outstanding personality ruled the world of his day. All the other elements of society which contributed to victory or defeat were overlooked. Little attention was paid to the soil out of which the great tree grew. But the exaggeration in that direction has been followed by the exaggeration of a modern school which has fallen into the other extreme. The theory of evolution, which has been the distinguishing instrument of modern physical research, has been applied with relentless vigour to history. As it banishes God or any divine purpose from its field of investigation, so its task is to account for the phenomena of history on wholly natural grounds. Every man is not only affected by the age he lives in, but is entirely its product. There is no such thing as creative personages, who, by the force of individual genius or the strength of originating will, make an epoch. If this man had not appeared there would have been another, for according to these teachers, he and all such

are as much a necessary result of the forces at work in society as the fruit which ripens in a certain exposure. Hence there arises the habit of deifying the value of the few to the glorifying of the many, and the "vox populi" is belauded as if it were verily "vox Dei." The masses are supposed to make or unmake history and the heroes of history. They are taught to believe that they can do without any God-given leader; no individual, however great, is to be more than their delegate. The idea of a ruler, an originator, a determining factor, is resented.

Well does Thomas Carlyle protest against such exaggeration and vindicate the value of the true kings of men whom God bestows. "The great man was the creature of the time, they say; the time called him forth; the time did everything, he nothing—but we the little critic could have done too. This seems to me but melancholy work. The time call forth? Alas, we have known times call loudly enough for their great man; but not find him when they called; he was not there; Providence had not sent him; the time, calling its loudest, had to go down to confusion and wreck because he would not come when called. . . . Those are critics of small vision, I think, who cry, 'See, is it not the sticks that make the fire?' There is no sadder symptom of an age than such general blindness to the spiritual lightening, with faith only in the heap of barren dead fuel. It is the last consummation of unbelief."

No modern instance could be more apposite to prove the importance of great men than what the history of Germany affords. Many influences have undoubtedly contributed to the result we now behold, but the brains who conceived it, the strong wills that determined it, even in spite of the popular will, belong undoubtedly to a very few men. The Emperor William I., Bismarck, and Moltke have had, for good or evil, the destiny of Europe in their hands for years; and they stand in the nineteenth century as witnesses to the power of the individual, and show how foolish it would be if, in contemplating the future, we omitted to calculate the possible effects of even one man born to command and to mould his generation. The democracy is perhaps the very form of social life most likely to yield quickly to such an influence.

The Emperor of Germany, so long known as Crown Prince, while differing in tempera-

ment both from his father, who was essentially a warrior and an absolutist, and from Bismarck, the man of iron, yet occupied a high place among the makers of modern Germany; and when his moral and intellectual qualities are taken into account, he may be reckoned as one of the most heroic and chivalrous personages, not only in modern Germany, but in modern Europe. He combined elements of character which recall the self-forgetful bravery and loving devotion of our own General Gordon, while in other respects we associate him with the soldierly firmness and statesmanship which made William I. the idol of his people.

It is not by what he has been able to do as Emperor that we can measure his capacities. The power of accomplishing the noble intentions he was known to have cherished for the good of his country has in God's providence been denied him; but it was in the consistency of his character through lifelong trials, in the lofty sympathies he always displayed, in the high aims he ever followed, in the grandeur of his consecration to duty, in the charm of his brave self-forgetfulness, in the manly resolution and touching patience with which he bore up against great suffering and terrible misfortune, and in the modesty with which he always carried the weight of his many honours, that he has won for himself the admiration of the civilised world. That could have been no ordinary character which made his death felt as a personal loss by millions in every region of the world. The fascination he exercised was of a kind which only a few choice leaders of men have wielded. His life reads more like a brilliant page from the annals of chivalry than one belonging to our unromantic time. To his generous nature the work of ameliorating human misery and of bringing the influences of art and science and religion, the gifts of instruction and the elevating power of liberal thought and liberal institutions into beneficial exercise was more congenial than the triumphs of martial conquest. Yet he gave himself during the most of his life to the military service of his country, because it was his duty, and because the exigencies of the time required it. The royal family of Prussia are born soldiers, and the labour which the military service imposes on Prussian officers and men is notoriously exacting, but the foremost in rank have always been the foremost in submitting to its strictest demands. The Crown Prince was no exception. He entered the ranks when he was little more than a child, and passed through

every grade till he reached the highest command. From dawn of day till nightfall he, like every other officer, had to work hard and study hard. The great instrument of a perfect army was not created without keenest thought, the most painful attention to details, and the most elaborate precision of drill and organization. This continuous discipline at home and the hardships of great campaigns abroad were throughout accepted by the Crown Prince without his having been even touched by that vain thirst for "glory," which has been so often the chief motive of the military spirit. The words he wrote after a battle, "He who causes war by the stroke of the pen knows not what he is calling up from Hades" reveal the innate dislike he had of the consequences which follow on the dread arbitrament of the sword. And yet while thus acutely realising the horrors of the battle-field, or perhaps because he did so realise them, he became an ideal leader, wise as the wisest, brave as the bravest, and the most merciful and considerate of commanders. Never did he ride down the ranks of his soldiers without being greeted by a loud huzza of enthusiastic acclamation. When it fell to his lot to command the forces in France, which but a few years before he had defeated in Bohemia, it is related that when in the territory of the Vosges "he was sauntering one evening alone, pipe in hand, past a barn occupied by a party of Wurtemberg troops. Hearing something like stump oratory going on, the Prince opened the door and looked in. Every one rose. 'Oh, sit down; I am not coming to disturb; I dare say there's room for me to do the same,' said the Prince. 'Pray who was making that speech?' All eyes were turned on a sergeant, whose very intelligent countenance, however, looked sorely puzzled when the Commander-in-Chief further asked, 'And what were you talking about?' Quickly recovering his presence of mind, the sergeant confessed, 'Well, of course, we were talking of our victories, and I was just explaining to these young men how, four years ago, if we had had you to lead us we should have made short work of these confounded Prussians.' The Prince roared with laughter, and continued chatting with the party far into the night."

When in the war against Austria he was entrusted with his first great command, the second division of the army having been placed under him, he soon displayed the highest gifts of generalship. It was he who, after three minor but bloody engagements,

so skilfully and suddenly hurled his forces against the Austrians at Sadowa, as to have decided what was before a doubtful battle. His quick eye saw the weak point where the assault could best be made, and saying, "Make for that tree," he so directed his troops as to carry disaster home to the enemy. In the later and far more critical campaign in which the Fatherland rose as one man to resist the threatened invasion by France, the Crown Prince, along with his cousin the Red Prince, were, next to Moltke, the true victors under the veteran soldier King. It was the Crown Prince who first taught the French troops that they had met their superiors in skill and discipline, as he began the series of rapid triumphs which led on to Sedan. It was he who conquered at Weissenberg and on the bloody field of Wörth. It was to him that Napoleon III. attributed his defeat at Sedan. It was he who chiefly carried the plans of Moltke into effect around Paris.

But brilliant as were these achievements, they do not fill us with such a sense of heroism as the marvellous charm he exercised not only upon his own men, but over the imagination of his enemies. That charm arose from the unflinching goodness of heart and considerateness for others which never deserted him. "Unser Fritz," "our own Fritz," as he was called by his soldiers, who found in him a personal friend as well as great commander, became a title which the French also learned to use—half in good-natured banter, but really because they recognised how his counsels were always on the side of generosity, and that wherever his influence extended justice and mercy prevailed.

Magnificent as was his career in war, we believe the highest qualities of his nature would have found their true sphere in the work of civil government. Every one who knew him felt that he had the heart as well as intellect, the statesmanship as well as the high aims, that give security for conquests in political and social life. His influence in Germany would have probably been as valuable in this direction as any advantage gained by him on the battle-field. The very suspicion with which his accession was regarded by the reactionary and absolutist party shows the impression which his well-known convictions had produced. It is too sad, too mysterious and pathetic to contemplate the possibilities which the empire afforded to such a ruler, and the benefits to his people and to Europe that might have flowed from such a reign. We have at home humanitarians (of a sort) enough and to

spare, who bring to every social question a fussiness and hysterical "gush" that do more harm than good. But this emperor and king was strong and calm, far-seeing and patient, uniting the noblest aspirations and designs for the good of his people with the firmness of hand of one who knows the risks of sudden changes, as well as the advantages of liberal institutions. But what he might have done is, alas! now a matter of speculation alone. The glorious promise of a great reign has been shattered after three brief months, during which his magnanimity rose triumphant over fearful trials. When the need of such a man appeared the greatest he has been taken away, and the future of Germany and of Europe has become shrouded.

His life is rich in incidents, which form one fine harmony, representing a brave, affectionate, simple, and true character. Story after story is told with pride by those who served under him of the dauntless courage displayed by him in the face of the enemy, while he himself was apparently the only one who was unconscious of there having been anything remarkable in what he did. The continual acts of kindness which he displayed towards his men consecrated the military tie of discipline into a bond of personal affection. It has been stated that there was scarcely a soldier in his division who did not carry away the remembrance of some word or deed that had touched the heart by its considerateness. We cannot vouch for the truth of an incident we heard lately, although we were assured it was well known in Berlin, but which at all events illustrates the belief that prevails as to the late emperor's bravery. When an attempt was made on his father's life by a gang of extreme Socialists, it is said that the Crown Prince went alone and unarmed into the den where the confederates were supposed to meet; but, happily for his own safety, he arrived too late, as the conspirators had decamped. Space, however, forbids our enlarging on incidents like these, but we must not omit alluding to his domestic life, which in many particulars unites him so closely to our own country. As we recall the time when the fair-haired soldier, even then of so striking an aspect and noble a bearing, was united in the flush of his early manhood to the Princess Royal of England; as we recall the story of that simple courtship, in which no stroke of diplomacy was required to cement the ties of an affection as deep as ever joined two young hearts together; as we remember the episode of the bunch of white heather during the

romantic autumn at Balmoral; and then the marriage and the going away, when the parting was almost as sad as the new hopes were bright; and now, as we look back on the married life of thirty years, chequered by many sorrows as well as joys, but ever enriched by a love that grew stronger, purer, tenderer, we can understand the greatness of the bereavement that has fallen on the widowed Empress and on our own aged and widowed Queen.

Our Princess Royal was a consort worthy of this great man. Of brilliant intellect and keenest sympathies, ardent, devoted, brave, she has been the inspirer of many of his best aspirations, as well as the sharer of every interest. The daughter of our sea-girt isle, the daughter of our ancient freedom, the close companion of her father and the inheritor of his high thoughts for the good of men, she has carried into her adopted country our best traditions—the devotion to duty which has been the characteristic, indeed, of both Royal Houses, and the purity of soul and the domestic affectionateness which have so long made the home of our Queen representative of what is best in our national life. For many years she has been the promoter of movements and the founder of institutions in Germany for which the poor, the ignorant, and the suffering bless her name. We know not, indeed, which of the two to admire most—the husband, the idol of his men, carrying through the storm of war that tenderness of heart which marks the most chivalrous type of soldier, or the wife at home, now bearing in calm self-forgetfulness the death of her child while the father was marching into Bohemia; or again, during the awful Franco-German war, the able organizer of great hospitals, and herself—like her warm-hearted sister, the Princess Alice—the actual nurse of the wounded, visiting hundreds of beds daily and spending hours in alleviating suffering. “Everything here,” wrote the Princess Alice, “seems to smell of blood.” We ought to think proudly of these daughters of our Queen—the one in Baden and the other in Darmstadt—labouring with their own hands, night and day, in the trying but glorious work of mercy.

But we have, alas! to think of that domestic life in other aspects. It is strange now to recall that hour of pride when, just a year before his death, and though even then stricken with his mortal disease, the Crown Prince, the most princely man amid a group of princes, rode to Westminster to take part in the

Jubilee service. In sad contrast to that splendid scene has been the weary story of the year so recently ended—the long battle with disease, the alternate hope and despair, the winter at San Remo, the journey through winter to Berlin, and the three closing months of as hard trial as ever fell to any monarch. All Europe has watched by the death-bed of that brave man struggling with his fate, not a murmur ever escaping from his lips, a kind smile ready for every one, while his strong intellect and noble heart were engaged, all undaunted, night and day in devising measures for the good of his country. How touching were those little messages he wrote as he lay facing the inevitable approach of the overwhelming shadow—his considerate words to his physicians, the sweet farewells to his children! “Remain pious and good as you have always been. This is the last wish of your dying father.” His last words delivered to his wife with affecting emotion, were as grand as they are true. “I have tried my best to do my duty to my God and country. I feel that my mortal end is near; but God’s will be done!” It is all too pathetic, too tragic. But a few days before and the world had read of hopes being entertained of at least a prolonged life, and then came the sudden failure, and a death-bed made beautiful by perfect resignation and the most unselfish thoughtfulness. There was not a heart which did not bleed for him when the news spread, or which did not sympathise with that splendid woman—our own Princess—who nursed him with a tenderness that seemed to feel no fatigue, until the hour came when hope had fled, and when the hands of husband and wife, joined in love thirty years before, were joined at the last in a love which death could not quench, although death alone unclasped them.

The two emperors, father and son, who laboured for the same end, and who together had led their troops through many a hard-won fight, lived to see the dream realised, which had fired the souls of the greatest poets and thinkers among the German people. They now “sleep their last sleep,” leaving to the nation inspiring recollections of rare ability, manly courage, and unselfish patriotism. Future generations will honour them as the founders of that Empire, strong, disciplined, and self-reliant, which has gathered to itself the loyalty of the great Teuton race, and welded into unity the many states, whose divisions and jealousies had been the continual source of weakness and peril.

June, 1888.



DREAMLAND IN HISTORY.

BY THE VERY REV.
H. DONALD M. SPENCE, D.D.,
DEAN OF GLOUCESTER.

SECOND PAPER.

WHAT a powerful factor is death in our estimation of other men and women! There is something strange in this; it does not gild what is ugly and undesirable, but it makes us forget the dark side of the one who is gone from us, while it transfigures with a new strange beauty anything desirable, any fair characteristic, any distinguished position which belonged in life to the "fallen asleep." It is not absence, permanent absence—not the eternal (as far as this world is concerned) separation which does this. It is death.

Now were death annihilation; if the dead, body, soul, and spirit, ceased to exist; if they had returned to the elements and had been absorbed, this feeling on the part of men

about the dead would not exist. It is the persuasion universal, if not universally acknowledged, the persuasion that death is only a change of state, which affects so powerfully, so tenderly, so lovingly, our judgment of the departed.

Never was this human judgment more powerfully affected, more completely reversed than in the case of that unhappy king of England whose fair white effigy lies hard by the Gloucester Cathedral altar. Living, King Edward II. seemed to have forfeited all feeling of love and loyalty on the part of his subjects, all respect and affection, which even a poor weak sovereign generally wins from his people—at least from many of them, just

Cathedral from NE
Street below

because he is a king. Edward II., when a prisoner in Berkeley Castle, apparently had forfeited the people's love, had lost his own home and hearth, his wife and child. He still, in spite of his forced abdication, wore the crown; we see it in the beautiful Gloucester effigy. But during those sad days in Berkeley Castle and other prisons, it was a very crown of thorns.

But no sooner had death touched the poor misguided prince than a sudden revulsion of feeling set in. Never, perhaps, has a fairer tomb been carved than the one which the dead man's son, Edward III., set up over his murdered father in the Gloucester minster.

Well-nigh six hundred summers and winters have passed since the masons put the last stroke to the cunning work in the old Norman abbey-church, and left the dead Edward to sleep undisturbed beneath the graceful canopy of stone and marble; yet men still come to wonder at it and to admire its unrivalled beauty and grace.

But the exquisite shrine in Gloucester was only the beginning of the tardy reparation of England. As we have said, pilgrims from all parts of the country flocked to Gloucester, to pray before the royal shrine—for it was in good truth a shrine of the ill-used king whom they had allowed to be so cruelly and shamefully done to death.

Men forgot his weakness, his love for unworthy favourites, forgot those nerveless hands which once held the iron sceptre in so powerless a grasp, and only remembered his surpassing beauty and his grace, his winning manners and his princely bearing. They seemed to fancy God had taken him under His special care now, and to make up for the hard and cruel treatment which His anointed had received on earth, had given him some special place and home among the saints in glory.

Some such feelings as these must have moved the crowds of pilgrims who thronged for so many years the grey old Norman aisles of the great Gloucester minster church, just to kneel and pray at the shrine of the dead King Edward.

* * * * *

In the church of Berkeley, one of the noblest parish churches in the west of England, under the walls of the old, famous castle where King Edward II.'s last days of humiliation and pain were spent, there is a stately tomb bearing a date not very many years after the death scene in the castle keep. On the broad white sculptured slab lie two effigies, with hands folded in attitude

of prayer. One of these possesses a singular interest. The effigy in question is of a knight clad in a coat of mail, the rich yet simple armour in which the nobles and chiefs of Edward III. fought and won at Cressy. But we have not a few examples of these sculptured and painted effigies of the warriors of the Edwards. The beautiful tomb and its recumbent figures would not of themselves claim a special mention; but one loves to think—probably with reason—that the artist, when he designed these fair monuments of the illustrious dead, tried to reproduce something which would recall the features of the famous knight or noble when in life.

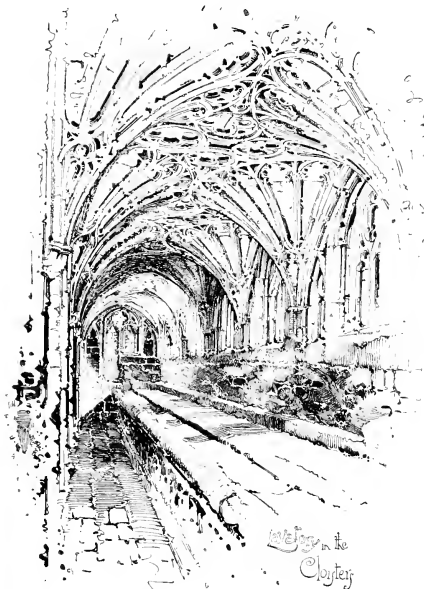
The face of the mailed warrior of the tomb in Berkeley church is an arresting one; the stranger, as his eye travels over the beautiful church, is struck with the great monument near the east end of the nave, the white monument with the life-sized images of a knight in full armour of the time of Edward III., and of a lady. The latter possesses no special interest, save for the antiquarian, who is delighted with the perfect fourteenth-century figure; but the face of the knight arrests at once the gaze of all thoughtful passers-by. The long-dead and forgotten artist has left an *expression* on the face of that sculptured knightly form that none can forget who have really looked at it.

It is of a man not very much past his prime; the rich coat of mail, with the proud ancestral shield of a great house blazoned over it, tells us we have before us the effigy of one of the powerful nobles of the court of Edward III.

But it is the *face* which attracts the stranger—it is the face which positively *haunts* the stranger as he gazes on it: it draws him back to look at it again, and yet again. On the face there is an expression of hopeless remorse, it seems—of a remorse too great for anything in this life to comfort. It seems to tell of an eternal regret.

Maurice, Lord of Berkeley, whose remains sleep beneath that stately white tomb, was master of the castle when Sir John Maltravers and Sir Thomas Gournay, acting as gaolers, brought the hapless Edward II. prisoner to Berkeley.

The true story relates how Lord Maurice de Berkeley received his unhappy royal guest with knightly courtesy, and treated him with studied respect. This conduct on the part of the Lord of Berkeley so disliked Edward's cruel gaolers, Gournay and Maltravers, that they positively would not allow him to see the poor captive king, and prevented him



Edward in the
Cloister

This room is little changed since the day when the dark deed of murder was done in it. There still exists the little terrace outside where the sentinel used to keep watch and ward by day and by night. The couch where the king's attendant used to sleep by his royal master is still there, and the very bed, so the story runs, in which poor Edward was foully and cruelly murdered, still occupies the old place. The ancient bed now shown may or may not, *in its entirety*, be the identical bed of Edward, but the curious and most ancient coverlet is probably of that period. The whole scene of the murder is scarcely changed.

It would be needlessly harrowing to dwell on the dread scene which this room in the castle-keep witnessed on the night of the 22nd September, A.D. 1327. Traditions yet linger in the neighbourhood that in the meadows beneath the castle-wall, and which are scarcely a stone's-

from doing anything to soften the rigour of the confinement in his own castle.

Terrible cruelties seem to have been inflicted on the fallen sovereign when under Maurice de Berkeley's roof. A well leading into a damp and noisome dungeon is still shown in the castle in which they say the king was immured, and there fed upon a diet of putrid meat, in the hope that malaria and unwholesome food would speedily put an end to his life. But strangely enough the king lived on, so sterner measures were resorted to. He was taken from the dungeon and lodged in a strong chamber in the castle keep.

throw from the church, the shrieks of the dying king were distinctly heard that night, and that dwellers in the cottages near the castle were awoken by the piercing cries, "and prayed to God for the harmless soul which was passing that night in torture."

Could not the Lord of Berkeley, whose kindly feelings towards the unhappy Edward were known, though he was probably under some restraint and suspicion, have contrived to stop that foul deed done in his own castle? Is it then a baseless thought which thinks of the sculptor of the effigy of the tomb faithfully reproducing the features of Lord Mau-

rice de Berkeley as he appeared in life, with the memories of that dread September night stamped for ever on the face—his royal master's cries of mortal agony sounding for ever in his ears? No expiation, no sorrow we can conceive, could ever have washed the events of that dread night off the tablets of the memory. Hence the look, the indescribable look of hopeless sorrow, of bitter remorse printed on the face of that silent knightly form lying on the great tomb of Berkeley church.

The gloomy room in Berkeley castle keep and the fair tomb and its effigy with the sad sculptured face in Berkeley church should be studied together with the stately shrine at Gloucester, where the murdered Edward lies in royal state.

* * * * *

It is very quiet now, that silent aisle in Gloucester Cathedral, where the fretted lace-work of the beautiful canopy throws its shadows over the white image of Edward. The line of pilgrims to the shrine has long ceased to stream by.

But as the stranger in Gloucester stops to gaze at, and to admire, the exquisite work which canopies the royal grave he asks perhaps the guide the question, "Is the body of the dead king surely there? Has it ever been touched by rude or sacrilegious hands?" He remembers, if his "memory still is green," he remembers the story of St. Denys hard by Paris, and the rifled, dishonoured graves there, once the sacred resting-place of so many Valois and Bourbon kings of France—remains which, alas! were scattered to the winds of heaven in the stormy revolutionary days, when in unhappy France throne and altar were alike desecrated. He remembers, too, how the story of Gloucester tells of the rough soldiers of Cromwell, of the havoc they made in the sacred precincts. To them nothing was sacred, neither cloister nor church. Men relate how they stabled their horses in the beautiful cloister walks of King Edward III. We look at the broken reredos, at the chipped and disfigured stones, still lovely in their utter ruin, and ask what that glorious Lady Chapel must have been before those days, when the misguided iconoclasts of the "Republic" busied themselves in destroying what was so beautiful and venerable in these storied walls of Gloucester!

Had Cromwell's rough troopers dug up King Edward's body? They had no love for kings we know, and Edward's unhappy story would not have increased their reverence for the royal state; and the men who could

hack and deface the exquisite shrines and sacred altars of the Lady Chapel, only a few yards distant, might well have employed their leisure in tossing out and scattering to the winds of heaven the remains of a king rejected by his subjects, as was the hapless second Edward.

Some thirty-two years ago, the doubt whether or no the body of the king lay beneath his splendid tomb, decided the canon then in residence quietly to open the cathedral floor beneath the Edward shrine and see.

The solitary survivor of the "exploring" party tells the story. It was in the deep dawn of an autumn morning when they assembled, four in number, in the quiet hush of the old church. On the south side of the tomb they removed the floor and excavated about two feet or a little more. Then they worked under the tomb, and there, beneath the flooring immediately under the monument, the searchers came upon a wood coffin of great antiquity, quite sound, but the wood was light as cork. After removing a portion of this they came to a leaden coffin, quite perfect, made in a very peculiar manner. It was a very thick sheet of lead, square at the bottom, and rising on each side like an arch, and so turned over the body in an oval or arched form, and seen to have been made to sit nearly close upon the body. The tomb apparently had never been opened before this, since the morning of the interment some five hundred and twenty-eight years before. The searchers left it open for about the space of two hours. The whole was then carefully closed again without any injury having been done to the tomb.

The survivor of that little curious group having been questioned as to details, said the canon refrained from unwinding that heavy sheet of lead and thus exposing the face of the dead to the light. It would probably, after a short exposure, have crumbled to dust, so he left it untouched still wrapped in its leaden winding-sheet. About the lead the survivor said were many bits of tarnished tinsel, as though something like a lying-in-state had been arranged by the loyal monks, probably in the crypt beneath the choir.

So when we gaze upon that solemn, beautiful tomb, we may rest assured that no rude, impious men have violated it, no rude careless hands have despoiled it of its sacred contents, but that the remains of royal Edward—probably embalmed by the reverent care of the Benedictine monks of



Gloucester, who dared so much for their fallen king—lie waiting there the Master's call on the Resurrection morning.

We may feel grateful to the four who verified the actual position of the king's coffin, that they reverently refrained from unrolling that winding-sheet of massy lead; for we feel assured that there, beneath the fair canopy of fretted stone, beneath the white and solemn figure of the king lies at this moment the body of Edward, with the face still in its old wan beauty, as on the morning nigh six hundred years ago, when pious Abbot Thoky's hand tenderly and reverently left him there to sleep.

The wonderful flow of rich offerings at the tomb of the murdered Edward went on, rather as time passed, increasing and diminishing; the treasury of the Benedictine house of Gloucester grew fuller and fuller. The dreams of restoration, of making the old Norman minster of Serlo—the abbot chosen by Archbishop Lanfranc—more beautiful, first dreamed by Abbot Thoky in the reign of Edward II., became likely enough to be realised. There was no lack of funds. "Religion," as it has been quaintly said, "religion awoke creative genius, genius worked freely with boundless command of wealth."

The old chroniclers of the monastery tell us that the monks of Gloucester, had they been so minded, might have rebuilt on a new and gorgeous scale their mighty abbey-church, so ample were the funds provided in the offerings at the shrine of Edward II. But the abbot preferred to change and to

decorate rather than in pull down and to rebuild.

John Thoky, John Wigmore, Adam de Stanton, and Thomas Horton, abbots of the Benedictine house of Gloucester, A.D. 1307-1377, a period of just seventy years—names now utterly forgotten in the many-coloured story of England—must have been men of great power and ability.

Some have suggested that in the latter years of the thirteenth and in the fourteenth century there grew up a vast secret guild of freemasons connected with or latent in the monasteries and among the clergy, some of whom were men of professed architectural science; but there is no record of any such guild. The very names of the great architects who designed the (so-called) Gothic piles of the fourteenth century, with one or two exceptions, such as Erwin of Strasburg, have been lost. This is a curious and interesting question, deserving of searching investigation. No one as yet has been able to throw any light upon it. For instance, was the glorious Perpendicular of Gloucester first thought out by the Gloucester monks in the

little study-cells in the cloister walks of the Benedictine monastery by the monks themselves? Had they any foreign help? Did

the little apertures for light in which their Norman fathers had delighted, into those vast and splendid windows which they proceeded to fill with the magic of the richest, tenderest colouring?

Be this how it may, the Benedictine abbots of Gloucester of the fourteenth century and the men they employed surely devised a perfectly new and exquisitely beautiful form of architecture.

It was carried out in the two transepts and in the choir of that grand old Norman minster over which these abbots presided. Gloucester was the example, *par excellence*, of that exquisite and peculiarly English variety of the wide-spread Gothic school of architecture known as Perpendicular.

It is probable that the straight lines so characteristic of their school of "Gothic," were first used in the cathedral of Gloucester, because the panelling and the tracery devised in the new work had to be, so to speak,

carved on the old Norman walls and arches and pillars, and straight lines peculiarly adapted themselves to this service. In Gloucester the old pillars, the ancient arches were left, but over these a glorious stone web or veil of tracery was thrown.

It is difficult, almost impossible, to write a description of the exquisite beauty of the transept and choir of Gloucester, as trans-



the prior in the great guest-chamber of his, or in that vaulted room now the deanery library, entertain men from distant lands who taught the monks of Gloucester the secrets of the strange, beautiful craft which with consummate art filled the Norman transepts and the once low-roofed choir with their inimitable veil of curious and delicate tracery in stone, which with rare skill changed

formed by these fourteenth-century abbots. We pass through the Norman nave, grey and solemn, awfully impressive, with its vast and massive columns, little changed since the days when Abbot Serlo, Lanfranc's friend, in the reign of William the Conqueror and his son, first designed them. We pass through an avenue of these stately pillars, with scarcely any ornament to distract the eye and the thoughts from the severe beauty of the building, we pass into one or other of the transepts, we look straight forward: still the same great round massive pillars, but shorter than the nave columns, meet our gaze; still the same round arches, smaller than those in the nave, for there is now one row of them above the other, but yet of the self-same school. Then we pass through a low stone arch. We are now in the choir, and we find ourselves in another world of thought. Over the great and massive columns appears to have been dropped a mighty veil of tracery in stone, dazzlingly white, though more than five centuries have passed since that veil was cunningly and skilfully woven. A veil, nay, it is a film of tracery, so light—as one once phrased it well—so light that it seems to need nothing but the air to carry it.

At the eastern end of this curiously stone-clothed choir, at the eastern end, the Norman apse, once dark and solemn, was broken through; the old vaulted roof was raised higher than any choir-roof in England, save in the case of Westminster and of York. A mighty window—men say the largest in the world—filled up the place where the old gloomy apse once closed the sombre vista of Norman columns and arches. The glass of this window was exquisitely coloured, and a flood of jewelled light poured in and lit up, with a strange and beautiful light, the glorious choir and its white veil of sculptured stone.

The effect of Gloucester choir, the creation of the four great fourteenth-century abbots, those true masters of architecture, is marvellous. It has been described thus: "At Gloucester, as we enter the choir, the general effect is that of a Perpendicular building. We feel that there is something singular about it, that its effect differs altogether from that of a Perpendicular building, or of any building with regular and prominent pillars and arches. The effect is like that of a single-bodied building, a gigantic college chapel, a church like Alby without aisles. It is not till we look a little more narrowly that we find that the greater part of the Norman building is still there, not rebuilt,

not even disguised as it is at Winchester, but simply hidden behind a veil of Perpendicular lacework. . . . At Gloucester the later work, without destroying the elder, altogether obscures it, and decides the general effect of the building."* Another famous architectural critic† commenting upon this strange and magnificent choir at Gloucester, tells us how "in all cathedrals he observes a screen, about the height of the present altar-screen, separates the choir from the side aisles and transepts, but in this cathedral the screen is carried to the roof, and the result was a beautiful if not a unique choir. This screen of tracery which formed the sides was situate below the clerestory, plastered (so to speak) on the Norman walls; or, in some instances, the original Norman columns have been chipped down until they harmonise with the general design."

With the clerestory, it must be borne in mind, the old work ended. The Norman choir was much lower than the present lofty, imposing structure, which towers over every existing church in England, with the exception of York and Westminster.

* * * * *

That vast east window which floods the choir of Gloucester, beautiful as a dream, with a soft silvery light—a light faintly coloured with jewelled shafts of the palest blue and red, with here and there a vein of faint gold—that vast window could not have been seen out of England or one of the cold and misty northern countries—countries where gleams of light or shafts of sunshine are exceeding precious. In south or central Europe the effect of such a mighty window would be simply dazzling to the eye—would be painful from its excess of light.

The master architect who it seems in the Gloucester cloisters devised the airy fabric of the choir of the cathedral, knew how needful light was to reveal the fair beauty of the mighty walls with that delicate veil of stone tracery, which, with so much loving thought and care, they hung over the grim church and the massive low round arches built by their Norman fathers. They knew that light was especially required for the lofty vaulted roof of stone, so rich in colour, so elaborate with its tracery.

The monk architects of Gloucester no doubt had seen how the brightness of southern skies through comparatively little windows had illuminated the great abbey-churches of central and southern Germany, of Provence, Italy, and Spain, with shafts of golden light.

* E. A. Freeman.

† Professor Willis, 1880.

They knew well that the pale blue of the skies of the Severn lands were very dim and lightless when compared with the surpassing brilliancy of the skies of south and central Europe. Hence the love of the English artist-monks for huge windows. They would build their minsters, they would make them rich with delicate lacework of stone, with altars gleaming with dusky gold and ablaze with varied colours—and to illumine these they would store up all the light which they could draw from the mist-stained clouds, from heavens rarely blue, well-nigh always veiled with the tender soft grey hues of our island atmosphere. Never, as they planned their vast yet graceful windows—never, they felt, was there any danger of over-much light in the minster church; there

was no fear of the eyes being dazzled with excess of brilliancy from the English skies.

These reasons amply account for the three great Gloucester windows which the monk architects of the fourteenth century put into the new work—into the two stately transepts, into the tall and graceful choir.

Near the splendid shrine erected by King Edward III. over the tomb of his murdered father, and nearer the high altar of the church, is another tabernacle tomb of exceeding graceful shape. The tabernacle work for Gloucester is comparatively modern, and was done in the earlier years of Henry VIII.'s reign, under the auspices of the last abbot of the famous Benedictine house at Gloucester, Malverne, or as he is sometimes styled, Parker.

The figure within the shrine built by Abbot Malverne is, however, of a far more ancient date than the days of Henry VIII., at least two centuries or more older. It is the rough sculptured effigy, fairly preserved, of a king, robed and crowned, the Hwiccan king or under-king Osric, the first founder of the abbey of Gloucester. It possibly fills the place of a much older tomb, Osric, the founder of the abbey, lived about the year of our Lord 681. He subsequently became, history tells us, King of Northumbria.

Lying on the breast of King Osric is a Norman model of a stately minster church. The model, old as it is—for it dates from the Plantagenet kings—is of course an anachronism, for the church of King Osric must in form have been very different from the sculptured church on the breast of the old Saxon king. What we see modelled on the tomb is a pure Norman edifice, and doubtless roughly represents the building built by Lanfranc's friend,



Abbot Serlo, in the days of the Conqueror.

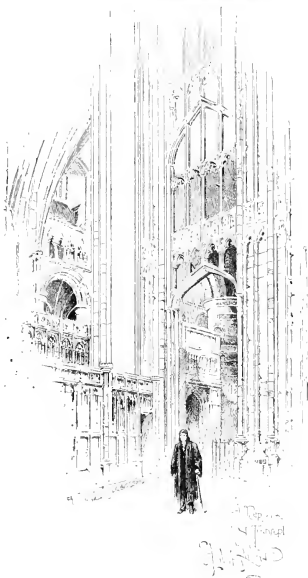
But its chief interest lies in the low, massive tower, which rises from the centre of the little model, for here doubtless we possess an effigy—the only one sculptured or painted that we have—of the old Norman tower of Gloucester Cathedral. It suggests at once the tower of the sister abbey of Tewkesbury, or more closely still, it may be said to resemble the low and massive tower (lately rebuilt) of Peterborough; it was a tower with an interior arcade, and evidently open, like a lantern, to the church below.

The true story of the towers of Gloucester will probably never now be told. The old monkish records dimly recount how in the far back days of the Plantagenet kings two unequal towers, one loftier than the other, stood at the west end of the great church, while at the east, over the parting of the arms of the cross, rose the massive tower roughly portrayed in stone on the tomb of Osric. The same chronicles obscurely hint at the raising of the same tower a story higher in the first part of the thirteenth century.

But the monastic annals tell us but little as to the fate of all these three. Dimly we catch sight of various catastrophes, of successive fires, and of an earthquake which shook or destroyed the mighty pile of masonry, or perchance of well-nigh equally solid oak.

Sometimes as we read the scattered and obscure notices, we are almost tempted to believe that in the deep and carefully matured schemes of the fourteenth-century monk architects the three towers—possibly weakened, if not destroyed by some such calamitous events (earthquake or fire) as have been referred to—were carefully taken down, those at the west end never to be rebuilt; the monk restorers of the reign of Edward III. proposing with wonderful audacity to raise a great mid-tower which should rival in strength and beauty all other towers in the west and mid-land counties—a tower which should be at once the crown and glory of their loved house of God—a tower which should stand in the centre of their great and beautiful minster, alone, without any lesser rivals to diminish aught of its grace and loveliness.

That such a far-seeing plan was matured in the monastery councils is at least possible,



this looking forward to the building of a magnificent solitary tower in the centre of their beautiful minster—for even in the beginning of the new and elaborate work of Abbot Wygmore in the south transept (A.D. 1329), we find mighty solid buttresses or thrusts, curiously woven into the delicate Perpendicular veil of masonry—buttresses evidently destined to support the vast weight of some tall and massive tower dreamed of in no distant future.

And in that future, in a little more than a hundred years after the great buttresses of stone were woven into Abbot Wygmore's veil of Perpendicular masonry, the graceful massive tower we now admire was slowly and carefully completed; that tower of Gloucester Cathedral, which has now stood for more than four hundred years simply unrivalled in its perfect strength and exquisite beauty.

AUTUMN RAMBLES.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A.

AFTER accompanying our two boys to the field, the common, and the wood, we may now follow them "to the meadows below, and walk on the side of a brook that runs into the river," pursuing our walks to the banks of the river itself. With one exception, the sandpiper, we shall be sure to see every animal and plant which our young observer saw, and many others which he did not mention.

I have always thought that autumn is by far the best time for watching our brooks and rivers. The foliage is in its richest perfection, many aquatic and riverside flowers are still at their best, the summer's heat has so warmed the water that it simply swarms with active life; the first-brood birds are fledged, and are beginning the world on their own account; and, though the songs of birds are somewhat silenced since midsummer, the air is full of the hum of insects, while the shrill shrieks of the swifts, tempered by the elevation at which they are flying, seem perfectly in harmony with the place and season.

Where the brook widens before entering the river, and is decked with reeds, water-lilies, arrow-heads, and other aquatic plants, the most characteristic living creatures that meet the eye are the dragon-flies. Some of them may be seen earlier in the year, but not until August or September do we find them in perfection.

Note them as they dart through the air in search of prey, or settle on the reeds and quietly bask in the rays of the sun. Differing in many respects, such as size and colour, all dragon-flies agree in two points. They have four ample transparent wings, divided into a vast number of cellules, and their bodies are exceedingly long. They may be roughly divided into two distinct groups, one group having round heads and the other having their heads much wider than their length, and set transversely on the body, very much after the fashion of the hammer-headed shark.

To this group belong the graceful and lovely "demoiselle" dragon-flies, perhaps the most beautiful of the whole family. The most remarkable point about them is the very bold distinction between the males and females, the two sexes being so unlike each other that they are often considered to belong to different species. The female is wholly green, even to the wings, while the male is

dark, shining blue, with a large blue-black patch upon the wings. Others are pale blue or pink, and so slight and delicate that they can hardly be recognised as insects as they flit over the riverside herbage, but look like stray beams of coloured light.

All the largest species belong to the round-headed group, and wonderfully fine insects they are, their bodies being boldly ringed and patched with blue, scarlet, green, and yellow. It is a thousand pities that these gorgeous hues are so fugitive. They depend entirely on certain coloured membranes beneath the transparent horny covering of the body, and after death they first become dim, and by the time that the insect is quite dry, they become as black as the skin of a mummy. One species is remarkable for having a comparatively short and flattened body, the colour being a pale blue-grey.

Be they what they may in size and colour, they are perhaps the fiercest and most voracious of the insect race. Catch one of them without injuring it, and hold it by the wings. Do not be afraid of it, for it is perfectly harmless. It will flourish its long body about in so menacing a fashion that it looks as if it were armed with a sting proportionate to its dimensions. The rustics are fully impressed with its venomous character, and almost invariably call it by the name of "horse stinger." If you put your finger between its jaws it will give you a smart nip, but it will never attack with its jaws, and has no sting.

Still holding it with one hand, catch flies or other insects and hold them to its mouth. It will be so intent on its prey as to entirely ignore the fact that it is a captive, and will eat as many spiders or insects as you choose to give it. Release it, and it will dart through the air quite undismayed by its late captivity, and will renew its hawking for prey.

It is not less predacious throughout its larval and pupal stages. The earlier part of its life is passed in the water, the creature breathing by means of a gill-like apparatus upon the interior of a tube which traverses the entire abdomen. By the alternate expansion and contraction of the body, the water is drawn into and forced out of the tube, necessarily passing over the gills. The ordinary mode of locomotion is crawling with the legs. This method of progression is,

however, very slow, and when the larva wishes to dart quickly on its prey, it suddenly contracts the body, drives the water out of the aperture through which it entered, and by its reaction forces itself forward. The cuttle-fishes dart through the water by an almost identical mechanism, and some of them can project themselves with such force that they will shoot completely out of the sea, and even fall on the decks of large vessels.

Besides this appliance for catching prey, the dragon-fly larva is armed with an apparatus which I believe is unique in the animal kingdom. The under-lip is enormously prolonged, furnished with a formidable pair of jaws at its extremity, and doubly hinged, so that when not in use it can be folded up and tucked away under the chin, if we may use such a word when treating of an insect.

I have kept many of these larvæ, and have always found that when they wish to catch prey they do not approach it by means of their legs, probably because it might be alarmed. They always glide under it by means of their tail-squirt, shoot out the "mask," as the prehensory apparatus is called, seize the victim, retract the mask, thus bringing the prey against the jaws, and then, partly by means of the mask and partly by the help of the first pair of legs, hold it firmly until it is consumed.

They are hardy beings and easily reared until they undergo their final change; but only a single specimen can be kept in one vessel, as otherwise they will fight against each other, and the conquerors devour the vanquished.

Should the stream be shallow and stony, look out for two little birds that are tolerably sure to haunt such a spot. One, the common Pied Wagtail, may almost certainly be seen as it trips about with its quick, active step, pecking here and there, and ever and anon jerking its long tail up and down with the peculiar movement which has earned its popular name. Near the water its nest may be found—a very inartificial sort of structure, always built in some sheltered spot. The eccentricities of this bird in nest-building are numberless, the locality and materials seeming to vary according to the fancy of the individual bird. In Switzerland, for example, a pair of wagtails which lived near a watch-making village made their nest entirely of rejected watch-springs, and in South Africa a wagtail built its nest in a human skull, apparently that of some slain Kafir warrior. A figure of this nest may be seen in the *Leisure Hour* for May, 1888.

Some anglers have a theory that this bird devours the eggs and young of the river fish. This idea is quite groundless, as the spawn of the fishes is deposited at too great a depth to be reached by the bird, and though it certainly does snap up the little fishes that come to the surface, they are mostly the young of the minnow, and can easily be spared.

The second bird is the Dipper, or Water-ousel, as it is sometimes called. It is rather a local bird, but is more plentiful than is generally imagined. Should the stream form a waterfall, plunging into a pool, both the dipper and its beautifully made nest will almost certainly be in the neighbourhood. I have seen both in a spot where no one had even suspected the presence of the bird, though the neighbourhood teemed with keen-eyed bird-nesting boys. It is a good diver, catching the active water-beetles and freshwater shrimps, and fetching the caddises from the bed of the stream. Perhaps it may eat a little spawn, but a hundred dippers will not do half the damage which is worked by a single swan.

Finding the nest is often a matter of luck rather than of skill, the bird concealing its home so deftly under green moss, that the keenest eye will scarcely detect it, unless attention be attracted to the spot by the movements of the birds.

Should you have learned the knack of approach in a given spot noiselessly, and remaining absolutely motionless when it is reached, you may have the good-fortune to see towards evening the Heron standing in the water, and scanning the stream in search of prey. Fish forms the bulk of the heron's food, but the bird, like King Stork, is by no means averse to frogs, and makes considerable havoc among water rats.

Large as it may be, there are few birds which are less discernible, and many persons may absolutely look at it without distinguishing it from surrounding objects. It stands absolutely motionless, its beak sunk on its breast; and, as I have often noticed, the ripple of the water is so well reflected on its plumage that the two are blended together, and deceive the eye in a most perplexing manner. Mostly, the first intimation of a heron's presence is the sudden and somewhat startling rise of the bird from the stream in which it had been standing.

One of the most characteristic river birds is the Kingfisher, which, by dint of the great number of eggs which are hatched in each brood, contrives to maintain its place among

us in spite of the demand for its lovely plumage.

Our young friend of "Evenings at Home" makes some rather strange statements about it, saying that he "saw it hovering over the water, and every now and then darting into it." Now I have been familiar with the kingfisher from my earliest childhood, and never saw it hover over the water. It will dart in a straight line just above the water, looking more like a flash of azure light than a bird, but, as far as I know, it never hovers.

When it is engaged in fish-hunting it takes its post on a branch, tree-stump, or other perch which overhangs the water, and waits for prey. When it sees a suitable fish, it drops into the water, and presently rises with the fish in its mouth, and returns to its former place. Still holding the fish crosswise in its beak, it bangs the struggling prey against the perch until it is disabled or killed, throws it up in the air, catches it head downwards, and then swallows it. Should the fish be intended for its young it flies off homewards, and then gives the fish to the young bird which is entitled to it. As there are sometimes seven or eight young in the nest, or rather in the burrow, the task of keeping them supplied with food is no trifling one.

The nest itself is, like that of the owl, merely composed of the bones, scales, and other indigestible parts of the fish which it has eaten. In the Natural History Museum at South Kensington there is an admirable model of a kingfisher's nest, with the parent bird engaged in the task of feeding the young.

As autumn advances, the Starling begins to make itself conspicuous by assembling in vast flocks, often consisting of many thousand members. When on the wing, especially if the sun should be shining, they are most beautiful objects. In the first place, an adult male starling is endowed with a silken gorgeousness of plumage that is almost dazzling as the sun shines on it. But, though we shall not be able to detect the beauty of any individual starling, we must be struck with the astonishing discipline which prevails among the birds. The whole of the flock seems actuated with one spirit, wheeling, turning, ascending or descending with an accuracy which our best-drilled troops might regard with respectful envy. Sometimes the flock will separate into two or more divisions, and then, after a few manoeuvres in the air, the column will reunite, and again act in concert. That there must be a leader of each flock and a sub-leader for each division is evident, but how the commands are conveyed simul-

taneously throughout these vast armies is one of the many mysteries with which nature is always baffling her observers. I know of only one species of bird which has similar habits. This is the dunlin, or ox-bird, as it is termed on some of our coasts. In this bird the uniformity of movement is even more conspicuous, especially when the sun is shining. The upper parts of the dunlin are dark brown and the lower parts white, so that when the flock suddenly wheels it changes instantaneously from black to white, or the reverse, according as the light shines on the upper or lower part of the bodies.

In the spring the starling is equally worthy of our notice. It clings to the neighbourhood of man, and builds in any nook or corner that it can find, not taking the least trouble to hide its nest, but leaving straws and grasses projecting from the entrance, as if to invite observation. Moreover, when it has eggs the bird always sets up a squall when any one approaches, and many a starling has lost her pretty pale blue eggs by thus attracting the attention of some passing boy. Then, while the young are being nurtured, they are always so clamorous for food when they hear the approach of their parents, each setting up its particular claim for the expected grub or worm, that they are audible at a considerable distance from the nest. As to the value of the bird to the agriculturist its virtues are now beginning to be so well known that I need say nothing further.

Towards evening is the best time to watch the flocking of the starlings. The chief aerial manoeuvres are executed before settling for the night, and reedy marshes are the chosen resting-places. As long as the birds are in the air they are comparatively silent; but no sooner have they settled than they set up a prodigious gabble, each apparently trying to out-scream the other as they squabble for places. In a quarter of an hour or so they gradually cease their chatter, and sink into such absolute silence that no one would even suspect their presence. I have often amused myself by throwing a stone at random into the reeds after the flock has settled for the night. A shell could not produce a more sudden effect. Out spring the birds with a wild outcry, like the witches from Alloway Kirk, and resume their wheelings in air. In a few minutes they seem to make up their minds that the alarm was a false one, and again seek the shelter of the reeds. This time, however, they almost wholly dispense with gabble, and quickly subside into silence.

Several of the aquatic plants will be in

flower, especially the Arrow-head, whose deeply barbed leaves have gained it the name by which it is popularly known. In the earlier days of autumn there still linger the blossoms of the White Water-lily (*Nymphaea alba*), the grandest of all our indigenous flowers. It has but one drawback, namely, that its long leaf-stalks have led to the death of many a heedless swimmer, elinging round the ankles like lassoes, and only drawing their bonds tighter as the victim struggles to escape from them. Our other species, the Yellow Water-lily (*Nuphar lutea*), retains its flowers well into autumn. It has often been employed as the vehicle of practical joking, the odour of the flower being almost identical with that of brandy. The liquid is offered to the intended victim on the condition that he takes it blindfold, and then the flowers are substituted.

The characteristic bank flower of this season is the Meadow-sweet (*Spiraea ulmaria*), or Queen of the Meadows, as it is sometimes poetically termed. The banks of the Isis, Cherwell, and their tributary brooks, are peculiarly favourable to the development of this fine plant, which fills the air with its luscious fragrance, and sometimes grows to the height of four feet.

Along the river banks the Dewberry (*Rubus cæsius*) is to be found in its perfection, the few drupes—"blobs" in vulgar parlance—being very large, and so full of their purple juice that they can scarcely be gathered without being broken. On a hot August afternoon the juicy, acid-sweet of the dewberry is peculiarly refreshing. When living at Oxford I often used to skirt the banks in my skiff and pluck the dewberries which hung luxuriantly near the water, and out of sight of those who were on the bank itself.

Now is the time to look for one of the prettiest of our animals, the Water-shrew. I have never seen it in rivers of any size, the little, long-nosed creature chiefly delighting in small and shallow brooks. They are playful beings, and I have many a time watched their gambols as they dashed in and out of the water, tumbling over each other and "larking" like a set of boys just let out of school. When diving they are peculiarly pretty, the whole fur being studded with tiny air-bubbles, which glitter like polished silver, and which are continually rising to the surface as they are shaken off by the action of the animals.

The common Shrew-mouse, a near relative of the water-shrew, may now be found lying dead in the fields, having apparently been killed by some owl or cat, and then rejected

on account of its powerful and very disagreeable effluvia. In all probability this odour was the cause of the exceedingly evil reputation under which the shrew-mouse laboured within the memory of people still living, it being asserted to cause pain and disease to cattle if it ran over them when they were sleeping. The only remedy was of a homeopathic character. A hole was bored in the trunk of an ash-tree, a living shrew-mouse thrust into it, and the hole closed with a wooden plug. The essence of the shrew was supposed to permeate the entire tree, so that if a "shrew-stricken" cow were rubbed with a handful of leaves gathered from the "shrew-ash" the ailment would at once be cured.

Leaving the water and ascending the hill, we shall probably come upon some of the largest and finest of our British butterflies. Chief among them are the Peacock and Scarlet Admiral, the one recognisable by the eye-shaped spots upon its upper wings, and the other by the bold scarlet streak which is drawn diagonally across the upper surface of both pairs of wings.

In spite of their conspicuous aspect, both of these butterflies have a habit of disappearing in the most mysterious way, as if they had been suddenly annihilated. An experienced eye, however, will at once glance to the nearest tree, and will there detect the missing insect. Both these butterflies are remarkable for the singular contrast between the upper and under surfaces of their wings. The former are marked with conspicuous and brightly coloured patterns, while the latter are simply composed of brown, black, and grey. When the insect settles upon a tree-trunk it simply closes its wings over its back, so that they bear a wonderfully strong resemblance to a withered leaf which had accidentally adhered to the bark.

I have often seen both insects resort to this stratagem, and have noticed that they always settle with their bodies in a line with the trunk—never crosswise—and that as the closed wings are swayed backwards and forwards by the least breath of wind they look so exactly like withered leaves that even a practised eye is obliged to take a second look before deciding on the actual character of the object. So confident are the insects of the security obtained by this attitude that they will permit themselves to be picked up by the wings between the finger and thumb, though only a few seconds previously they would have taxed the legs, arms, eyes, and lungs of any one who tried to chase them.

THE BRAZEN SERPENT.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR STANLEY LEATHES, D.D.

OUR Lord, in well-known words in the third chapter of St. John, makes reference to the incident of the brazen serpent recorded in the twenty-first chapter of the Book of Numbers. He says that as the brazen serpent was lifted up by Moses to be the means of healing to the Israelites who were bitten by poisonous serpents in the wilderness, so should the Son of Man be lifted up upon the cross to be the means of salvation to the world. We can hardly doubt, therefore, that our Lord accepts and confirms the historic truth of the incident to which He refers. If we have reason to believe that this reference was made by Him, we have reason to believe that the incident occurred. Certainly we can hardly suppose that He announced a divine method of salvation of world-wide application and power, but made use of a merely mythical fiction as the selected means of illustrating it. It is remarkable, however, that throughout the whole of the Old Testament there is no allusion to the narrative of the brazen serpent but one, which tends to confirm its historic reality, in the eighteenth chapter of the Second Book of Kings, where we are told that Hezekiah, some seven centuries afterwards, brake in pieces the brazen serpent that Moses had made, for unto those days the children of Israel did burn incense to it. We know, then, for a certainty—accepting, of course, the authority of the Books of Kings, which there is no reason to doubt—that in the time of Hezekiah a memorial was still in existence, and was the object of superstitious reverence, because it was believed to be, and no doubt was, the identical brazen image which had been made by Moses, and had been the means of healing the stricken Israelites in the desert. The one narrative may certainly be regarded as a confirmation of the other. The writer of the uncanonical Book of Wisdom also speaks of the brazen serpent as a “sign of salvation,” and says, “He that turned himself towards it was not saved by the thing that he saw, but by thee that art the Saviour of all” (xvi. 7). With these two exceptions, however, there is no reference to the brazen serpent till our Lord’s mention of it in His discourse with Nicodemus. It is, therefore, remarkable that He should have selected this particular incident, which, but for His reference to it, would undoubtedly have been disregarded and discredited, and in all pro-

bability rejected as a fable. He by His allusion has invested it with singular and pre-eminent importance for all time, and whether or not Moses understood the sign, and whether or not the Israelites understood it (it does not seem possible that either should have understood it without special and supernatural illumination, of which there is not a trace), certain it is that our Lord has thrown a flood of light upon it, which we can only disregard by disregarding the authority by which He spake. It may be as well briefly to recall the main features of the original narrative. The soul of the people, we are told, was much discouraged because of the way; they murmured because there was neither bread nor water, and the manna had become distasteful to them. And the Lord, we are told, sent fiery serpents among the people, and they bit the people, and much people of Israel died. “Therefore the people came to Moses and said, We have sinned, for we have spoken against the Lord, and against thee; pray unto the Lord, that he take away the serpents from us. And Moses prayed for the people. And the Lord said unto Moses, Make thee a fiery serpent, and set it upon a pole: and it shall come to pass, that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall live. And Moses made a serpent of brass, and set it upon a pole, and it came to pass, that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived.” It is needless to say that this is a narrative which challenges our utmost powers of belief. In fact, we can only accept it as part of a history of which all the features are colossal and superhuman, and which we cannot accept without admitting that it transcends all ordinary experience, and laughs to scorn the known conditions of history.

The difficulty, however, in the matter by no means ends here, for, assuming the general truth of the narrative, what possible object could there have been in directing Moses to resort to any such means for the recovery of the people? It cannot have been for the purpose of furnishing our Lord with the occasion for the use which He afterwards made of it. That would have been as far-seeing and supernatural as the means itself was extraordinary and miraculous. The brazen serpent uninterpreted could not possibly point as a sign to Him, could not possibly be understood as indicating a salvation

like His in such a way that the knowledge of it could be derived therefrom. Nor is there the slightest evidence that it was so understood. It is to be borne in mind, however, that our modern acquaintance with the monuments of Egypt has taught us that in that mythology the serpent was the emblem of healing, and it has been supposed that the use made of it in this case by Moses was one of the many indications to be found in the Pentateuch of that Egyptian influence under which he had been brought up. I cannot but think, however, that if we adopt this explanation we draw perilously near to charging upon Moses, and therefore upon God, by whose directions he acted, an adaptation of that idolatrous symbolism against which the Old Testament at large, and especially the law, was the uniform and unqualified protest. It can hardly be that for a people so ready to lapse into idolatry, as the experience of the golden calf had lately shown, and their subsequent history confirmed, the means resorted to in this emergency would have been borrowed from the idolatrous worship and symbolism of that nation from whose yoke they had so recently been delivered, and against whose gods the Lord had executed judgments. I suppose, however, that the ordinary way in which this narrative has been regarded is in strong contrast to any such notion, and rather as the record of an arbitrary and superhuman method divinely adopted for healing the people, without any special appropriateness in the means itself, such as they could understand. Thus Thomas Erskine, in his remarkable book upon the brazen serpent, says of it: "This was the form in which it pleased God to send them deliverance. This was the form in which He chose to manifest His love and His forgiveness." And again: "The body of the man was healed by looking at the serpent, in consequence of a sovereign appointment of God, which had connected the healing with the looking in a way perfectly unintelligible to us" (pp. 12 and 25). That is to say there was no moral or didactic purpose in it, but the means resorted to were purely arbitrary.

Not only was the way in which the healing was effected unintelligible to us, but it must have been equally unintelligible to the persons healed, as also was any reason undiscoverable for the selection of the means employed; and thus for fourteen centuries this incident would remain unintelligible to every one who read it till that night on which Nicodemus came to Christ, when our Lord re-

vealed the possibility of its application to Himself. It seems therefore that we may reasonably desiderate a better explanation of this remarkable incident, and the explanation I have to offer is one which will increase rather than diminish the appropriateness of our Lord's allusion, and will show likewise the special appropriateness of the means selected by God in such a way that we may suppose all the persons directly concerned would be able to understand it. Now I, for my part, cannot doubt that all the people who came out of Egypt were thoroughly acquainted with the history of their ancestors—Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, as preserved to us in Genesis. The frequent references to the promise made to their fathers of the land flowing with milk and honey and the like, as well as the fact that they carried up with them the bones of Joseph out of Egypt, show this. There can, I conceive, be no reasonable doubt, whatever rash modern critics may say to the contrary, that the book of Genesis was known, and well known, in its main features to the generation that came up out of Egypt. The fourth commandment alone is proof of acquaintance with the first chapter of Genesis. It would be acknowledged to be so in any other sphere than that of Biblical criticism. Genesis must have preceded Exodus—must have been in existence before Exodus. Parts of Genesis, at all events, must have been in the hands of the people who came up out of Egypt. Unless we are prepared to deal with these records as we should not think of dealing with any others, we must admit that there is strong reason to believe that that generation was as well acquainted with Genesis as we ourselves are. The promise to Abraham, "To thy seed will I give this land," was the only ostensible motive for their journeyings. Take away this impulse and we cannot account for them. It is antecedently probable, therefore, and if the narrative is in any sense authentic and trustworthy, it is absolutely certain that the generation who came up out of Egypt was acquainted with the earliest records of the race. They would be familiar therefore with that primeval promise concerning the seed of the woman given in paradise and spoken to the serpent, "It shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel," a promise which declared in no uncertain language that whatever injury the serpent had inflicted, or might inflict, upon the woman, her seed should ultimately crush the serpent's head. This is a promise that so far would be perfectly intelligible to the persons immediately concerned in it. They

might not understand how it would be accomplished, but that the accomplishment would assuredly be brought about was plainly declared to them; and unquestionably this promise would form the basis of all subsequent hope, as under the circumstances it gave them precisely the assurance which they most needed, of vengeance to be wrought surely, however slowly, on their deceitful foe. I am, of course, dealing with the narrative now as though it were a record of fact, and we are bound, at all events, to try, whether so dealing with it, we can make it intelligible and truly consistent. There is reason to believe that the woman gave evidence of her reliance upon this promise when upon the birth of her first-born she exclaimed, "I have gotten a man from the Lord," or "a man even the Lord," supposing that he was the promised seed. I myself should be inclined to believe that in this, the earliest use of the quadriliteral name of God before it received the special appropriation which it afterwards obtained, we should be right in rendering literally "I have gotten a man—the one who is to be." That supplies a sense strictly in agreement with the context, and one also which might well become the foundation of the specific application afterwards made of the name. This, however, only by the way. In relation to the same matter, I take it that the history of the patriarchs, with their ardent desire for offspring, together with the promise to Abraham—"In thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed," becomes intelligible in the light of the original promise, while it is well-nigh unintelligible without it.

There is another instance, I think, in which we may detect a recurrence to the same idea. The dying Jacob seems to have cherished the hope inspired by this promise, for I do not see how we can so well understand that mysterious exclamation of his thrown in, as it were, without meaning and casually in the benediction of his sons, "I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord," as in connection with the words he has just given utterance to which recalled this original promise to his mind, "Let Dan be a serpent by the way, that biteth the horse heels, so that his rider falleth backward;" but as for me "for thy salvation I have waited, O Lord." Here, at all events, is a possible indication that Jacob not only knew the promise, but also that he built upon it just that hope for the endless future when he was dying which those who believe in a divine purpose in Scripture have been taught to believe is conveyed in its language.

We are now in a position to pass on to the narrative in Numbers, to the time when history was beginning, when the thousands of Israel were encamped in the wilderness by their armies according to the number of the twelve tribes of the sons of Jacob. They were dying in multitudes from the poisonous bite of fiery serpents sent among them because of their unbelief and distrust of God. Unless their faith is restored and quickened they cannot be saved. They ask that this plague may be taken away from them. The serpents, however, are not destroyed; they remain as numerous and venomous as before. But a remedy is provided. This is in keeping with what we may observe elsewhere of the divine method. It is part of that method to aim rather at counteracting an evil than removing it. Thus the cup of bitterness is not withdrawn from Christ, but an angel from heaven strengthens him to drink it. The thorn in the flesh is not taken away from Paul, but he is assured that the Lord's grace shall be sufficient for him; and so here the serpents are not abolished, but the people are vividly reminded of the primeval promise, and assured that it is still in force and awaiting its accomplishment. A material exhibition of the crushing of the serpent is lifted up before them as a reminder of God's promise at the first, that the seed of the woman should crush the serpent's head, and that this promise is the foundation and source of all future deliverance and future hope. They are therefore thrown back upon the reality and faithfulness of the Divine Word; they are encouraged to believe that He is dealing with them now who first uttered His voice in paradise; that He will be honoured in His Word, and will make His Word the means of honouring Him. Every one therefore who will look upon the brazen serpent on the pole, which is as it were an exhibition of that original promise in execution, and is in fact God's mute appeal to His own promise, shall have in himself the assurance of its reality. The virus of the fiery serpent's fangs shall become innocuous accordingly. The Israelites, though writhing in pain, shall be forthwith healed. I can hardly imagine a more forcible illustration of the original Divine Word, a more significant appeal to its validity, while to understand the incident thus at once invests it with a fulness of meaning which we can discover nowhere else. The lifting up of the brazen serpent was no arbitrary appointment hopelessly obscure in itself, and a thing unintelligible to those directly concerned in it, but Moses was directed by a most significant ordi-

nance to remind the people of man's original sin and of God's original design, and to assure them that as the old serpent and his brood had once more exerted his malignant power and bitten mortally the promised seed, so ultimately his spiritual prototype should be crushed and overcome in the fulness of God's own time, in token whereof the poison of the fiery serpents should be counteracted and their deadly wound be healed. In this way there would not only be a manifestation of almighty power most graciously displayed under imminent emergency, but the very putting forth of that power would be directly connected with and contingent upon the exercise of faith and reliance on a previous divine promise, which would at once convert an act of blind and unintelligent obedience to what was otherwise of the nature of a mere talisman or charm, into a deliberate exercise of faith of the highest ethical significance and moral value. What was intended to be the future meaning and symbolic reference of the means resorted to would

indeed, without special and supernatural illumination, which we have no need or right to assume, of course be hidden from those concerned in its application; but the meaning of it in relation to the past would be obvious enough. I am disposed to think that we have hitherto regarded this narrative too exclusively in the light of our Lord's reference to it, from which fifteen hundred years before it could have derived no meaning, whereas in its connection with the past it derives a vast amount of meaning, while its true relation to the great Person and event of the future is rendered even more striking and significant. For thus only is it that we are able to discern the full import of our Lord's words in this connection, "Even so must the *Son of Man* be lifted up," an expression which seems to be His own claim to fulfil the office of that promised seed of the woman who should effectually crush the serpent's head, and thereby bring in the priceless gift of salvation to all those who looked for redemption in Israel.



THE STOCK-RIDER'S GRAVE.

BY ROBERT RICHARDSON.

WHERE the myrtles grow thick
by the bend of the creek,
And the shade of the she-oak is cool,
Where the stream turns aside
its silver-clear tide
To a darkling and red-reed pool;
Within sound of the wash of the
slow-flowing wave,
Bleached by sunshine and milked
by rain,
Stands the little pine cross that
betokens the grave
Of the stock-rider, Willy Lorraine.



'Twas in eighty-one that he came to the Run,
 From a dale in the soft Devon land,
 With the blue in his eyes of the English skies,
 And a chin like a lady's hand.
 And new chum as he was he took tides with the rest,
 Did "jackeroo" work like another;
 And he soon bent his back to the wheel with the best,
 Till we claimed him a mate and a brother.

For he parried our chaff with his buoyant laugh,
 And took to bush-life with a zest,
 Till I tell you none on the Walleroy Run
 But was ready to give Willie "best." *
 And bell clear and strong rang his voice in the song
 At night round the merry camp fire,
 When the iron-bark's blaze through the quivering haze
 Leapt heavenward higher and higher.

And the swift jest went round to the joyous sound
 Of laughter like lightning free;
 And the whole of the simple feast was crowned
 With a "billy" of bushman's tea.
 And now he has gone in his manhood's first flower,
 And the camp fire will know him no more;
 The young heart that leapt to the sun or the shower,
 And was tender or strong to the core;
 True as steel, yet as mild as a woman's is mild,
 And a soul like a sky without stain,
 The heart of a stag and the heart of a child
 United in Willie Lorraine.

The rains had been falling and falling a week,
 And the river a "banker" ran;
 There was peril in swimming the Walleroy creek,
 Clear peril for horse and for man.
 But Willy had dared it that bitter June night
 As he rode by the fitful moon-gleam—
 He rode like a jockey, as firm and as light,
 And feared not the shock of the stream.

But he trusted too much to the strength of poor Bess,
 Who fought with her last ebbing breath
 'Gainst the black-flooded river, whose ice-cold embrace
 Swept them swift to the dark sea of death.
 We found him next day 'mid the reeds on the bank,
 His young life, like a star in eclipse,
 Gone down in the night, his soft hair wet and dank,
 The white dawn like a smile on his lips.

With rude hands we fashioned this cross rough and plain,
 And set it just here where he fell,
 And each man on the run mourned for Willie Lorraine,
 With a depth my poor skill cannot tell.
 And when the sweet spring days their banner unfold,
 And lovely o'er valley and hill,
 The flame-tree and wattle, the red and the gold,
 With glory our south-land fill,

* "To give best" is, in Australian bush parlance, to yield precedence to.

September's soft touch makes a beautiful place
Of the stock-rider's lonely grave ;
The acacias bend low in their delicate grace,
And over him murmuring wave :
Like a silver carillon by fairy hands rung
The bell-birds are calling and calling,
And from the near gorge, the dark cedars among,
The torrent is falling and falling.

But ah ! nevermore shall the young heart rejoice
In the glad forest sounds that he loved ;
Nevermore list with rapture the bell-bird's dear note,
As down the green gullies he roved ;
When his horse's fleet feet sent the shy echoes winging
The dark aisles of the she-oaks along,
And that crystal clear chime that the bell-birds were ringing
Was not half so clear as his song.

Two sad women wander, a sister and mother,
Hand in hand by the grey English shore,
And weep there in vain for the lost son and brother
They shall fold to their hearts never more.
And I would as they pace by the desolate strand
Those women at least might know this—
How beautiful here in the Austral land
The grave of their darling is.

Since the night that he fell the swift years run on,
But the camp shall for ever retain
In memory green the mirth that is gone
With the going of Willie Lorraine.
For all, man and boy, on the far Walleroy
Know the station a lonelier place
For loss of the light of the blue eyes bright,
And the sunshine of his face.



VIGNETTES OF A NORTHERN VILLAGE.

By MARY LINSKILL, AUTHOR OF "THE HAVEN UNDER THE HILL," ETC.

II.—THE REVENGE OF ANTHOLIN VEREKER.

CHAPTER I.

"Ah me, dead days remembered make us sigh,
And tears will sometimes flow, we know not why;
If spring be past, I said, shall love remain?
She moved aside, yet soon she answered me,
Turning her gaze responsive to mine own,
*Spring days are gone, and yet the grass, we see,
Unto a goodly height again hath grown;
Dear love, just so love's aftermath may be
A richer growth than e'er spring days have known.*"

SAMUEL WADDINGTON.

THURLSOE people yet delight to tell you of that October snow, as if snow in October were a quite unheard-of occurrence. But many things helped to make that sudden snow-storm a memorable one.

The summer had been, for the north of Yorkshire, an unusually warm and brilliant summer; the harvest time had been almost unprecedented for the facility the weather afforded for getting in the magnificent crops of golden corn, of crimson clover, of ripe and many-tinted fruits.

As a rule the harvest is late, very late, in the North Riding; but in this year of which we write hardly so much as a bean-field had been left ungarnered in October. The yellow stubble glowed in the yet warm sunshine; the grouse flew in sudden rushes from field to field on the upland farms, or went whirling over the low grey stone walls to the cover of the faded heather. And everywhere in the well-wooded Yorkshire "bottoms" and "gills," plantations and copses, the oak and ash, the birch and beech-trees were yet well-nigh as full of leaf as they had been at Midsummer. True, the foliage had changed in colour, but the boughs of the sienna-tinted oaks, of the flaming crimson-and-orange maples, of the russet elms, of the purple beeches were yet almost invisible under their leafy garniture. So it was that when the snow came down so unexpectedly that Sunday night, the dawn of Monday disclosed a sight so unusual that no one could recall the like of it, or afterward forget it. The larger and lower branches of the trees were bowed to the ground under the double weight of snow and leafage—such soft, white, feathery snow it was! But, for all its softness, every here and there a huge bough snapped and broke under its strange new weight; even the orchard trees, the pear, and apple, and cherry, and walnut-trees suffered. But, of course, this did not happen often enough to interfere with the wild, wonderful beauty of the scene—nay, the

manifold scenes that one after another broke upon the entranced sight of the three people who were making their way as rapidly as might be through the unequal drifts of Thurlsoe Lane. Two ladies and a gentleman they were; but the gentleman's position as protector, or pioneer, was a sinecure. The two Miss Caldberghs were well able to take care of themselves.

It was a fortunate hour for an artist; and Mr. Vernon Aylmer was equal to the appreciation of his good fortune. It may be said at once that he was spoken of everywhere as the heir-presumptive to the throne of the president of the Royal Academy. And the step between was occupied by a man not to be accounted as a young man or even middle-aged.

"What precisely is it that we are going to Deerstanes to do?" he asked, as they stopped involuntarily for a moment at the turn of the road, struck afresh by the new beauty of the view presented. They were on the verge of a steep declivity. The deep snow-filled hollow was before them; a white hedge-bounded road wound down the one hillside and up the other. On the left there was the fir plantation belonging to the Caldbergh estate; on the right, a few graceful, bluetoned, red-boled Scotch firs marked the course of the little beck that ran down from the moorland to the sea. The wooden bridge that crossed the beck was just beyond; the purple, thorny briar sprays stretched across the rude railing on one side, as if trying to meet and grasp the almost leafless boughs of woodbine that were straying on the other. And every branch, every twig was defined by the light, white, entrancing snow. Mr. Aylmer felt as if he had never before seen Aysgarth Hollow with any true vision.

"What are we going to do?" Irene Caldbergh replied, speaking in her own half-impertinent yet wholly charming way. The child—she was nearly fifteen, but did not look more than twelve—was leaning against the trunk of a lichened alder-tree. Her scarlet frieze cloak suited her somewhat sallow complexion admirably. She wore a plush cap of the same tint; her long brown-black hair floated gracefully over her shoulders. Her chief beauty was in her glorious dark eyes—eyes that could flash with sudden anger, or soften to pathos as surely no dark

eyes ever softened or flashed before. Such at least was the opinion of Vernon Aylmer.

"And just because I am thrice as old,"

he was saying to himself. Irene did not give him time to go on with the quotation.

"What are we going to do? Well, that is cool, after all we told you yesterday! But I saw you weren't listening—not a bit. You seldom do listen. Well, I forgive you. Never mind whether Helena does or not."

"Helena is as forgiving as you are, Made-moiselle Rene," Miss Caldbergh replied readily. "And since Mr. Aylmer has evidently forgotten all about it, I will be good enough to remind him. We are going to look at Antholin's pictures. Mr. Aylmer is going to flatter him, to fill him more full of pride and ambition than he is filled already. I am going to act as antidote, remind him of Haydon, and a few other examples of that sort. What can you do, Rene?"

"Probably what you are intending to do, but certainly will not do—at any rate not to-day."

Vernon Aylmer listened, wondering, and said once or twice to himself that the child by his side was all too clever to be a quite comfortable person to have for—well, for instance, a sister-in-law. "She sees too far, decides too quickly, judges too harshly, pronounces too readily, draws lines far too hard and sharp. . . . It is fortunate that Helena is, if less clever, certainly of softer mould. Her angles are rounded, mentally and physically. She acts like a cushion for wearied nerves."

No problems, metaphysical or other, were disturbing Helena. She appeared willing, nay anxious, to enlighten Mr. Aylmer as to their neighbours at Deerstanes.

"You will see the nicest old farmhouse in the North Riding, and one of the largest. The Verekers have been there for at least four hundred years—the present house dates from the time of the Tudors—is that rather vague? . . . But they have not been really rich for a long while past. *Now*, in these bad farming times, they are almost poor. I don't suppose that old Marmaduke Vereker, Antholin's father, owns more than seven or eight hundred acres. Part of it he farms himself, and probably loses on every acre. The rest is let off to small tenant-farmers, some of whom pay rent, some of whom consider that they do enough if they keep the land in good condition."

"I think you said the boy was an only child?"

"The boy!" Miss Caldbergh echoed with a pretty flush, partly of annoyance, and a charming glance of surprise from her lovely blue eyes. "The boy! Antholin is one-and-twenty."

"Really! So much?"

"I think he looks about thirty," Irene interrupted. "But how slow you are in telling things, Helena! Why don't you give it all in a breath—the whole Deerstanes history? You will never get to the end. Let me tell Mr. Aylmer all about Mrs. Deerstanes." (An antiquated bit of impertinent vulgarity this.) "I beg her pardon, Mrs. Vereker. She is a fine lady, though she was only the daughter of a poor clergyman. She used rather to give herself airs before she was so ill. Now she doesn't, except the airs of a very delicate and refined invalid, who can only be lifted by her giant of a husband from the bed to the sofa, from the sofa to the Bath-chair. Then she is wheeled about the garden, while her niece walks by her side with a fan, a smelling-bottle, and a volume of poems—elegant extracts from poems, I believe."

"How you do exaggerate, Irene!"

"Exaggerate! How? When? Where? Tell me one thing I have said that is not true!"

"You give a wrong colour to truth. Mrs. Vereker is an invalid *now and then*; now and then she uses a Bath-chair; but she walks much oftener. And as to the 'elegant extracts,' she reads every book she can get hold of that is worth reading. She is one of the best and kindest women I know."

"Oh, you're taking that line now, are you? I didn't know. Very well. I understand!" Mr. Aylmer smiled involuntarily. Helena shot warning glances.

"Oh, I'm not going to be put down by a look, Miss Caldbergh," dared the wicked little sprite. "You asked if Antholin were an only child, Mr. Aylmer. Yes, he is; but there is a cousin in the house—a real 'Dora.' Her name is Muriel Vereker; she is a daughter of the Squire's younger brother; her father and mother are dead, and it has been settled from the beginning that she is to marry Antholin. But unfortunately Antholin doesn't see it. It is quite Tennyson's poem over again, except that Antholin's Mary Morrison isn't a labourer's daughter. . . . No, you n edn't look at me like that, Helena. I'm not going to give her real name. I shall leave Mr. Aylmer to his own discernment for the finding out of that. . . . There, I've done."

"Fortunate!" said Helena with burning face and downcast eyes.

"Very fortunate! since I suppose th's is the entrance to Deerstanes," Mr. Aylmer said in the smooth tones that seemed always as oil upon troubled waters.

CHAPTER II.—AT DEERSTANES.

No one at Deerstanes was expecting visitors to come through the snow; but nevertheless, for one reason or another, every one there was glad to see the party from Caldbergh Hone.

Mrs. Vereker was on her sofa in the wide, faded-looking, yet eminently pleasant drawing-room. Her niece, Miss Vereker, a tall, pale, dark-haired girl, with refinement written on every feature, expressed in every accent, was sitting on a low chair reading to her aunt from the latest volume of the "Earthly Paradise." Antholin's easel was in the farther window—placed there at his mother's wish. She liked to watch his work, though she knew nothing of art herself. Yet it was a pleasure to her to be at hand to encourage him in the inevitable hours of discouragement; to insist upon rest when rest was needful; to urge him to beginning afresh when beginning seemed distasteful, or even impossible. If she did not understand art, she might at least understand the artist.

It was an hour of intense interest to Vernon Aylmer—interest of many kinds. He was not merely an artist. Like most men who have to live not only in the world but by the world, he was an unconscious student of human nature. And here were subjects for his study such as he had seldom come across. The "Dora" of the little tale that had been told to him revealed at once the fact that the tale was true. Her intense listening, her quick blushing at every word of praise he gave to her cousin's sketches and studies, her sudden paling under the not too rudely given strokes of criticism, all tended to betrayal. Not the mother herself, with all her openly-expressed delight and solicitude, disclosed such passionate closeness of sympathy. Vernon Aylmer saw it all; and seeing much more, he was unaccountably sad—sad not for his own sake. Though, even to his own soul, he was known as a man of some selfishness, he was yet capable of sorrow for another's grief, and the capacity was drawn upon at Deerstanes during that morning's call.

The artist felt himself to be fortunate in one respect, in being able to give such encouragement, such praise, as he had never yet been able to give to any self-trained

student of art. More and more as he discerned what slight help Antholin Vereker had been able to obtain, more and more he marvelled. Each fresh sketch or study as it was placed before him disclosed some fresh proof of power, some evidence of closeness of observation, of sympathy with all that is most attractive and artistic in nature; all that most surely draws the human soul through nature up to nature's God. Now and then some almost startling mark of originality met his eye—in a word, some sign of genius forcible enough to assure him that he could make no mistake in giving the utmost encouragement it was in his power to give to this all but utterly untaught youth who was struggling on alone on the verge of a North Yorkshire moorland. Certainly the hour held its surprises.

Of course there were failings to be pointed out, technical and other; with many proofs of the singular fact that to the greatest genius the gift of composition is often the last to be given.

"It is so in the sister arts of poetry and fiction, as I dare say you have often noticed," Mr. Aylmer said, turning again to Mrs. Vereker, who sat wrapt on his every word. "I am sure you must have noticed the difference between the clumsy construction of Charlotte Brontë's splendid works, of George Eliot's grand tragedies, and the neat, compact plot-weaving of Mr. Wilkie Collins, of Mrs. Henry Wood. Think of that entrancing work of genius, 'Jane Eyre!' I have read it seven times, and hope to read it seven times more. Yet how one is tossed from one place to another, from one group of characters to another group! Talk of the 'Unities!' Where are they? Yet who cares about the unities, or about anything else? Could we spare that opening scene, which we have all of us lived through rather than read? Could we spare St. John Rivers, his sisters, the weeks at Marsh End, the months in the school-house? Not at all. The main interest of the story may lie between Rochester and Jane Eyre, but not one touch of that most vividly-conceived life-history could be spared by any truly thinking and feeling human being. No, not so much as a paragraph would one willingly give up, because there is not one uninformed by the genius, the soul of the writer. And as it is in the art of fiction, so it is, in a large degree, in the art of painting, which is, in truth, only another kind of fiction. A picture is a novel in paint, a portrayal of manners, a 'criticism of life.' It may be a mere photograph, or it

may be a true transcript of nature, bright, living, glowing with the light that never was on sea or land."

By this time every chair, every table, every bracket, was holding one or more of the young student's productions. Helena Caldbergh was moving from one to another. She had thrown her big black felt hat, with its amber feather, aside, and she looked, as she knew, all the younger and handsomer for its absence. Yet, standing by Muriel Vereker, Miss Caldbergh looked her full five-and-twenty years. She was a tall woman, largely moulded, with a rich tone of colour, and somewhat sensuous mouth. Still she was very handsome, as Muriel, with her pale face and sunken cheeks, could not but feel rather than see. Antholin standing by, listening to Miss Caldbergh's every word, watching her every smile, seemed to be, for the time, unconscious of his cousin's very presence. More and more Vernon Aylmer wondered; yet, strange to say, no alarm touched him. Never even in his after life, his after happiness, could he understand how it was that he had felt not one moment's uneasiness at Deerstanes.

In an unobserved moment Irene contrived to remind her sister of the conversation they had held in Aysgarth Hollow.

"How about the painter who was found in his studio with a razor beside him?" she whispered.

"Are you speaking of poor Haydon?" Helena asked coldly.

"What a humbug you are!" was the irreverent reply. Then, continuing her own line of thought, Irene added: "You've done nothing since you entered this house but flatter that innocent youth, who is every hour becoming more and more your devoted slave. How *can* you?"

"Flatter! Tell me six words I have said that could even seem like flattery!"

"Words! Oh, it's not so much words—it's far worse where you are concerned. It's *silence*. Silent glances, silent smiles, silent deference, silent lingering near him, silent following him about when you don't think you will be too much noticed! Oh, don't think I have forgotten young——"

"Irene! You are growing intolerable!"

"Am I, *ma chère*? But don't use strong language. It's too much what people expect of you! . . . Besides . . . remember, I can be of use to you yet."

Miss Caldbergh did remember, and darting from her lovely blue eyes a look of many unutterable meanings, a look that Irene both

understood and enjoyed (she was quite strong enough for such enjoyment), the two rejoined the group by the fire. Irene had an impulse toward the interviewing of Muriel Vereker. Helena had yet something to say; she had always something to say to Antholin.

It was Mrs. Vereker who claimed Vernon Aylmer's attention.

"Will you not sit down beside me for a moment or two?" she asked, in her gentle, deferential way, of the distinguished artist from London, who had been so good to her good son.

"I *must* thank you," she said, speaking under the cover of the four voices that were talking apart. She spoke eagerly, warmly, very gratefully. "I must thank you, though I cannot now tell you all that my thanks mean. We have been so uncertain, how could we help it? Antholin himself did not know when he had done a long day's work that had satisfied him—which has been very rarely—whether he ought to be satisfied with it or not. *Now* we shall know, or at least Antholin will. He has understood where I could not. I have seen that. And I have also seen how glad he is, how grateful. Now he will know that he is not wasting his time to no purpose. And it is so much to us. So much more than I can tell you, just yet. . . . Oh, I do feel grateful to you!"

All this was said in the lowest of tones, yet in a perturbed and tremulous way that inevitably drew upon whatever chivalry was left in Vernon Aylmer's nature. He could not but assure Mrs. Vereker that whatever it might be in his power to do would be done with the utmost gladness, and his assurance was unwittingly overheard by Muriel, whose attention was not all claimed by Irene Caldbergh's most embarrassing questions. Antholin was still enchained by Miss Caldbergh's soft, bright glances, her meaningful words, her intense interest, her most generous sympathy.

The boy at her side had never in his mother's sight, in his cousin's estimation, looked more brightly winning than he did as he stood there, towering even above Helena Caldbergh's tall figure. The upper part of his face, the broad, white forehead, the deep dark grey eyes, looked much as they always looked, expressed much the same nobility, the same forcefulness of thought, the same power of self-repression. It was the lower part of his face that was changed. The mouth that in early boyhood had disclosed his inheritance of some touch of his father's

vengeful temper, now looked all gentleness, all yieldingness. The strong cleft chin seemed to quiver for very emotion. The new hope that was inspiring him—nay, hopes one should say—were enhancing the power, the meaning, the capability for expression of his every feature. It seemed to the mother that in that hour her motherly pride had touched its zenith.

CHAPTER III.

CALDBERGH HOUE, a large grey stone house, stands about a mile below the edge of Thurlsoe Moor. The Caldberghs—Mr. Caldbergh, his wife Lady Katherine, their two daughters, their three sons—usually spend some weeks there about Easter, and they are expected to be there at least three months more for shooting or hunting. In fact Lady Katherine likes to remain at the Houe as long as may be, always taking care to fill the old home with bright and clever people. And as it holds a good many people the younger members of the family can hardly be said to find life at Thurlsoe very dreary.

But for all this plenitude of social life Helena Caldbergh did not forget those who could hardly be said to have any social life at all. Her personal allowance of money was not large for the inevitable needs of her position; yet at least a tenth of it was always given to the wants of the poorer people about her. Her especial district, if she could be said to have one, was Thurlsoe-by-the-Sea; and to many of the fisher-folk there she seemed as a veritable angel of mercy. An angel who came into your little cottage at awkward moments, and had a trick of finding out awkward things, a worse trick of fearlessly expressing her opinion in language that often seemed harsh, oftener still betrayed a total want of understanding and comprehension of the thing she saw—such an angel she might be. Yet there is still that old virtue in charity, even in charity of the hardest and commonest sort, it will yet cover a multitude of offences. That is the degradation of it.

Old Nanny James never told her little story but once, and she told it in touching words.

"I knew she'd cum doon that Thursday, Miss Helenor," the old woman said. "An' she'd been that good an' kind to me 'at Ah thought Ah'd mak bould to ask her to hev a cup o' tea, as Ah knowd she'd had a cup one day at them mucky Scarth's. So what did Ah do but gets oot two o' the chaney cups-an'-saucers, 'at was my great-gran'mother's

beautiful old chaney it is, though only four o' them left and the teapot-stand. An' Ah puts oot all the three little old silver teaspoons. An' then Ah went to Grainger's, an' bowght half-an-ounce o' best green, te put to my bit o' poor black; an' half a poond o' curran's, an' a bit o' lard—nobbut a quarter. An' Ah paid for 'em, sir, Ah paid for 'em all, not wantin' te go i' debt, though I had te take the tenpence Ah ushally gives for the bit o' meat te sarve me the week. An' then te get a drop o' nice cream Ah took my mother's old calabash, 'at my father brought fra foreign parts sixty years ago. Ah took it up te Mrs. Ossett at the farm, she'd often admired it; an' she gave me the splendidest big jug o' thick cream, you might ha' cut it wiv a knife, an' the beautifullest little pat o' fresh golden butter you ever set eyes on. An' ch, but Ah was a prood aud woman that etthernoon! An' Miss Helenor cum, an' all was just as Ah'd hoped an' expected. She admired everything, injoyed everything, her words fairly browt tears o' gladness into my eyes. . . . But oh, sir! I had to cry at t'other side o' my face afore the week was over. Ah couldn't believe it tell 'twas forced upon me, 'at she'd spread it everywhere 'at Ah were a deceitful, extravagant old woman, livin' on the fat o' the land, an' all the while plainin' poverty! Even—as you knaw yer oân sel, sir—the guardians 'at allooos ma two-and-sixpence a week got te hear on it. 'Twas told te them 'at Miss Caldbergh had foond ma sittin' doon te my tea wi' such spice cakes on the table, such thick, rich cream, such pats o' fresh butter, such strong green tea as never none o' em had seen at my laädy's table! Oh, dear, Ah was put oot! An' me wi' nobbut the tea leaves she'd left an' a bit o' dry bread te my dinner for all the week after. . . . Yet Ah've never spoke of it, never tell te-day. Ah wanted te tell you, sir, bein' a guardian; but Ah've never tried te justify mysel' te nobody else. . . . Still it's been a warnin', a despart bitter warnin'. If ever Ah give a cup o' tea again it'll be te somebody worse off nor mysel', not better."

But let no mistake be made. Nanny James's story by no means represented the opinion of the neighbourhood. Even about the mistakes that Miss Caldbergh made there was a sort of halo of attractiveness; a certain *prestige* seemed to surround and follow whatever she did or said. If to be popular is to be happy, Helena Caldbergh should have been the happiest woman in the three Ridings.

One November evening, it was less than a month from the day when she had gone with her sister and Mr. Aylmer to Deerstanes, she was returning alone from Thurlsoe-by-the-Sea in the twilight. She hardly knew what fear was; therefore Antholin Vereker's expressions, the expressions of a young man shocked to find the woman he loved exposed to the merest chance of danger, were only an amusement to her, a pleasing and satisfying amusement.

Helena was looking very handsome in her black velvet hat and her perfectly-fitting fawn-coloured covert-coat. Her hands were hid in a dainty muff, her pretty, short walking dress lacked little in the matter of style or finish. Yet to Antholin she seemed to borrow nothing from externals. All her attractiveness for him he found, or imagined that he did, in her wide generous sympathy, her sympathy with uncompleted hopes, unreachd aims, her inability to judge of people by their mere possessions, their mere worldly standpoint; her capacity for seeing "beyond, beyond;" for discovering the true soul; the hidden strength and worth that might lie apart from the discerning of everyday, short-sighted, commonplace humanity. All this, and much more, Miss Caldbergh had contrived to infuse into Antholin Vereker's somewhat slowly acquired estimation of her. Her deed and intention had been at least as deliberate as his acquisition.

Now she was repaid to the full; and she recognised her achievement.

She saw very far; and she saw with some clearness.

All at once she was aware of the fact that Antholin Vereker was about to betray himself; or to be betrayed by circumstances. He had not wished to meet her on this last evening of her stay at Thurlsoe; and having met her he had not designed to speak to her of that love of his,—a deep, true, passionate, overwhelming love as she had already discerned it to be. But instinctively Miss Caldbergh understood how it was with him. Her insight was admirable. As a matter of course Antholin was at the mercy of his emotion; and equally as a matter of course he blundered in betraying it; or rather in betraying himself.

"I hadn't meant to—to tell you to-night, to ask anything of you to-night," he found himself saying all unaware. "You know I hadn't. Yet, yet you will understand, I—I feel sure you will. If I haven't been,—well—to put it mildly, extraordinarily

stupid, I must have made my meaning, my intention known before to-day. . . You must have seen how it was with me, how, how I have loved you, how I do!" And then he stopped, overcome, confused, helpless, aware bitterly of his own clumsy ineffectiveness; yet waiting tremulously, lovingly, longingly for a word to help him, but no word came.

He turned his face towards hers in the twilight; a strong pure face it was, with the contraction of pain visible on the broad white forehead, the strength of pain marked about the firm mouth. No trace of hopefulness was written anywhere.

"I know it's a sort of presumption on my part," he began again, speaking rather because silence was impossible, than because he was impelled to say any particular thing. "But I have hope, I mean for the future. You heard what Mr. Aylmer said the other day?"

"Yes," Miss Caldbergh replied, speaking in a negative tone of voice. "Yes, I heard, and I was glad, very glad he said the things he did say. . . I hope you felt sure that he did not utter a word he was not certain about."

"Of course I did! That was the good of it all. But I should not have cared, not so much, if you had not been there to hear all he said. That was, largely, the value of it to me!"

Still no word, not even any glance, any gesture to give a ray of hope. The darkness was deepening; but it was not yet so deep that Antholin could not have discerned the slightest sign of the encouragement he was hoping for, passionately hoping for.

They came to Caldbergh at last, in silence, stillest silence; with perplexed pain on one side, perplexed satisfaction of an emotional kind on the other. The gate at the bottom of the avenue was some distance from the house; but Antholin would not, in his present mood, enter it uninvited. He stood by the trees that fringed the lane. Helena stayed too, half-unwillingly; yet not feeling quite sure as to what else she wished to do. She was growing impatient of the silence when Antholin broke it.

"I suppose I have made a mistake?" he said, speaking proudly at first rather than supplicatingly, though the heart within him was aching keenly, bitterly.

It was not an easy remark to reply to, and Helena was busily employed in bringing her own thought to bear definitely upon the moment; and quite suddenly, as it seemed to her, she became aware that Vernon Aylmer

would never be to her all that Antholin Vereker was, even now. Yet was it possible to speak any word that might even seem to be binding to a youth who might reach the point Vernon Aylmer was hoping to reach, or who might, for aught that could be foreseen, die in a garret? For all that had been said, the latter seemed the more probable to a woman who knew something, nay, much, of the ins and outs of the artistic and literary circles of London. Helena shivered as certain fragments of biography lived out under her own eye recurred to her memory.

"Let us speak plainly to each other," she said, using a tone that was gentle, and seemed genuine, and yet to the heart that was sensitive to the lightest change, struck coldly, repellingly. "You have said that you cared for me, and you have acknowledged that the confession was unwise. . . . Will you not let things stand just so?"

"Without knowing that you care for me? . . . Without knowing that you can ever care?"

"Yes . . . Just on those terms."

The boy turned his white, stricken face to the light that lingered where the sun had gone down. Miss Caldbergh's clear blue eyes watched the quivering of his pallid lips, the drooping of the heavy eyelids.

Once more she knew her power; once more she rejoiced in it. An opportunity for giving pain is never neglected, never thrown away, by the man or woman to whom cruelty is a luxury.

For such a man, such a woman to find that they have power over the soul, the heart, the circumstances, of any other man or woman, is a temptation never to be resisted, an occasion never to be lost. There is a greed of causing pain, a greed of causing and witnessing suffering; and to such as have this greed, and can satisfy it, the satisfaction is as very wine to the heart and brain. Pleasure is felt, exhilaration ensues; ingenuity is displayed, invention exercised, skill developed, all in the torturing of some too sensitive human soul. The bull-fights of Spain are mercifulness itself compared with many a fight conducted by means of the penny post.

The "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," speaking of the keys to the side-doors of the soul, writes thus:

"If nature or accident has put one of these keys into the hands of a person who has the torturing instinct, I can only solemnly pronounce the words that Justice utters on its doomed victim, *The Lord have mercy on your soul!* You will probably go mad within a reasonable time."

Antholin Vereker, through all his love, felt that the instinct of torture was there, the knowledge and intention of cruelty, deliberate, conscious. It should have slain his love as he stood, but it did not.

"Just on those terms?" he repeated after a long silence. "You don't mean it; you *can't*. . . . It's everything to me, *everything*—all my life!"

"Do you know that it is growing late, and cold, quite cold?" Miss Caldbergh asked, turning to go as she spoke.

All the tenderness in Antholin awoke instantly; the care of his manhood for all womanhood.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I *am* sorry! I have been thoughtless, selfish. I *should* have remembered! Can you forgive me? At least say that you forgive me! I will ask no more—not to-night. Only say that!"

"Good-bye!" Miss Caldbergh replied, holding out her hand, which Antholin took in his warm strong grasp, while he lifted a white pleading face for one instant.

Then she turned, tripping up the avenue as lightly as her tall and somewhat massive figure permitted. Antholin watched her as she went. He would watch till she was out of sight. Suddenly, to his surprise, she came gliding swiftly, noiselessly back.

"I don't like parting in this way!" she said.

The breathlessness of her voice, the tremulousness of her manner, made his heart to palpitate as it had not done during all the emotion of the past hour. He was certainly but half-conscious of what he did when he moved swiftly forward to meet her, took her in his arms, kissed the upturned face, the beautiful curved mouth. And no resistance rebuked his daring.

"My darling! my darling!" he murmured. "How good you are! how true!—as good, as true as you are beautiful!"

* * * * *

As if his cup of gladness were not sufficiently full there came a perfect overflowing later in the evening. It came in the shape of a note, or rather a letter, written by the woman he loved out of her newest and most loving mood. Again, as he read, and re-read the pages, he used in her absence the words he had said in her presence.

"My darling, you are true and good—as good and true as you are beautiful!"

CHAPTER IV.

OLD Marmaduke Vereker and his affairs were the talk of the district for some weeks after that evening when Helena Caldbergh

and Antholin had parted at the gates of Caldbergh Houe.

Many people pitied the old man; every one pitied his wife, his son, and the delicate-looking girl who had been counted as their daughter.

There was no really serious fault to be laid at the Squire's door. He had been obstinate; he had refused to see that farming in England during the latter half of the nineteenth century was not what it had been in the days of his fathers. But there was nothing more to be said. The old man had been no gambler, no glutton, no drunkard, no speculator. He had done what he could to reduce his expenditure—down to the very verge of meanness as he thought; but, as every one knew, he was fighting a losing battle. That he fought with some bravery was sufficient to win for him, at least, the sympathy of those who were fighting on the same lines; and they were not a few.

It was in the autumn that Mrs. Vereker died; she went quite suddenly one autumn morning; only just awakening to say a word—a last word of hope and encouragement to her son. Then, her last duty done, the tired wife and mother went to her rest. After that Squire Vereker cared no longer to fight for the mere keeping up of appearances. The creditors came from the east and from the west. Deerstanes was to be sold, not only the land, the house, but the very furniture that the house contained. Muriel was to go to her cousin's in Trentfordshire; the Squire was to go into lodgings at Hild's Haven for a time, until the lawyers saw how matters were likely to turn out. The old man had nothing to do with this arrangement. Mr. Wodehouse, of the firm of Wodehouse, Ransom, and Co., had suggested the plan to Antholin, and Antholin had tremulously repeated the suggestion to his father. The Squire made no reply—no, not so much as by a word.

"I know it is hard," Antholin said. "But, father, I do believe it will only be for a time. Every one says I have a fair prospect before me." They were sitting in the lonely drawing-room in the twilight. Mrs. Vereker's work-table was there, just as she had left it. Above the closed piano her portrait hung, taken when she was but five-and-twenty, a young mother with a golden-haired boy on her knee. . . . The old man's eyes were fixed upon the picture.

"I certainly think it will only be for a time," Antholin repeated. "And you know, father, that if hard work will insure success

the work will not be wanting. . . . Of course, it's not the success itself I care for—not so much. There are other things. The dearest hope I have in the world just now is to be able to make a home. *A home!* The mere word is like an electric touch. . . . I can't speak of it. There is a great deal one can't speak of; a great deal one hardly dares to think!"

The boy—for, after all, he was even yet no more—was hungering for a word of encouragement, of satisfaction with what he was doing, and desiring to do. His heart ached for the dead mother's voice, for her sympathy; it ached with and for the aching that he knew was in the heart of the worn and despairing father. Yet no word came. When he had done speaking the lone-looking room held only silence.

Presently, the silence being insupportable, he began again, as if he had but just left off speaking. The old man was still leaning back in his chair—the old brown chair he had used nearly all his life—his white head just resting on the top of it; his arms were lying with the helplessness of despondency rather than the helplessness of age upon the arms of the chair.

"No one can ever say all one is thinking or feeling," Antholin resumed, speaking in lower and more affectionate tones than before. "I wish I could tell you all that is in my brain just now. How, how I have prayed that I might be able to spare you from this hour—how I have! . . . But it was not to be. . . . Yet do hope, father, do try to hope! . . . I can almost see—I can see; it is like a vision—the home we shall have—you and I and another—God willing! . . . Oh, do try to—to be a little hopeful!"

Still silence; the coldest, chilliest silence.

"You see, it is not only that I have some faith in myself, I should think little of that; but others have faith in me; and do not hesitate to tell me so. It is trying enough when they emphasise the fact that my success, such as I have had, is '*an artistic success*;' but one and all tell me that the pecuniary compensation will come sooner or later. I have had disappointment enough on that side, as you know; disappointment proportioned to one's strongest hope, one's direst need; disappointment that has seemed to take all life and soul and spirit and inspiration out of me, and leave me paralysed, stupefied. But, believe me, it was not for myself alone that I felt these things. . . . Nay, as you know, I hate the whole of the fight, the struggle for money. . . . What I *do* feel is

not being able to help you—to help you *now*. . . . Still, let us hope, father, *try* to hope for a time when we shall have a home!"

And still the old man leaned back in the faded chair; still the sad aged eyes seemed to rest upon the picture of the mother and child; and still he spoke not.

* * * *

It was not till nightfall came, and darkness had closed over the fallen house, that the son of the house knew that now he was alone in the world—alone, poor, surrounded by difficulty, and all but friendless. *All but friendless!* he repeated to himself as he sat by the side of the dead father—dead, enshrouded in all the peaceful majesty of death. And for that night, at least, no passion of sorrow, of regret, disturbed the stillness. Before the day broke Antholin knelt by the bed; and his prayer was not without some words of gratitude.

A few days later Antholin once more found himself using the words he had used on that sad night—*All but friendless*, but now he put them from him with self-rebuke.

"All but friendless, when I have a friend like Helena? How could I ever feel like

saying a thing of that sort? A friend? She is a thousand times more than any friend could ever be, and she is true as gold—as gold? What a wretched comparison! As true as the stars in the heavens, I should say. Her mere faith in me will help me to stand when I am in danger of falling. In the thickest of the battle the mere memory of her name will uphold me. . . . It is not her promise—she has given me no promise. I have not asked her for any. I could not. I would not. A promise, a binding word from her! it would be an insult to ask it. Every look, every glance, every faltering accent is a separate promise in itself. The soft, quick flush on her face when I did but pass the carriage in the streets of Hild's Haven yesterday, included everything, everything! A promise from one so large-natured, so noble, so true; no, I could never ask it. My trust in her shall be at least as pure, as deep, as great as hers in me. . . . Had I nothing else in the world, *nothing*—nothing to work for, nothing to hope for but her love, I should still be rich, enviably rich. . . . May God be good to her as she is good to me."

(To be concluded next month.)

JEAN BAPTISTE GODIN,

Founder of the Familistère of Guise.

By JOHN RAE, M.A., AUTHOR OF "CONTEMPORARY SOCIALISM," ETC.

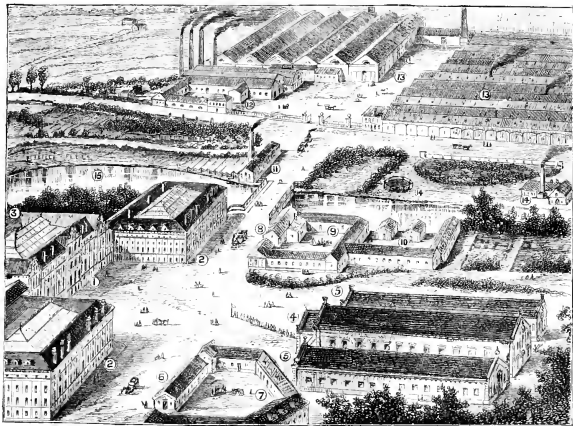
OF all the social experiments of the century our English co-operators seem to like the Familistère of Guise the best. They appear to think it realises true co-operative principles more perfectly than any other, and they often hold it up as a sort of pattern for the industrial organization of the future. One of the oldest and most eminent friends of co-operation in this country, Mr. E. Vansittart Neale, has done much to make the Guise system better known, and in expressing his regret to see the co-operative society now so often degenerating into the ordinary joint-stock association, earnestly calls on co-operators to return to their early Rochdale programme, and work it out on the lines on which it has been worked out for them at Guise by M. Godin. And another tried and eminent friend of the cause, Mr. Thomas Hughes, speaking of M. Godin's experiment in his "Manual of Co-operators" (p. 157) says: "Individually I may say that to the Social Palace, with its varied range of enjoy-

ments and advantages and the collective property in land naturally accompanying them, I look as the true key which will open the door to all higher life, the goal and rich reward of co-operative effort." The very recent death of M. Godin, the creator of this Social Palace and of the interesting and noble industrial partnership in operation at the iron foundry of Guise, seems to afford a not unsuitable occasion for calling attention to a man and a work that, in the opinion of the high authorities here quoted, mark an epoch in the history of social development.

Jean Baptiste André Godin would have been considered a remarkable man even apart from his social innovations. Self-made men indeed are not uncommon anywhere, for happily for the world the commercial faculty is one of the most wide-spread that men possess, but M. Godin, in building up out of his first few hard savings from his wages at the anvil, a great business employing in the end fourteen hundred hands, owed his success not to

the mere commercial faculty alone, but to—what is much rarer—a singularly fertile genius for mechanical contrivance. He died owning one hundred and eighty patents, and most of them were his own invention. Still, it was in the field of social contrivance, of moral mechanism, that his boldness and originality of character were most conspicuously revealed and left the most fruitful and striking results. Except for his social ex-

periments his life was uneventful and its story may be told in a few words. He was born seventy-one years ago, the son of a working locksmith in the little village of Esquéhéries in the north of France, and after receiving some reading and writing at the village school, was put to work in his father's smithy before he was twelve. Having served his five years he went as a journeyman to a neighbouring provincial town,



The Familistère at Guise.

1. The Palace, Central Pavilion.
2. " the wings.
3. Crèche and Nursery.
4. Theatre.
5. Schools.

6. Bakery.
7. Café and Billiard-room.
8. Counting-house.
9. Stables and Coach-houses.
10. Butchery.

11. Baths and Wash-houses.
12. Offices.
13. Foundry and Fitting Shops.
14. Gas Works. Gasometer.
15. River Oise.

worked there for three years, and then returned to his native village, where in 1840, at the age of twenty-two, he opened a smithy on his own account, and married a girl he loved in his own rank of life. Here he took up the then new industry of casting, which grew so much in his hands, that in 1846, for the sake of a larger market, he migrated with his twenty workpeople to Guise. A few years more and these twenty hands had increased to several hundreds, and the Guise foundry had become one of the most important centres in France for the manufacture of grates, fire-irons, and cooking utensils. The business continued to prosper, and in

1859 M. Godin built for the housing of his workpeople the Social Palace, to which he gave the name of the Familistère, and in 1880 he introduced the present elaborate system of participation in the profits, by which the business passes eventually into the possession of the workers themselves, and is handed easily down from one generation of them to another. In 1870 M. Godin was appointed Mayor of Guise, and in 1871 deputy for his district to the National Assembly in Paris, where for a time he took an active part in the business of the House and in the counsels of the Republican Union party to which he belonged, but getting

tired of politics he retired in 1876 and stuck to his industrial and social work at home. In his later years he published several writings on social problems, the most important being "Etudes Sociales" and "Le Gouvernement." He died in January, 1888, leaving behind him a fortune of some £700,000, half of which he bequeathed by his will to his associated employés, just as only a few months before Madame Boncicault, of the well-known Bon Marché, had bequeathed the greater part of her fortune to her employés.

As so often happens, M. Godin was made a social reformer for life by a vivid personal experience before he was twenty. Abraham Lincoln was still a raw lad working a raft of timber down the Mississippi, when he one day in the streets of New Orleans ran across a slave girl being sold by auction, being examined, pinched, literally trotted about in front of the bidders, as if she were a pony, and, his whole manhood roused at the sight, he expressed his indignation to his fellow-bargee in the memorable words, "By God, if ever I get a chance to hit that institution I'll hit it hard, John." Lord Shaftesbury was only a boy like other boys at Harrow, when the gross disrespect shown to the dead at a pauper's funeral he chanced to meet on the public road stirred him with such a sense of the world's inhumanity to the poor, that he resolved, God sparing him, to give his life and strength to the promotion of their cause. It was in M. Godin's early journeyman days that he first conceived the purpose of social reform. He then came to know how the world really lived. He and his comrades had to be at work from five in the morning till eight at night, and though their wages were wretched, yet they were fined four hours' pay if they were five minutes late. There was no leisure, no comfort, no possibility of contentment in the labourer's life. "Here," says M. Godin, "I saw the misery and wants of the labourer laid bare," and here he made the resolution, "if ever I rise above the position of workman, I will endeavour to make the working man's life more tolerable and satisfactory to him, and to raise labour from its degradation."

When he rose to the position of employer he did not forget that resolution. His first reform was to enable the working day to be shortened and the irritating system of fines and stoppages to be abolished, by introducing first, payment by the hour, and afterwards payment by the piece. Then finding that drunkenness was very prevalent among his

men on the fortnightly pay Saturday, and was apt to be carried on into what is called St. Monday, and to leave families *in extremis* before the end of the week, he fell upon the clever expedient of paying his men in four separate divisions, according to their alphabetical order, on four separate days, none of which would be a Saturday. One fourth was paid on the Tuesday and the other on the Friday of the first week in the fortnight, and the remaining two divisions on the Tuesday and Friday of the following week. Only a fourth of them having money to spend at one time, the temptation to mutual treating was so much lessened that very little intemperance remained afterwards. Then he organized a mutual sick benefit society and other means of assistance of a like order. But besides these practical expedients for improving the condition of working people under the present system of things, he took up very early with the ideas of more speculative and Utopian reformers. He was a great student of the Socialist writers, then so much in vogue, in particular of Fourier, and when the disciples of that author were expelled from France by Louis Napoleon in 1852, M. Godin contributed £4,000 (one-third of his then realised fortune) to Victor Considérant's unfortunate scheme of a Socialist colony in Texas, and was elected one of the directors of the company. His experiences of that project rid him of some illusions. He awoke for the first time to the fact that the men who have the greatest faculty for propagating ideas are very often singularly ill-fitted for the practical management of a business, and that the secret of the failure of many a good scheme is just this, that the men of *talkee talkee* get elected to the board of management and in their unskilful hands the thing inevitably falls to pieces. "With the whole society school," says M. Godin, "I fell into the error of believing that the talent for action was on a par with the talent for oratory," and he adds that they paid dearly for their mistake, but that for his own part there was one good result from his experience of the unhappy enterprise in Texas, and that was—to use his own words—that "I fell back on myself, and firmly resolved no more to look to any one else for the institution of those social reforms which I could accomplish by myself." And the remarkable reforms he has subsequently instituted have certainly been entirely his own individual creation, and like the other fifty examples of participation in profits which exist in France, are a testimony to the superiority of indivi-

dual initiative to social initiative even for the work of social reorganization. His plan differs from all those other fifty by combining the experiment of associated homes with the experiment of industrial partnership, and by working in both experiments alike under distinct Fourierist inspiration.

The very name Familistère sends us back to the Phalanstères of Fourier. In erecting the Familistère, M. Godin was moved by the conviction that a good home is not an enjoyment merely but an education, the first and most essential condition of all further social reform; and that it was quite practicable to provide the poor man with a home which should possess all the real comforts and advantages of a rich man's mansion. Why was it—he asked himself—that the cottages of the poor were at present so uncomfortable and dirty and unhealthy? It was simply because the same rooms had to serve for a great many functions for which in a rich man's house separate accommodation was provided; they were work-room, wash-house, kitchen, nursery, public room, and bedroom all in one; and the true remedy obviously lay in such a combination of homes as would admit of the necessary subdivision of functions. The cottage must be superseded by the Social Palace, as the home industry has been by the factory. The advantages of the large scale of production must be introduced into the housing of the poor. M. Godin was a great believer in the large scale; even in agriculture he would have co-operation and the large farm rather than the existing *petite culture*; and for like reasons the future would see the rural village go out and the Social Palace rise up everywhere in its room. The Familistère of Guise, which was built to carry out these principles at different times between 1859 and 1881 at a total cost of £60,000, and accommodates at present the population of a small town, 1,400 persons, consists of several quadrangles of four-story buildings with balconies like those of our own industrial dwellings schemes, carried round the interior of the quadrangle, and it is fitted up inside into sets of three or four apartments suitable for a family, which are entered from the balcony and have windows, some to the central court, and some to the country outside. The rents of these apartments vary according to their size and situation, and an occupier may engage, if he likes, more than one suite. M. Godin himself occupied an angle of the building and the families of managers and cashiers lived in the same house, and at most only on a

different landing, from the families of firemen and navvies. In the middle of the quadrangle there is a lower building, containing shops of all sorts—served mainly by the females of the population, and supplying things at what we call co-operative prices—a large nursery, a crèche for the babies of the community, an infant school, boys' and girls' schools, a lecture-hall, a reading-room, a library, a theatre seated for 1,200, a concert hall, casino, billiard-room, and chess and backgammon rooms. Then there is an ample provision of baths, including a swimming bath, and all round the Palace are pleasure and market gardens, while at a convenient distance are commodious washhouses. There is as yet no common kitchen, which Mr. Neale thinks a great defect, and probably it is, but it seems that the Guise people like to cook their own dinner in their own room. Being French they probably can cook it tolerably well; and they have in every set of rooms a good cooking stove made in the foundry that enables them to do it without offence.

The rents of the rooms are less than the rents of rooms of the same accommodation in the town of Guise, and all these other general advantages are thrown into the bargain. The education in the schools is gratuitous, compulsory, and secular, though no objection is made to an independent provision by those who wish it, for religious education. Personally Godin was not a believer in the ordinary sense. He says indeed that the religious idea has still a great mission before it in the future, but by the religious idea he means the idea of social duty, and its mission is to organize fraternal institutions—to realise a laic religion, as he calls it, without mysteries, miracles, or priests, whose cultus would lie in perfecting human existence, and whose last end was to be glorified labour. Still, complete religious liberty was allowed and encouraged, though no religious education was provided out of the general funds. On the other parts of education expense was not spared. In 1883 sixteen teachers, who all lived in the Familistère, were provided for the 400 children at an expense of 33,000 francs, while in the same year the town of Guise itself spent only 13,500 francs on the education of its 800 children. All get music, gymnastics, and drawing as well as ordinary branches, and there are continuation courses, and free scientific lectures with experiments, which the parents may attend as well as the children. The reading-room, library,

and recreation-rooms are all free, and so, if I infer aright, is the medical service.

The material advantages of all this are obvious. M. Godin is even better pleased with its moral effect. While every family enjoys quite as much privacy as it is possible to do in any street of cottages, they live here, he points out, under the insensible but elevating influence of the opinion and society of their betters: Though drinking-bars are permitted, intemperance is very infrequent; and in 1883 M. Godin wrote that during the whole twenty-five years' existence of the *Familistère* not a single crime of any kind had occurred requiring the attention of the police or the judiciary, and that the people, as might be expected, had grown greatly in general culture and tastes from their original condition.

As with his Social Palace, so in his scheme of industrial distribution, M. Godin's ideas were coloured by Fourierist recollections. Before 1880 M. Godin had merely set apart a certain sum—£8,000 or £10,000—out of the profits of the year to be distributed among his men as a bonus; but in 1880 he converted the business into a *commandite* company, and introduced a complicated system of arrangements for realising effectively Fourier's principle of a just division of the produce of industry, the division between capital, labour, and talent, according to the importance of their several contributions. It is true he thought this principle theoretically defective, because talent was only a particular kind of labour, and because nature, which Fourier wholly ignored, was, in Godin's opinion, as important a contributor to production as any of the other three. Nature's share in the division ought, he thought, to be appropriated by the State, partly by means of the nationalisation of land for the purpose of letting it out to all sorts of productive societies, and partly by means of a heavy graduated succession duty; and the funds thus obtained ought to be employed in establishing a system of universal insurance against sickness, accidents, age, and vicissitudes generally. But in the meantime, so long as the laws of private inheritance and private property in land remained unmodified, and the State showed no disposition to serve herself heir to nature's share, individual producers must each set aside that share for themselves, and consequently the first part in M. Godin's annual division is 25 per cent. of the whole net profits to a reserve fund for purposes of personal insurance. In passing I may say that besides this every workman is obliged to pay to that fund 2 per cent.

on his wages, that in 1883 the fund amounted to 500,000 francs, and in the three years it had existed at that time more than 90,000 francs had been paid out of it for sick relief and pensions on a comfortable scale.

Next to nature's deal comes the deal of talent or intelligence, and that also is fixed at 25 per cent. The director alone (M. Godin during his lifetime) got and gets 12 per cent. of the profits, in addition to his salary of 15,000 francs. In 1883 this 12 per cent. amounted to more than four times his salary. Half the profits going thus in equal shares to nature and intelligence, the other half remained to be divided between the factors, capital and labour. Capital had already received 5 per cent. interest, and labour had of course already received its weekly wages, all before there was any calculation of profit at all, and M. Godin concluded that the proper principle now was to give capital a share of the remaining half of the profits in proportion to the amount of interest it received, and labour in proportion to the wages it had received. In most other industrial partnerships the division is made on the amount of capital, and not on the amount of interest, and that makes a great difference. In 1883 the total amount of interest paid was 230,000 francs on 4,600,000 francs of capital, and the total wages paid was 1,888,000 francs, so that of this remaining half of the profits some nine-tenths go to the deal of labour.

M. Godin's scheme, however, by no means ends here; his object was to make the employés in the final result owners of the capital of the business, and with this view he decided that the labourers' share of the profits should not be paid immediately into their hands, to be used at their discretion, but should be applied to buy for them shares in the business. In this way the business is gradually falling into the hands of the labourers engaged in it. In 1883 they already possessed stock amounting to nearly two millions of francs, and though the capital has been raised to 6,000,000 francs, it will only take a few more years for it to be acquired entirely by the employés. The interest on the shares they possess they receive like their wages, to spend as they will. And when we consider that the wages given at Guise are better than the current rate, that the house rent is lower, that the prices of things at the shops are co-operative prices, and that education, insurance, and medical relief are virtually free, we shall not be surprised to find that the general standard of living, as

tested by clear proofs, is unusually high. M. Godin states, in his book on Government, that the average amount of indirect taxation on articles of consumption paid per head in the Familistère of Guise is 75 francs, and when we turn to books of statistics we find that the average for France generally is only 30 francs. The people of the Familistère live, therefore, two and a half times better than the rest of the French. Their working day is ten hours, and they have, besides common holidays, two special fête days of their own every year—the Feast of Labour on the first Sunday in May and the Feast of Infancy on the first Sunday in September. Labour is celebrated in the spring, because in the spring all nature returns to its task and summons man to his; and infancy is celebrated in the harvest, because then nature yields the young seed for future crops, and the two feasts are meant to be a public commemoration of labour and education as the two great factors of human progress. On these high days the whole place is bright with

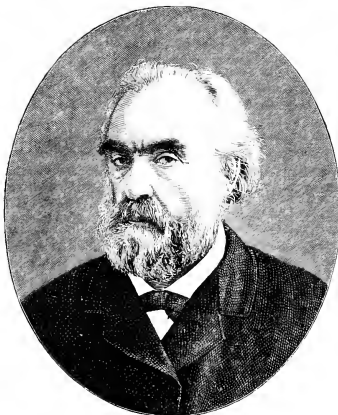
flowers and banners, the population all assemble in the great lecture-hall to hear an address from the director, and young and old mingle in merry games in the Palace gardens.

One important feature of this establishment remains to be mentioned. There is no idea in the Familistère of Guise of any rigid Socialistic ideas of equality. It contains considerable differences both of position and property. The director, who is at the head of the whole place, is an autocrat in all business affairs. He is elected—that is, since 1880—but he is elected for life, and his

management is uncontrolled. He chooses the foremen and makes the bargains. Next below him stand the group that elect him, the *associés*, numbering 68 in 1883, who must have worked at least five years in the foundry, be men of good education and stainless life, and possess not less than 500 francs of capital in the business. Their privileges are large like their requirements. They elect themselves by co-optation, share in the profits on *twice* their wages, can only be expelled the association by a vote of two-thirds

of their own peers (the other *associés*), have the first right to work when work is short, and retire on a pension of two-thirds of their wages or salaries. After them come 95 *sociétaires*, chosen by the manager and administrative council, sharing the profits on *one and a half times* their wages, and getting a pension on one-third of them; 573 *participants*, similarly chosen, and sharing on their simple wages only; 258 *auxiliaires*, who as yet get no share in the profits, except through their interest in the insurance fund;

and 286 *intéressés*, who are allowed to retain stock they have inherited, though they have no further interest in the concern. The stock, which is only being gradually taken up year by year, must, when it is all taken up, be again parted with in the same way, the first shareholders being then obliged to sell out their shares to the new comers. During the interval the shares may apparently be held by widows or other persons not in active employment, but at the end of the term they must always return to the possession of actual labourers, and so the way is smoothed for the retirement of the



JEAN BAPTISTE GODIN.

[From a Photographure by M.M. Boussod, Valadon & Cie.]

older generation and the accession of the younger.

Will the system last? Why not? The Maison Leclaire does as well as ever though the founder has gone. It is true that the industry to which the new principle is applied at Guise is one of the most complex that exists, whereas that of the Maison Leclaire (house-painting) is one of the simplest; but the chief rocks on which co-operative experiments usually split seem to be successfully avoided. The common tendency to quarrels is met by the decisive authority given to the director; and the common tendency in the *personnel* to decline in number is met by express provisions for new recruits. The great difficulty was to get the scheme started, for M. Godin's wife forsook him rather than live in a Familistère; and his labourers, when he first offered them 100,000

francs as a bonus from the profits, absolutely refused to take it, because, as he explains, labourers are always suspicious of proposals made by employers and become a ready prey to ill-conditioned agitators. After a while's reflection they saw there could be no harm in the money; and now, with so many years' experience of the benefits of the new order of things, they will naturally strain every nerve to keep the experiment from coming to peril. Of course one fundamental presupposition is that the foundry itself will continue to be a commercial success, and that depends greatly on the business ability of the director. But in this respect the thing does not differ from any other commercial undertaking, and those who choose the directors have at least as much capacity and interest to make a good choice as the shareholders of any other mercantile company.

THE FOUR GATES.

"Thy glory went through four gates, of fire, and of earthquake, and of wind, and of cold."

2 ESDRAS iii. 19.

I KNOW that He cometh by fire,
By the fire which trieth the gold;
I know that He cometh by earthquake,
Shaking the earth as of old,
And He cometh, I know, by the wind,
As the Spirit of Power foretold.
By fire, wind, earthquake He cometh,
But how can He come by the cold?

For cold is the spot where He is not,
Where the beams of His light never fall,
In the land, dark, lone, and forsaken,
Robbed of sun that shines upon all.
How, then, can He come where He is not,
Or enter by gate of the cold?

Give ear—for the east wind is bitter:
O God, think me not over-bold
To ask how Thy glory can enter
The heart by the gate of the cold?

Veiled was the sun. The stars shone not at all.
And on the earth black solitude did fall.
The heart unfriended; the spirit all alone,
Who in that hour the anguished one did own?
His sad, lone-hearted cry no sympathy did waken,
A cry of worse than solitude: "My God, hast Thou forsaken?"

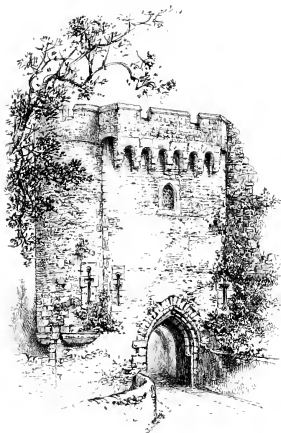
O God, great in power and pity,
What love doth Thy bosom unfold!
All ways doth Thy glory now enter,
By fire, wind, earthquake, and cold!

The whole earth is full of Thy glory!

W. B. RITON.

A SAUNTER UP THE SUSSEX OUSE.

By HERBERT RIX, B.A.



Entrance to Lewes Castle.

THE Sussex Ouse is an unpretending little river, slow and muddy; but as we did not expect from it any fine river-scenery we were not disappointed. The river, in fact, was more of a pretext for a ramble in the remoter parts of the county than anything else. It saved the trouble of tossing up as to where we should go: we would go where the river took us.

As we chanced, therefore, to be in Lewes, we began our ramble with a walk over the Downs to Newhaven, where the Ouse gives itself to the sea. Climbing the precipitous bit of Down known as the Cliffe, which forms such a striking terminal to the town of Lewes on the east, we kept along the horse-shoe ridge which trends away to the south-east and the south, making always for the terraced top of Mount Caburn. There was a glorious west wind blowing—"rayther rough and blusterous," as an old fellow in gaiters and corduroy coat remarked in passing—a wind you had to fight with, and which sometimes got the better of you too, forcing you

to come to a standstill if not to beat a retreat. Even in the valley the rooks, congregated in the meadow, seemed half afraid to trust their wings, and several big old trees had parted with some of their largest limbs, but up here on the hills the wind was a hurricane, and we were fully agreed that the nine or ten miles from Lewes to Newhaven were worth five-and-twenty at least.

We passed large flocks of Southdown sheep, and shepherds crouching to the "look-ard" of a clump of gorse, or struggling crook in hand against the storm; picturesque enough with their ragged cloaks flying behind them and the grey shaggy dogs following at their heels. Below us lay two valleys, the valley of the Ouse upon the one side and the Glynde valley on the other, which, once upon a time, if we are to believe the general report of geologists, were two arms of the sea washing around a bold promontory formed by the group of hills before us, of which Mount Caburn is the crown.

The earthworks on the summit of Caburn, which were now distinctly visible to us, once enclosed a British village, planted here, as General Pitt-Rivers assures us, "in the late bronze period, or early iron age," and occupied by the British even into post-Roman times. To this village it appears the Romans laid siege, occupying some ramparts which we passed at a distance of about five hundred yards from Caburn and which are known as Ranscombe Camp. Caburn, in fact, is believed to have been "one of the twenty oppida which Suetonius states to have been reduced by Vespasian during his conquest of this part of Britain." But whoso desires to have the evidence thereof let him beguile a few hours by reading the 46th volume of the *Archæologia*, where he will find it all set down at full (very full) length.

Meanwhile, we return to our ramble. Within one of the deep trenches wherewith Mount Caburn is scored around we paused to get our breath. A gleam of sunshine broke from the clouds and we lay awhile and watched the shadows tearing across the Downs, sweeping over their rounded tops, up one hill and down another, nile after mile, in a mad race of ghostly forms.

Then we started again, dropped down the steep sides of Caburn and struck the New-

haven road. Here the river winding down the valley feeds a vast network of channels which intersect the water-meadows as far as the eye can see; for this tract of level land running northward for sixteen miles right away from Newhaven to Uckfield is one of three great Sussex marshes, of which the other two extend from Eastbourne to Hastings and from the Fairlight Downs to the eastern boundary of the county. Here and there the "dykes" gleamed silvery white, but for the most part they were marked only by long lines of tall sedge. Sometimes we came upon great beds of dark, feathery rushes—and a sight they were to see to-day!—luxuriant masses of plumes bowing and tossing in the wind, and where the bed was broad, surging into veritable waves, which chased each other on a sable sea.

One ought long since to have had glimpses of the ocean, but it was dark weather and we had to content ourselves with reflecting that it could not be far distant from that cluster of tall masts which now showed black against the sky before us. And so, past many a flint-built wall and lichened roof of church and farm-house we came at last to the somewhat dismal little town of Newhaven.

The humble inn at which we halted for refreshment bore upon its front the legend in large letters, "Patronised by King Louis Philippe in 1848," reminding us that it was to Newhaven Louis and his queen escaped in a fishing-smack as Mr. and Mrs. William Smith, after their inglorious flight from Paris in a hackney cab.

In the town itself there is little enough to see, and when one has visited the old Norman church and the so-called "Castle" Hill the "lions" of the place are exhausted.

But one sight we saw which I think we shall not soon forget—the sea breaking over the new harbour-pier, each successive wave shooting a wall of brine high into the air and flinging sheets of foam far into the harbour beyond, and all this lighted by the red glare of an angry sunset till the torn clouds of spray burnt like the smoke and flame of a prairie fire. We walked to the end of the pier and stood beneath the subway listening to the boom of the billows as they thundered against the rampart at our backs, and ever and anon, amid the roar and tumult, came the ghostly clank of the bell-buoy tossing and staggering among the breakers.

As we made our way landward a solitary figure came creeping toward us along the slippery pier; the figure of a man clad in

rough blue pilot cloth. He was going to the pier-head to kindle the lights in the tower. He gave us "good evening" as he passed, and remarked that he should think we had found it "rather damp" out yonder, adding grimly, "It will be worse by-and-by."

The return journey to Lewes is best performed by the road which runs along the right bank of the Ouse, passing through the little villages of Piddinghoe and Southease, with their curious round-towered churches, and affording during the last half of the walk fine views of the ancient town and castle.

To Lewes, then, "the town of clean windows and pretty faces," as William Cobbett calls it, the river next brings us, and it is with regret one reflects that a subject which might fill and has filled a big quarto volume must be put into a few lines of print.

The whole of the next morning was spent in visiting, or rather re-visiting, some points of interest in the dear old town (for the place was familiar to us in our boyhood). We went to the castle, examined the massive keep, climbed the tower, talked learnedly of William de Warenne who built it, and proceeded to point out the iron cross upon which we had been religiously taught in early days that the heads of malefactors were exhibited, only here the keeper interposed with "Lor', sir, they never stuck no heads there; that's the lightning conductor." Then we went to view the ruins of the Priory which was founded by the same earl, and made a pilgrimage to the parish church of Southover, where the relics of the founder and his lady lie.

The history of the foundation of the Priory is interesting. The story goes that the Earl de Warenne, son-in-law of the Conqueror, and one of the chief commanders in the Battle of Hastings, left England in the year 1070 with his wife Gundrada, intending to proceed to Rome. Finding it unsafe to prosecute their journey, the country being then in a state of war, they took up their abode for some time at the Benedictine monastery at Cluny. The hospitality and charity, the regular devotions, bodily labour, and strict self-denial of these monks of Cluny completely won the hearts of the Earl and his lady, and they resolved to establish in Lewes a brotherhood of that order and no other. The upshot was that they did build and endow this great Clunia Priory, and their host, the Abbot, sent over Lanzo, the first Prior, and three other monks, to found the brotherhood. The building was

completed in six years, and there, in 1085, Gundrada was buried in the chapter-house, and there the Earl, three years later, was laid by her side.

So much for the building-up. As for the pulling-down, that was done by Thomas Cromwell, upon whom the Priory was bestowed after it had been surrendered to the Crown in 1537. It must have been a large place at that time. The very pigeon-house belonging to it is said to have been bigger than many a parish church and to have contained no fewer than 3,228 pigeon-holes. And the fishponds, of which there are still some traces discernible, were on a corresponding scale of grandeur. The process of demolition is vividly and quaintly described in a letter signed "John Portman," and dated at "Lewes, March 24, 1538," which is still extant in the British Museum:—"We brought from London seventeen persons, three carpenters, two smiths, two plumbers, and one that keepeth the furnace. Every one of these attendeth to his own office; ten of them heweth the walls, about the which are the three carpenters. These make props to underset where the others cut away; the others break and cut the walls. These men are exercised much better than other men we find in the countree. Wherefore, we must bothe have more men and other things also that we have need of. A Tuesday they began to cast the lead, and it shall be done with such diligence and saving as may be; so that our trust is that your lordship shall be much satisfied with what we doe, when I must most heartily commend myself, much desiring God to maintain your health and your heart's ease."

As the result of this "diligence" there are now left only a few ends of ragged wall and one broken "corkscrew" staircase.

Three hundred years after this scene of desolation, on the morning of Tuesday, October 28th, 1845, some workmen, in forming a cutting for the Lewes and Brighton Railway through the grounds formerly occupied by the Priory, came upon two leaden cists or coffers. On the upper side of one cist was inscribed "Gvndrada," on the other "Willelm."

But we must not linger among the tombs. It was already long past noon when we tore ourselves away from the interesting old town and took the Olfham road. That road passes near to the field where was fought the "great battle of the constitution"—the ever-memorable Battle of Lewes. Indeed Mount Harry, the lofty down to our left, is believed to have

derived its name from Henry III., who there met De Montfort and the barons in mortal conflict. According to tradition the battle raged from Mount Harry down to the castle itself, and even beyond into the marshes of the Ouse. The King and Prince Edward took refuge in the Priory, and Richard, the King's brother, was captured in a windmill, near the site of the "Black Horse" Inn. For the rest we may sum up in the words of Peter Langtoft:—

"Th' kyng of Almayn was taken to prison.
Of Scotland Jon Comyn was left in a donjon.
The erle of Warrene, I wote, he escaped over the se,
& sir Hugh Bigote als with the erle fled he.
Many faire ladye lese hir lord that day,
& many gode bodie slayn at Lewes lay.
The number none wrot, for tell them mot no man,
Bot he that alle wote, and alle thing ses and can."

Mount Harry and the battle-field lay, as I have said, upon the left hand. In front was the spire of Olfham Church; and on the right was a wide valley, where the river wandered from side to side, and in the midst of which, catching the eye from every point of view, an old ivied tower stood upon a rising ground. This was the tower of Old Hansey Church, and turning to the right down the Barcombe Road, we presently struck across the plain to obtain a nearer view. Passing through a field where a man was "sowing clover for green-meat," as he informed us, we applied at the farm-house for the key of the church, which a bustling old lady went to find. While she was gone we asked the farmer whether the old church was still used.

"Noa; only to bury people; that's all the use they make out," he answered gloomily.

The empty church, with its massive oaken pews long unseated, its worn-eaten lectern, upon which a ragged prayer-book still lay, and its bell, which in to-day's wild wind gave forth at intervals the faint ghost of a note, seemed like the church of some suddenly departed generation. Even the trees, torn by the frequent westerly gales, and bent by them in a permanent droop towards the church, seemed to be weeping for the departed.

We sheltered for a bit from the sharp showers which were now following each other in quick succession, and then taking a cross-road and cutting a corner through some meadows, we asked an old fellow in a brown smock-frock, who was carrying two pails of hog-wash, to give us further directions.

"Wall, ye'll see them there stacks up top o' th' 'ill there? A path threw the fields there 'ull tak' ye straight down to Barcombe."

We did not find the path, but we found some very pretty lanes, where we regaled ourselves with nuts and blackberries, and down which we strolled, stopping once and again to admire some oak rich in golden acorns, or hawthorn covered with scarlet haws. The showers ceased, and the glory of the declining sun burst forth. Brilliant threads of cloud wove a silvery lace-work over the blue arch of heaven, only round the horizon still hovered the blue-grey rain clouds.

At Bareombe we inquired our way over the meadows to Isfield. When we arrived there it was dark, and, to our dismay, the inn was full. However, a decent old dame, after deliberately eyeing us from head to foot, decided to take us in, "Though we don't take passers as a rule;" and we soon found ourselves comfortably ensconced in a large low-ceiled kitchen, whose mantel-shelf twelve feet long was adorned with china images and cocks and hens of painted wood, and whose wall was furnished with a cottage barometer, the old man of which was decidedly out, and the old woman decidedly in.

All night there were sharp showers with thunder, and we were waked next morning by the pelting of the rain on the window. However, it was not too wet to walk; so, after breakfast, we took the road, crossing a little tributary of the Ouse which turns a mill, and in which we saw lying beneath the bridge abundant roach, and paid a visit to Isfield Place. This is a fine old moated house, a good deal renovated, but whose massive walls and watch-towers still retain enough of the original fabric to give them an air of antiquity. Over the door are the Shurley arms and the motto, "Non minor est virtus, quam querere, parta tueri," which Horsfield paraphrases by the English proverb, "Catch is a good dog, but Holdfast is a better." From the southern walls on this September morning hung a wealth of ripe pears and nectarines.

Then by the Newick Road, between thickest hedges, with here and there a peep of a hop-garden, where the hoppers were now high busy; past a little red-roofed inn, whose sign, "The Horse and Barge," marked the time when the river was navigable as high as this and higher; till presently we were brought to pause by the quaint old "Peacock Inn" at Shortbridge. The inn, which, with the stithy and the mill, forms the chief part of the hamlet, bears neither sign nor legend, save only two wonderful clipped yews, which we should hardly have recognised for peacocks, had not a little girl who lived there explained to us their place in the animal

kingdom. We entered, and found within, besides this small maiden of eight, a sturdy boy of ten.

"Is anybody at home?" asked my companion.

"Ya-as," answered the sturdy boy.

"Who?"

"Me."

It turned out that everybody belonging to the place had gone out hopping, that the sturdy boy had been left in charge and felt his dignity accordingly.

It was warm and pleasant on the rough bench before the inn, for the sun had broken forth again. So we lingered awhile watching the carters and labourers who halted for a glass, each carefully brushing the thick soil from his heavy boots on the faggot at the door before he entered. The little sweet-eyed, merry girl amused us by her prattle. She knew every one that passed—man and beast.

"Yon's a very good man. He give the children and women a tea-party last year. Do you see yon horse, sir? He's a fine horse. That's the horse what drove our father, when he died, to the church, and me in the cart along o' the coffin."

But at length we had to take our leave of the old inn and its young innkeepers, and resume our journey.

From Shortbridge the road rises gently up to Chailey Common—a wide, beautiful common, where the white geese wandered among the blossoming gorse and heather. On the left a long stretch of undulating country lit up by the sun and backed by the Southdown range—twenty miles of blue hills. Pretty old cottages with gardens full of fruit and flowers stood here and there along the road. We knocked at one or two of them to ask for apples, but the inmates were all gone hopping: it was a veritable "Deserted Village."

At length we found one lame old man and his wife at home, and begged for some of the red, red apples which hung across the hedge, a perfect picture to the eye.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the old couple. "They deceives people. They be crabs, they be."

"But haven't you any eating apples?"

"Wal," said the old man, rubbing his chin doubtfully, "*some* people 'ud eat em. There's these little yaller ones, you can have as many as you like, but they ain't good for much. Now, there's a tree down yonder on the left, you'd find they apples *toothable*."

More clouds, more wind, and more rain,

through the midst of which we tramped along, past the quarry, and up the hill, till we came at length to the quaint old village of Lindfield.

It was too wet to go farther that day; but the next morning our first care was to seek out the picturesque old mansion known as East Mascalls. On the road we overtook an old man in a velvet shooting-coat, and asked him if he knew the place.

"Know East Mascalls? I ought to, I think;—known it since I was a boy."

"It is in ruins now, I suppose?"

"In ruins? Ya-as, and the old family's pretty well in ruins too. It's all a-fallin' down, roof droppin' right in. Lor', such a mess as it is sure-ly. There's a nice bit o' farm belongin' to it too—as nice a farm as ever layed out o' doors."

"Do you remember the old gentleman that lived there?"

"Remember 'im? Bless ye! I knowed the man as druv 'im—used to ride in an old yaller carriage an' pair o' greys. He was a witty old gentleman sure-ly, but a queer one. We ave 'ad some rare starts round 'ere sure-ly. Now there's a old-fashioned place yonder, ay, and it's a old-fashioned man lives there too. But lor'! he's either eazy or silly; I don't know which. He's cut his wheat, and there it lies, growin'!"

The old man undertook to show us the way to East Mascalls, and as we sauntered along, adapting ourselves to his feeble pace, he continued his gossip.

"That there tree's pretty nigh full o' hacorns, ain't it, sir?"—pointing to a fine oak which overhung our path. "Since these rains they 'ave growed."

"They're not good for much but the pigs, are they?"

"Pigs? Ay, and pigeons and ducks. The ducks do grow fat on 'em, and the pigeons too—swallows 'em down shucks and all. There's a many wood-pigeons here. I know parties shoot seven or eight at a time. You wait for 'em at their feedin' time, sir; 'ides yourself up. Twice a day the wood-pigeons feed—from nine to about eleven in the mornin', and from two to three in the afternoon."

"Is there much game about here?"

"Ya-as, there's game; but the country's thinner o' 'ares this last ten or twelve years than ever I knowed it."

"Any poaching?"

"No, sir; there ain't no poachin' much now. It's the police that's stopped that. Formerly they dursn't take ye when ye were on the road. You'd only got to get out o' the

ground on to the road, and they dursn't touch ye; but now, if you've got four or five partridges and a gun in your pocket, they walk ye off. There used to be plenty o' poachin'. Bless ye! I know parties go out and get twenty-five or twenty-six pheasants o' a night, and yet there allus seemed to be a plenty."

Here he paused at a little stream. This, he told us, was the Ouse—the "big river" he called it, to distinguish it from a still smaller stream near by. But it could only be called "big" relatively—very relatively indeed—and the old man himself lamented that it wasn't big enough now "to keep the stock apart." He remembered it when it was much broader.

"Yonder is the old mill. That belonged to East Mascalls too. All to ruins, ye see" (sorrowfully); "here's the shaft and there's a bit o' the old wheel—overshot wheel it was. But bless ye! the locks ain't kep' up, and the banks fall in, and the river runs that narrer now! The barges used to come up to here. I know eighteen up of a day."

A few steps more, and then he paused again. A giant poplar lay prone on the ground, brought down by the high winds of yesterday.

"Well," said he slowly, with a touch of pathos in his voice, "I did not know he was gone. 'Bout the highest tree in the parish, I reckon. Ay, look 'e here; he was all rotted out, ye see."

The ruined house was now in sight, and our ancient guide pointed to a half-timbered out-building falling to decay.

"That's the coach-us and stable," said he mournfully; "that's where the old yaller carriage used to stand, that is. And yon's the house. All goin' to pieces, ain't it? such a mess as never was; and yet it was all built o' 'art-hoak—all 'art-hoak. Here, sir—here you'll get the best view at it."

We bade good-bye to the old boy, and he tottered back to his cottage, leaving us to sit awhile in the stillness of this ruined mansion. The sun was bright, the grass covered with the sheen of gossamer, the pigeons cooed in the wood, and behind us we heard again and again the tap of a woodpecker. Then we rose and took our way back to Lindfield, past Paxhill—another fine old mansion. And here again we were in luck, for near Paxhill we overtook another of the ancients carrying a basket of honey to market, who freely regaled us with his opinions about things in general.

"I likes old-fashioned ways, I do. I don't



Distant view of Lewes.

like new-fashioned ways, I don't. I likes old-fashioned houses, and old-fashioned cloäthes too. Why, your new-fashioned houses wasn't built for people to die up-stairs. Can't get 'em out without you get 'em out o' the window. Now, the house I lives in up at Horsted Keynes—that's an old-fashioned house. My father lived there all his life, and he's eighty-six and heartier than I be."

He took a very desponding view of the world in general, and of farmers in particular.

"There ain't a farmer, not to *call* a farmer, not within sixty mile o' this pla-ace," he said, "and the good old folk be all gone, and the good ways be gone with 'em."

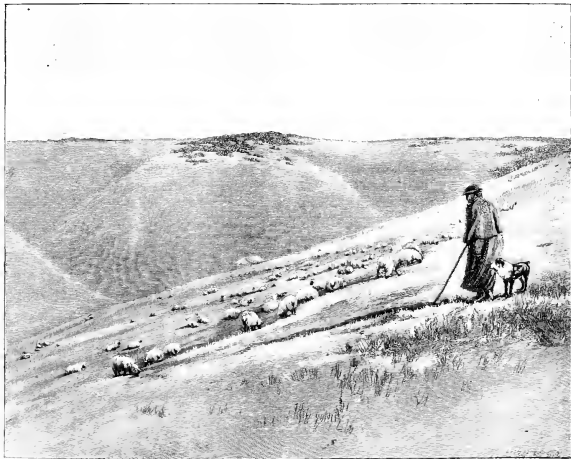
The old man seemed to us well suited to the neighbourhood. For a quaint, picturesque, slow, sleepy, regretful old town commend me to Lindfield.

And now we were drawing near the end of our stroll up the little river. But it would not do to return home without seeing something of the sources of the stream, so we took train from Haywards Heath and visited the two principal springs—the one at Balcombe, and the other at Slaugham. In a dell below the village at Balcombe we found a little lake, a quiet spot with nothing to be heard this morning but the hum of a threshing-machine, the pattering of acorns through the leaves, and the flapping of the swan who was exercising himself on the farther shore. Tracing the stream upward, we came to a little copse through which a rill all red with iron threaded its way. Here a veritable spring welled up from the mossy ground and discharged itself into the main rivulet. The rivulet itself might be traced still farther

were it worth our pains. For the present, however, let this suffice. We took our way westward, down a rocky lane, over a field and through a wood, and past a farm known as the White House. Much of the way was on high ground with pleasant views of the Downs and Weald, but now we dropped down a little hollow, and crossed a stream, then climbed again to Stapleford Common, whence by a mile of high-road we reached the little village of Slaugham.

Slaugham Church is rich in brasses, and

there is a tomb there three centuries old surmounted by three iron helmets. The owners of those helmets were the Coverts, whose landed supremacy once extended "from Southwark to the sea." They lived at Slaugham Place; you can see the ruins of it yonder across the field, though there is little now remaining but blank walls and a few detached arches. Not far away is a picturesque old mill beneath a spreading beech. Ferns grow upon the roof, and a rustic flight of steps leads up to the level of the mill-pond. A



From a photo, by]

The Combe, near Lewes.

[W. S. Branch, Lewes.

very noble pond it is, broad and bright, surrounded by thick trees which are parted only by a bit of curling country lane and a line of stacks.

This is virtually the source of the Ouse. From this lake issues the longest of the streamlets which go to make up the main river. So we consider our pilgrimage completed, and take the homeward road through Stapleford and Cuckfield along a pleasant ridge with noble views. In the far distance on our left we see the "Ouse Viaduct" stretching gracefully across the valley and

showing very white against the dark-blue hills. Before us and on our right, some ten or twelve miles distant, the long range of Downs lies peacefully in the light of the setting sun, every spur starting into vivid green, and every "combe" filled with dark-blue shadows and looking "like nothing so much as dimples with smiles and good thoughts in them." It is a peaceful scene; one which sinks deep into the heart, and which leaves there an impression which even the turmoil of London, to which destiny and duty take us, is not able wholly to efface.

SAVED AS BY FIRE.

By E. M. MARSH, AUTHOR OF "MARAH," "EDELWEISS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.—THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

EASTER in Paris. A bright sun over-head, but a cold wind blowing. The chestnuts on the boulevards were bursting into leaf, for it was an early season. The city was full of tourists, who gaped at the jewellers' shops and crowded the Bois de Boulogne. The single-horse *fiacres* were having a busy time of it; but there were not many private carriages, and passing through the streets one might have thought them given over to a British invasion, as scarcely anything but English, from the broadest Dorie to the choicest cockney, was heard. But not even the shops with their tempting wares prevented curious glances being cast in the direction of a girl dressed in black, accompanied by an immense St. Bernard who carried a roll of music for his mistress. Admiring eyes followed her as she scanned the eager, moving crowds with the air of looking for some one, yet with so much of quiet dignity about her that any attempt at rudeness was undreamt of. She passed on with that easy gait which can hardly be acquired by art, till she entered a little greengrocer's shop in the Rue St. Honoré. An elderly person, round as only a Frenchwoman can be without being shapeless, advanced at once and began volubly:

"Ah, mademoiselle, vous voilà! The *croûte au pot* was ready long since; but it is simmering—ah yes, it will be quite hot. You look tired. Jeanne, *cherches-moi done*—" But Jeanne had disappeared, so the little woman bustled off, nodding back at mademoiselle, who could hear her screaming after the delinquent to mind the shop while she prepared mademoiselle's *déjeuner*. At last she arrived, bearing a tray with soup, bread-and-butter and radishes in one hand, while in the other she carried a small box from England. She told her *bonhomme* afterwards: "Ah, la Madonne," as she always called her lodger, "did look pleased; her eyes glistened and her cheeks flushed; some *cadeau* from home, I suppose. La pauvre! she is lonely and sad often, I know." The good creature's beady black eyes became quite moist. She was interrupted in her sympathetic flow by the entrance of a gentleman asking for Miss Trevylian. Madame looked at him with her head askew. She was a capital duenna, and had sent away,

with no choice language, one or two who would fain have bribed her into assisting them to make "La Madonne's" acquaintance. So she told the questioner, as a general piece of information, that mademoiselle was never at home in the morning, but could scarcely be brought to the point of discovering whether she were in at that precise moment. Monsieur, she suggested, might call again later; but monsieur was not to be beguiled, and declared his intention of awaiting the lady's return. Madame at last had the happy idea of asking his name. On inspecting the card she brightened into more definite knowledge of her lodger's whereabouts. "Ah, M. Mark-Ham, the same that came with her." Her memory had evidently received a sudden fillip, but her volubility was cut short by Jack literally dashing through her; for to get by her rotund person seemed a physical impossibility, she had so blocked the entrance.

"Phyllis!"

"Jack!"

With clasped hands they looked into each other's faces.

"My second message from home to-day; I must mark it with a white stone. Come and tell me all about yourself and Nan." She led him up the narrow stair.

When they reached her apartment she showed him a box of flowers.

"See, here is a bunch of violets that Charlie Bennet plucked, and primroses from Willie Wharton; he says he is getting on well at the organ and practising hard. Dot has sent the wood-sorrel roots in moss; the dear little blossoms are faded, but they will revive in water. I can see the sunlight glinting through the Castlemount woods and tinting their carpet of sorrel, and like the fairies I seem to hear the anemone bells ringing in the spring. Oh, Jack, when shall I see the dear home again!" Tears gemmed her eyelashes.

"We can start at once," he exclaimed impetuously. "Oh, Phyllis, you are not going to wear your heart out in a hopeless quest. This is no fit place for one who was to have been Lady Maxwell." He glanced round at the neat but somewhat bare room. "How could he suffer it! He was not worthy of you to give you up!" Jack looked beseechingly at her. "Phyllis, come home with me, dear."

Her eyes were full of a tender pity as she answered—

"Never with you, Jack, my brother. Do you think it would be home to me without him? Gwendoline de Marcie's child may never be Bernard Maxwell's wife, but no one else shall call me by that name. My quest may be hopeless, but I pray God it may not be so; at any rate the time has not been long as yet; I must have patience. Jack, help me to be brave; and as to my apartments"—she smiled—"I am not rich enough to afford grand ones, and Madame Barret is so good."

"For one thing she is a perfect dragon of vigilance; she kept me at bay as if I were a wolf entering a sheepfold."

"Lion is my Cerberus, Jack; I should not feel half so safe without him; you see you have given me a substitute for yourself."

The dog was lying at her feet, but on hearing his name he raised himself and laid his head upon her knee, looking up with faithful, loving eyes.

"Doggie, when shall you and I be scampering on the Downs again? You remember last Harvest Thanksgiving, Jack?"

"Don't recall it, Phyllis. How wretched it will be this autumn!" he said gloomily.

"Jack, do not add to my trouble by making me think I have spoilt your life. Go back to college and study; idleness is not good for any one. What does Nancy say to it?"

His face saddened.

"Phyllis, Nancy is dying; her father seems hopeful, but she is sure of it herself. Living with her one does not notice it so much, but strangers' looks are sufficient evidence."

"You must not leave her, dear; you will help to cheer her and keep the Squire from fretting. You have your work cut out. There is nothing like sharing other people's sorrows to cure one's own; and then next autumn you must go and work up for your degree, and be an honour to those who love you. You must not forget the dear mother who, no doubt, is anxious about her boy. Let me be proud of you, Jack. But you are going to stay with me to-day; I cannot part from you too soon; you bring with you a breath of 'my ain countree.' We will take a walk, and then you must come and have a *petit souper* with me, very simple fare, you know—*potage*, an *omelette*, *poulet rôti*, and salad. I drink *vin ordinaire*, but I dare say the resources of the nearest restaurant will provide something better if you prefer it."

Jack declared that under the circumstances it would be nectar, and so, laughingly, she went into the adjoining bedroom to dress. He could hear her softly humming—

"Oh, the oak and the ash and the bonnie ivy tree,
They flourish at home in my own countree."

They were wonderfully happy those two, in spite of the trouble that lay deep down in their hearts. Phyllis was determined that Jack should send home a favourable account of herself, and Jack tried to be cheerful for her sake. At first their gaiety was a little forced, but the sunshine and the crowds in the Champs Elysées roused them out of themselves. They watched Guignol and wondered at the daring of stout, elderly people who faced the dangers of sea-sickness in the swing-boats. Then they took a *fiacre* to the Bois, strolled about and sat on the grass, talking tenderly, with bated breath, of Nan and the shadow of the dark-robed angel that so soon would cross her path, and then they went back to their little repast. Madame Barret excelled herself, and Jack vowed that he could not have eaten a better meal at the Café Anglais.

The next day they spent as much time together as they could; the mornings were occupied by Phyllis in teaching, but the rest of the day was free. She would not hear of his staying longer, his duty was with Nancy, she said, until he had seen her safe at Falkland. "Tell her, I am wearying till we meet; she must spend at least a week here on her way through."

And before April's tears were dried upon the brow of May, Nancy arrived. Phyllis found her lying on the couch, rather exhausted after her journey. They embraced without speaking. Phyllis felt her heart too full; she realised the presence of another occupant of the chamber, a dark-robed figure with outstretched arm, but as yet closed hand, no weapon in it, for to Nancy was to come no swift severing of life's cord, only for the fingers to be unclosed and laid softly upon her eyes. Phyllis could have fallen on her knees and prayed that invisible yet terribly real visitant to seek his victim elsewhere.

Nancy saw by her friend's face that she had no need to be told the truth.

"Phyllis, do not weep for me," she said soothingly, "I should be quite happy were it not for father, but he is old and cannot be long after me. I have no pain, only a feeling as if I were being borne in loving arms. I have looked Death in the face until the dark shroud which envelops him

seems to have melted into a transparent veil which shows him in his real aspect, the doorkeeper of Heaven, illumined now and again with flashes of light, as He opens the portals to those who are constantly passing in. Those words are no mockery—

*‘Gieb deine Hand du schön und zart gebild,
Bin Freund und kommen nicht zu strafen,
Sei gutes muths ich bin nicht wild,
Selbst sanft in meinen armen schlafen.’*

But not a word to father, not till we are at Falkland, then he will know that his little Nan is going to leave him.” A slight sob choked her voice, but was instantly suppressed as Mr. Greatorrex entered.

He greeted Phyllis cordially. “And how do you think my girl looks?”

Phyllis glanced lovingly at her. “Sweet and fair as ever, Squire; the sight of her is like water in a thirsty land, I have been longing for her.”

“Ah, my dear, you have had trouble too since we left,” said the old gentleman kindly. “You have heard nothing more, I suppose?”

“No.” Very sorrowful the curve of the lips. “I am advertising in the French papers, I must have patience.

‘Men must work and women must weep.’

and wait. It is often harder than the doing, but I dare not despair as yet.”

“You must spare as much time as you can for Nancy; it will do her good to have a chat about old times and the old place. Jack, here, has been very good, looking after an old man and a delicate girl.”

“I should not think it any hardship to look after Nan,” said the young fellow with a slight flush rising on his cheek.

Phyllis noted his tender, chivalrous attentions to Nan with a great content; she had felt utterly yet unwittingly false to her friend, but now Jack would be all Nancy’s to the end. She had never over-estimated his passion for her; of sudden growth, she had always felt it would gradually subside into a more temperate, steady affection; she put herself in the second place with a sweet self-forgetfulness, unmarked by Jack, whose warm, impressionable nature was absorbed in the thought that Nancy was going away. As we appreciate things more when there is a chance of losing them, so now, seeing Nan fade before his eyes it made him wish to keep her, realising at length what the parting would be. Phyllis had been like a meteor flashing across his path, but Nancy, the steadfast light of a fixed star which unconsciously had guided his way. Now that it was threatened with extinction, he felt as if

drifting on to a rocky coast without a beacon to warn him off.

Mr. Greatorrex, who had heard nothing of his devotion to Phyllis, began to think his hopes for a union between the two were after all to be fulfilled.

He said to him a day or two after their arrival in Paris, “My dear boy, we must get Nan well soon, I should like to see her happily settled before I die. My little girl will be a treasure for any man.”

“That indeed she would,” responded Jack warmly, marvelling at the Squire’s blindness.

“I had hoped to see you her husband, Jack,” said the old man, coming to the point rather bluntly.

“I, Squire! I am not good enough for her,” stammered he.

“Not a bad fellow, not at all,” was the response, given with an affectionate pat on the shoulder; then Mr. Greatorrex continued, “Perhaps you had better wait till you have taken your degree before you speak; my Nan would like to be proud of her husband.”

Jack was utterly taken aback, thus to have his future laid out for him and Nancy dying! Had he been a fool, seeking after a shadow when the reality had been in his grasp? He wondered if she loved him. At any rate Mr. Greatorrex must not know that he had wavered from his allegiance. But Nancy was too clear-sighted to be deceived. She sometimes wished for life, now that Jack was ever at her side with lover-like attentions, but she felt that the love that had blossomed beneath the shadow of the tomb might wither in the glare of the world’s sunshine, so she took all his tender care of her in an undemonstrative sisterly way, showing no reticence, but talking when they were alone of his hopes and fears and aspirations. The calm was not broken till the day before they left. She said to him, in her usual gentle tone,

“It is good of you to see me home, Jack. Phyllis will be lonely without any of us, but she has promised to come to Falkland when—I send for her.” There was no mistaking the meaning of the last words.

Jack fell on his knees beside her couch.

“Nancy! Harebell! don’t leave me. I cannot bear it. You know I love Phyllis, but I have found it is not as I love you. Dear, could you have cared for me more than for a brother, if I had not wandered from you? I don’t deserve you should, but you were always near, my second sister, and

so I suppose I did not understand what you were to me, but my eyes are opened now. Nan, I loved you always, I love you now, my better self. If love can conquer death, bid him depart." His voice grew choked with emotion.

All the devotion she had so long cherished sprang into life. Why should she die? A feeling of rebellion, for the first time, rose against her fate, but it was stilled instantly. She released her hands that he had clasped and laid them on his head.

"Jack, love can conquer death, but not here, not here. Though not present in the flesh, Nancy will be with you, for no obstacles can separate souls. Jack, be brave. Dear, to know that the Harebell though withered will be fadeless in your heart is comfort. Your love for Phyllis will have been none the less real for my having a place in your memory. I did not grudge you to her, not for a moment; if she had loved you, you would have had a greater blessing than I could ever have been."

"But I have lost you both; oh, Nancy, stay."

She folded his hands in hers and looked upwards and her silence seemed a prayer.

A feeling of awe crept over her companion as of being in some presence unseen by his grosser sense. He stooped and kissed the fair face that seemed like unto the face of an angel, then softly left the room.

He never spoke to her of love again.

The next morning they left for England. Phyllis bade them adieu at their hotel. Nancy whispered to her, "Don't forget your promise," and Phyllis answered her with a mute caress.

How forlorn she felt as the carriage drove away! She glanced round at the room they had occupied, then fairly broke down; flinging her arms about Lion, she crouched on the floor in a momentary passion of grief. "Doggie, I have no one now but you, and they will soon be at Castlemount whence you and I are exiled, and perhaps *he* is there and misses his 'St. Cecilia.' Oh my love! can it be for ever!"

She rose hastily as she heard footsteps, strangers would soon be in the chamber hallowed by the presence of Nancy.

Slowly she passed out into the street. It was early; the shops *en déshabille*, like a belle, who systematically appealing to art, is taken unawares in undress. Bright mob-capped women were going to market, for the Parisian housewife rises betimes, the horses in the primitive country carts jangled their

bells, while the clatter of their feet on the asphalt, and the crack of their blue-bloused drivers' whips, seemed to gain an added cheerfulness from the freshness of the morning air and the glint of the May sunshine. The scent of the horse-chestnuts was not lost and fouled in a close atmosphere, and their soft petals floated like waxen snow on the light air.

But to Phyllis there came no sense of happiness; the sun rays might have come straight from some fetid alley, where human misery went hand in hand with demon vice. She felt entrapped in a web not of her own weaving. Not a sound, not a cry came to her out of the darkness that enveloped the last three years of her mother's life. She walked down to the river, the muddy Seine was even sparkling that sunshiny morning. A little ripple fanned by a breath, laden with the scents it had brought from the country, caught a sparkle of light; Phyllis shuddered. She thought of a jewelled hand that perhaps had been outstretched as the waters closed over a despairing soul. She hurriedly retraced her steps, with a weary hunted look on her face that had not been there before. She went mechanically towards the Rue St. Honoré. Her eyes ached with their weight of unshed tears; she seemed to see nothing, the shadows only were deepened by contrast with the surrounding brightness. She was dimly conscious that some one took his hat off to her as he passed, she acknowledged the salutation, but without the flickering smile that usually had illumined her features at sight of the familiar figure. Who he was she did not know, but he had for the past few weeks seemed to her like an echo of home. His face was the embodiment of joyousness, of a purely Saxon type, laughing blue eyes, hair that had been flaxen but was slightly tanned, a large fair moustache over a well-cut mouth, the chin showing more determination and firmness than might have been expected from the rest of the gay, debonnair face. Rather above the middle height, broad-shouldered, with massive thews and sinews, but with hands that though muscular were delicate in shape as a woman's, embrowned by exposure, gloves being an almost unknown article of apparel. He was dressed in a tweed suit, perfectly well fitting, though at first sight scarcely suitable garments for a dandy city. The man was so much above his clothing, so thoroughly *outside* of it, as it were, that that necessary adjunct of civilisation seemed to gain a character from him, not he from

it. His eyes were like a mirror reflecting passing objects, and the slightest breath seemed to curve a ripple in the mobile mouth, more often of mirth, as if, like the laughing philosopher, everything in this world turned its grotesque side to him, but sometimes of contempt or wondering pity when beings possessed of souls showed characteristics of the brute, whether of bear or monkey. He was generally gravest when looking at a child; his scrutiny often ended in a wild romp; yet he would say, in a half speculative, half serious tone, "Look at the infinite possibilities in that small creature, genius or goodness that makes the world greater and better, or depravity that might make the animals blush. A God or a devil—which?" He had a faculty for finding lost children, and if a guardian of the peace were not at hand, thought nothing of escorting across the street some mimic mother overweighted with her charge. He had got into a bowing acquaintance with Phyllis, by offering to escort her home on one of the very few occasions that she had met with any rudeness from one calling himself a gentleman. His manner had been courteous, but not obtrusive, nor had he sought to improve upon the intimacy, save by bowing to her and occasionally following her at a little distance as if to be assured of her safety. She felt grateful, and often wondered who he could be, but she never gave him the slightest encouragement beyond her faint smile of recognition and acknowledgment. This morning he watched her after she had passed, then turned and followed, with a reflex of her trouble in his face. She left Lion at her apartments and went on to the Church of St. Roch. Mass was being celebrated, so she passed to a side chapel and knelt against the rail. The boys' sweet voices fell in soothing cadence on her ear, they brought back the village choir and Charlie Bennet's clear treble. How long she knelt she did not know; the worshippers dispersed, only a few lingered listening to the organist's exquisite playing. Suddenly a kindly voice said, "Daughter, are you in trouble?"

Phyllis looked up. It was a priest whom she knew slightly through Madame Barret.

"Nay, father, I am comforted."

He glanced reverently at the crucifix before which she was kneeling. "You do well to seek the Christ, my child," he said, then left her.

The music gradually stilled her grief. It was the Kyrie Eleison from one of Perugini's

Masses. She stayed all unconscious that three people connected with her life, past, present, and future, were listening too. Behind a pillar, concealed from her view, stood Bernard Maxwell; he had strolled into the building on hearing the organ, and with bent head and throbbing pulses thought of "St. Cecilia," unconscious that she was so near, and that two pairs of eyes were intently watching him: those of Phyllis's fair-haired guardian and those of a woman dressed in the garb of a Protestant sisterhood, plain black dress, cloak and close-fitting bonnet; the long black veil was thrown back, but as soon as she saw Sir Bernard, she drew it hastily forward, but still furtively eyed him. He had suffered since last they had met, that she could see, and for a moment a gleam of satisfied revenge shot out of her brown eyes. It vanished instantly. "God forgive me!" she muttered, and a wonderful softness came into her face which bore an expression of habitual pain and weariness. A little hacking cough escaped her occasionally, but she tried to keep it under as if it might disturb the music. As the strain of the *Agnus Dei* from Mozart's first Mass in C wailed from the instrument, she sank on her knees, and clasping her hands, moaned, while the tears trickled down her wan cheeks, "Miserere!"

She heeded nothing till light footsteps passed along the side aisle, then she lifted her head, and rising softly, stole out after Phyllis.

Sir Bernard started forward as he caught sight of "St. Cecilia," but came face to face with the owner of the other pair of eyes that had watched him. The two men grasped each other's hands—"Maxwell!" "St. Maur!"

CHAPTER XXII.—LOVE IS ENOUGH.

"DEAR old fellow, what have you been doing these months?" said St. Maur as he took his friend's arm and marched him off to his hotel.

The gloom which had been momentarily dispelled settled down in the other's face.

"I—I have been in heaven—and hell—never mind me. Where have you been? I would have written, only I did not want my letter to be wandering about after you."

St. Maur did not show the surprise he felt at the tone of his friend's reply, but answered gaily,

"I have been in Algeria and Tunis, taking runs into the Desert, and living with that worthy son of Ishmael, Sheik Abdul. I strayed back to Paris three weeks ago, and

have been lingering on, detained by the spell of the mysterious Una."

"Who?" said Sir Bernard abruptly.

"Ah, your have evidently only just come, not to know Spenser's Faerie Queene."

"Do you know her?"

"No, merely a bowing acquaintance; but joking apart, she interests me. I thought at first she was a beautiful maniac, she has a way of looking at women—never at men—with a curious searching gaze; but when once I had seen into her eyes, I knew it was some heartache. She had not her dog with her just now—she is generally accompanied by a splendid St. Bernard. I followed her into the church to-day. There was such a despairing agony in her expression which made me feel as if I were personally hurt; she had always seemed hopeful before."

The two had reached St. Maur's suite of rooms, and reclining in comfortable arm-chairs, puffed at their cigars in silence, till Sir Bernard said in a dry husky tone,

"Does she walk about unprotected save for her dog?"

St. Maur's surprise deepened at the strange inflection in his voice.

"Yes; that is how I came to know her nationality. She was walking down the Champs Elysées one evening, with that pale, fixed expression that took heed of nothing but certain women's faces. She would scan them, then pass on with that grace of motion habitual to her, giving now and then a weary, half-impatient sigh. I was following her more closely than usual, for I saw the notice she attracted, but of which she herself appeared perfectly ignorant—if she had she would not have walked there alone at that hour—when suddenly I discovered some one else was dogging her footsteps. Who should it be but the Vicomte de Terny. You know him, one of the fastest of the *vieille noblesse*. I heard afterwards he had made a bet he would find out who she was and break down that pretence of exclusiveness, only put on no doubt for her own purposes."

"Out on him!" muttered Bernard Maxwell fiercely. "Where was I not to choke the words down his throat!"

St. Maur paused in amazement. "You know her?"

"Yes, tell me the rest."

"Well, I was going slowly behind; she seemed so pure and fair and sorrowful to be without a protector."

"Thank you, old fellow." Bernard Maxwell leant forward and clasped his friend's hand, then paced up and down the room,

flinging his cigar away, as if that had no power to soothe. "Go on."

"De Terny went up to her. I was afraid he meant mischief. I did not quite catch what he said, but it was to the effect that one so lovely should not be suffered to wander without a guardian. She looked at him fearlessly, but sadly, as if grieved for him, more than afraid for herself. Her voice, singularly clear and sweet, let me hear her answer given in French, but with an unmistakable English accent. 'Monsieur, je vous remercie; mon chien protège mon corps, le bon Dieu mon âme;' and with a slight inclination of the head she moved away. But De Terny's bet was at stake, and her answer only served to inflame his passion. He, no doubt, thought it a good piece of acting, so he darted after her and I after him. He touched her on the arm. She started round, her slight figure seeming to dilate, and her eyes flashing, all the sadness replaced by indignant scorn. I thought it was time to interfere, so quietly lifting the little Viscount by the collar, I routed him in no time. He threatened to call me out, and I fully expected a challenge; but I fancy he had no wish to be winged or his beauty spoilt, so I heard no more from him. He got awfully chafed; but I am keeping the lady waiting. She thanked me with the sweetest possible smile, but refused my offer of escort farther than the Rue Castiglione."

"Have you spoken to her since?"

"No, only once; she was standing watching people going to the opera, when suddenly she gave a suppressed cry and started forward, then shrank back. The Marquise d'Alva had stepped out of her carriage. The mysterious Una, turning, saw me, and looking eagerly into my face said, 'Who is that lady?' When I told her, she asked if that had always been her name. I quite regretted being obliged to answer in the affirmative, she looked so depressed. But what interest have you in her, Bernard? You are not happy, dear old fellow, something is wrong; sit down and have it out, you'll be all the better for confessing." A tender gravity overlaid the laughter in his eyes, and turned their mirthfulness into sympathy.

"Geof, if I told any one it would be you. 'Una,' do they call her? she is my 'St. Cecilia.' What do you think of her? There is no face in the world like hers to me."

"One can't but admire her, pale and shadowy though she be."

"Pale and shadowy perhaps to you, but

you have not seen her as I have, her face aglow, every feature responsive to all that was beautiful. Cold and chill like the snow queen, but as you studied her, like the snow, she seemed formed of crystals, and you saw the shining of the rainbow hues, the reflection in her character of the sunlight in her true, warm heart. She was *mine*, Geoffrey, and by my own mad act I lost her, and brought the agony you talk of into that saintly face." He buried his head in his arms, where he sat by the table.

St. Maur laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Bernard Maxwell really in love, and Geoffrey St. Maur still heart whole! wonders will never cease. Dear boy, cheer up, it will end all right. Come along to my studio, and relieve your mind by telling me the history. I can listen better if I am painting. I am working at Una and her Lion, of which your lady-love has been unconsciously the model. You will like to see it. Come."

Sir Bernard studied the picture, with a certain painful pleasure. How it resembled the girl he had first seen at the organ, not the Phyllis who had loved him, but as he imagined her now, wounded and suffering. Then facing the painting, he told his tale, not sparing himself with regard to his conduct toward her, but yet unable to say he had done wrong to her mother.

St. Maur listened in silence, save when *Mdme. de Marcie's* name was mentioned, then he interjected, "Ah, now I see, the Marquise d'Alva is very like what she was."

When Sir Bernard had finished, he asked—"Geoffrey, can she forgive me?"

St. Maur looked away from his friend as he replied, "She may forgive and you be no nearer your desire; only the certainty of her mother's death could bring you together again. If I judge her character by her face, one thing might help you, if it be not too late, to humble yourself so far as to confess your revenge was a sin."

"Do *you* think it was?"

"Bernard, old fellow, I could have understood your slaying her in the heat of passion, but to have hunted her down—yours is a nobler nature than that would lead one to suppose. I never could comprehend it, because I do not know revenge. You may say I have never felt deeply enough, but what good has it done you? You soured some of the best years of your life, you have driven the woman you hated to despair, and crushed the joys of the one you loved."

Sir Bernard stopped abruptly in his cease-

less walks. "Spare me, Geoffrey, I know it all too well, but I cannot act the hypocrite and say 'Mea culpa' when I do not feel it."

His eyes blazed with the old bitter hatred. "She deserved it all—that she was *her* mother cannot alter her guilt. 'St. Cecilia,' 'St. Cecilia,' oh that I had been struck blind before I looked upon that siren face again. My love came so unsuspectingly, and the tender touch of her hand seemed to burn and blister my arm. It was awful to see my most precious possession shattered at my feet."

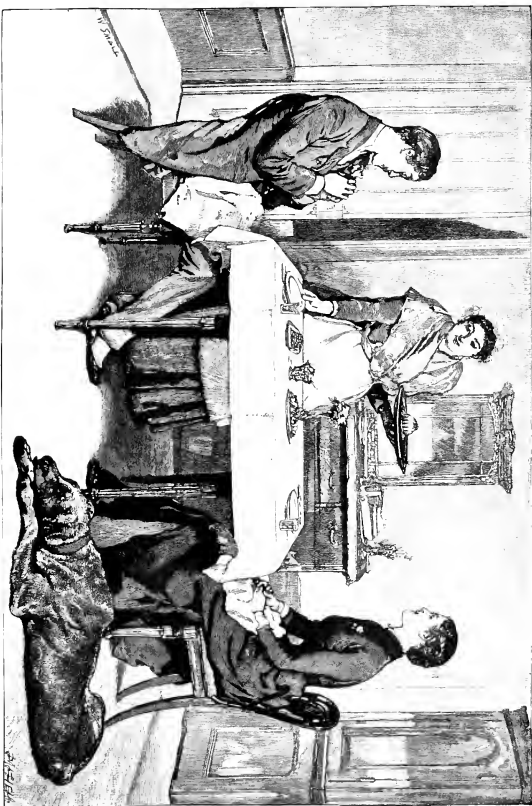
St. Maur went on quietly at his painting; argue on it he could not, and mere words of sympathy were of no avail, but the laughter died out of his eyes, and across their clear blue lay dark shadows, like the sea when hurrying clouds for a moment obscure the sun.

"The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge," he said at last.

Sir Bernard replied to his thought more than to his words. "Geoffrey, don't think for an instant that I ever intended to visit *Mdme. de Marcie's* sins upon her daughter, never has my love for Phyllis wavered. Had I been prepared, so that I could have hidden the truth from her, I would, but it was wrung from me by the suddenness of being brought face to face with the spectre of the past which I had thought dead and buried out of sight. I felt I must be alone, and when I went home she had left without one word of farewell; but she cannot be inflexible?" He looked at his friend as if for encouragement.

"I know very little of women, except in the abstract, dear boy," replied St. Maur. "Without them life would be tame, I confess, but as well ask a chef what his sauce piquante is made of, no two make it alike, as try to understand the combination of sweet and sour that goes to make up that wonderful compound—woman. It is puzzling how such a free lance as *Mdme. de Marcie* could have had such a daughter, so utterly unlike except in the tones of her voice. You have my best wishes, but if you don't succeed I'll go with you anywhere, if I can do you any good."

"Thanks, old fellow. I shall not be a very cheerful companion, I fear. Even if I don't succeed, I shall at any rate remain in Paris. She must not be left without a protector again. *Addio*, I must go and parade the streets till there is a chance of seeing her. I feel choked indoors."



"Madame Barret excelled herself."

He wended his way slowly towards the Rue St. Honoré. Traversing the Rue de la Paix to pass the time, engrossed with his own thoughts, he took no heed of a carriage that was pulled up hurriedly at the curbstone at the command of its occupant. A lady's parasol touched him on the shoulder, and a voice cried—

"Bernard Maxwell, or his ghost?"

He stopped, a slight shade of annoyance crossing his features, his self-absorption making it difficult for him to drag himself beyond himself.

"Lady Laure!" he exclaimed, as he shook her hand.

"You don't look pleased to see me, my friend."

This was said a little reproachfully. It brought him to himself.

"Forgive me. I am more pleased to see you than any one else just now."

"Then come with me and tell me what you have been doing to make such a wretched-looking object of yourself. I hardly recognised you."

He glanced at his watch. "I have half an hour to spare. I am at your service."

"Au Bois," said her ladyship, and the pair were driven rapidly off. Not much was said till they reached the lakes, then she suggested they should walk. Still her companion kept silence, and Lady Algernon waxed impatient. "Bernard, where were you going when I met you? I mistook you for a wraith."

A strange smile flickered across his mouth. "Perhaps I was—at least, I was on my way to Hades in search of Eurydice."

"My Eurydice?"

"Your Eurydice."

"How had you let her slip? She was yours for the asking; that I saw."

"She was mine, yes; but I have been punished for my self-confidence. You remember our conversation at the Harmans? I looked back and—I am left alone."

"For ever, Bernard?"

"Till the shadow passes. When that will be, God knows! But I am going to say to her—whether it be in the dim land of doubt and uncertainty or in the clear sunlight of confidence and hope—'I walk content with thee, O Love,' and she *must* hear and believe me."

"Ah, Bernard, you still have your fancy for talking in hyperbole. I am as wise as I was. You know I am interested in all that interests you. You need not speak in riddles."

"I have just been telling the tale to Geoffrey St. Maur, spare me the repetition, Laure. Ask him; he has my full permission to speak."

"May I call upon Miss Trevylian? Where is she staying?"

"Not in very aristocratic quarters. But Lady Laure is too proud to mind that, I know."

She smiled. "Just like you to say things opposite to others. I should have thought pride consisted in minding."

"No; true pride respects the feelings of other people as much as one's own; and besides, you are above caring what the world says, and I should be glad for you to throw the agis of your protection and position over her. She is quite alone, and subject to the attacks of malice."

Bernard Maxwell did not realise how little such protection was needed by Phyllis. But St. Maur's account had hurt him deeply; that one who was to have been his wife should thus have been addressed and made advances to, gave him a cold shudder. The worldly part of his nature did not understand the exquisite purity of character that no such outside stain could touch, any more than the splash of mud from a passing carriage injures the pedestrian, who shakes it off in disgust and passes on unhurt.

"I am not to be long in Paris," said Lady Algernon. "I am on my way south to meet Algy, who has gone round with the yacht; but I will do what I can. Would you like me to introduce her to the Marquise d'Alva, with whom I am staying?"

The name grated on Sir Bernard's ear, so he replied,

"You are very good, Laure, as always. Phyllis has a quiet determination of character, a certain independence of thought. She might not care for fashionable acquaintances. But I will tell her you are here, and I am certain she will welcome you; but my time is up. Would you mind driving me back to the Rue St. Honoré?"

Did Bernard Maxwell realise the feelings of regret and disappointment in Lady Algernon's mind, struggling with the more unselfish part of her nature? He must have done so, for he held her hand in parting, saying—

"Laure, I have not lost my friend, I hope; not perhaps quite on the old lines, but just as true, and perhaps more sure. Our sympathising friendship may extend over the new years when Laure Tracy is counted Phyllis Maxwell's most intimate friend and sister."

Lady Algernon looked at him, and perhaps admired him more than then in all the years of their play at love-making. She was not a woman to lose the substance for the shadow, so with something very akin to moisture in her eyes she answered—

“Ah, Bernard, you always know how to get round one!” then more gaily, “I mean to love your wife a great deal more than I ever did you, for this will be in earnest, and the other was in play. Adieu; let me know when I may call.”

Phyllis had just completed her simple *déjeuner* when a manly tread was heard up the narrow stairs. Her heart stood still; surely she knew that footfall! The door opened and, unannounced, Bernard Maxwell entered. He advanced with outstretched hands, every thought evidently swallowed up in the joy of seeing her again. She rose on his entrance, looking cold and statuesque; she had put a strong rein upon herself. He recoiled a step. Was this his “St. Cecilia?” Pale and shadowy indeed, with dark lines under the quiet grey eyes and a weary droop in the curving lips. And *he* had brought her to this! Nervelessly his hands fell to his sides; he began to think St. Maur was right. She came forward and gently said,

“How do you do, Sir Bernard?”

The prefix showed him he had a harder task than he expected. He took her hand and looked into her face, shame and sorrow and reproach mingled in his gaze. She could not meet it; her eyes were filling with tears. He felt her hand tremble.

“St. Cecilia, have I sinned beyond forgiveness?”

The tones of his voice brought back the old sweet past. It was a terrible struggle to resist its pleading, but she replied steadily,

“There is nothing to forgive. You could not help it; it is useless recalling what is irrevocable. Tell me of Castlemount and Manassell.”

She was still perfect mistress of herself. Releasing her hand she sat down, motioning him to do likewise.

He took a chair mechanically. Her voice seemed to come from far away, as he sat with bent head and listless air of dejection. He did not notice the fleeting glance of tender yearning love that shot out of her eyes, suppressed when he looked at her. Replying to her question, When had he come to Paris? he answered,

“Last night. I could not stay away any longer. I felt I must see you again.”

“It is very good of you to wish to do so, knowing who I am,” she answered gravely.

He bent forward and clasped her hands.

“Phyllis, have I killed all your love? Why do you look at me so—as if the past were forgotten by you, and you wished to have it so? I deserve that you should hate me.”

She shook her head.

“I would rather you did than appear so coldly indifferent. We will search for your mother together. For your sake what would I not do!”

She glanced eagerly up. “You could pardon her?”

She felt his hands grow cold; his lips might say yes, but, with her knowledge of him, she knew his heart would say no. She sighed. “I dare not ask you for such a sacrifice; and then I should always fancy you were watching for some resemblance between us, and if anything displeased you in my conduct would it not come upon you with a sense of bitterness—‘She is her mother’s child.’ Ah, no, no! you must leave me to go my way alone!”

Her face lost its immobility, but, like some wounded animal, she strove to hide it. He must not know how much she suffered.

He knelt down in front of her and clasped his arms round her waist.

“Phyllis, my love, see, I kneel to you! Your face is cold and proud, with a patient sorrow in it. You will be weary waiting. Think of the long years alone! Darling, let your heart speak for me! I thrust it back and left you; but forgive me, Phyllis, and come again to Castlemount! I would have sought you before, but you had gone and left me this.” He detached a ribbon from his neck. “I have worn it ever since, for it had enriched your finger, and the diamonds were not clearer than your pure eyes! Phyllis, did you mean we were to part for ever? Phyllis, come back to me!”

She listened with a piteous look in her face. His head drooped and rested against her. She stroked his hair tenderly.

He looked up. “Phyllis, there is no love in your eyes, only a saintly patience and sorrow for me. Is your love dead? Tell me the worst, now that I hold you in my arms perhaps for the last time.”

“I have lived and loved; I live no longer. Do not bid me wake; let me sleep—till I die; I ask nothing else but to be forgotten. Away from you I may dare to love you; with you—your curse would cling to me by heritage.”

"Phyllis, have mercy! You are stainless. It cannot touch you; let me bear it, if not for you, at least with you. If you send me away the curse has indeed recoiled upon my head."

"You have your life of usefulness to live; the thought of me will after a time be but a broken string in the music of existence, and some day, perhaps, when you have a wife worthier of you—I am but a beggar maid—you will be glad that I gave you back your heart."

He had risen slowly while she spoke, the lines of his face as if set in marble. "And you are content that it should be so. I thought you loved me once. You are too constant but that if you had ever done so you would do so still, in spite of the past." He passed his hand over his eyes, then a mocking smile crossed his mouth. "As you said, you are *her* child; she played fast and loose with men's hearts. What else could I expect? Gwendoline de Marcie, you are indeed avenged." He turned as if to leave the room.

Phyllis shrank at the cruel words, but she made no effort to detain him; she stood with bowed head and tightly clasped hands; she felt as if she were dying—as if all consciousness were slowly leaving her. A wild hope possessed her that it might indeed be death; for her soul seemed to be driven through Siberian wastes in an endless quest, where demons with mocking laughter barred her progress, tormenting her with mirages of cooling streams and restful green while scorching sands were the reality. It was, in fact, only a moment of time, though it seemed ages, till she felt herself almost crushed in Bernard Maxwell's embrace. He lifted her head. "St. Cecilia, let me look into your eyes; they cannot lie. Oh, my God! what have I done?"

She hardly seemed to know or hear him. Pale as a corpse, with unutterable anguish in her face, she only whispered, "Her child—yes. Poor Phyllis!"

He carried her to the couch, and with tender words and kisses strove to recall her consciousness. Not as a rule demonstrative in outward signs of affection, now all his self-restraint seemed gone. With passionate entreaties he prayed her to forgive him; he laid her head upon his shoulder, and kissed her burning eyes till gradually tears crept from under the closed lids, and relieved the pressure on her brain. She looked up.

"Poor Bernard!" she said, lifting her hand to his face with a caressing motion. "You

are not so strong as I, a weak girl, to bear and to suffer."

"I will endure what you will, but not without the assurance that your love can bear the strain. Your coldness maddened me. Phyllis, if you will not go home, neither will I. I will at least have the satisfaction of seeing you and protecting you, my white lily."

For a moment it seemed as if her powers of resistance were broken down, but she rallied quickly.

"Bernard, as you love me—no. If *she* saw us together do you not think she would mistrust me, and think I had gone over to the enemy, and conceal herself yet more? My love—you are my love in spite of your disbelief—you must go back to 'Mamsell' and do your duty. Did you not promise your tenants you would no longer be an absentee landlord? I shall feel more content if I know you are at Castlemount keeping your cousin from fretting. Dot is with her a good deal, but that is not her 'boy.' You can write to me. We are both young, and can wait for a brighter future."

But Sir Bernard did not seem inclined to look at the bright side. He said earnestly, "Phyllis, promise me one thing; that if ever I need you—I might fall ill, or come to grief in some way, you know—you will come to me; and if you feel your lonely life is breaking down your courage promise me"—he held her hand close against his breast—"that you will require no asking, but come. When I hear the 'Agnus Dei' floating through the hall then I shall know 'St. Cecilia' has forgiven me and will be my wife."

Eagerly he waited for her answer.

"I promise!" Then with tender, reproachful entreaty, "Bernard, never think those cruel thoughts again. It is because I love you so I would fain have you forget me, and yet I would not either if it were not better for yourself."

He took the ring from his neck. "Wear this for my sake, then, Phyllis, it binds you to me. You are mine so long as you wear this sign. My darling, *I was a brute!* Forgive me, 'St. Cecilia.'"

She kissed him. "Now you must go. The parting will be all the harder the longer you put it off. You will go back to Castlemount at once, Bernard. Our Margaret needs you."

"You sway me in spite of myself; I will go, but I should like you to know St. Maur; he is in Paris. Will you let me bring him? he knows what we are to each other."

"Oh, yes, I should like to see him!" Her eyes brightened. "Perhaps he will accompany you home? It will not be so lonely for you."

Sir Bernard went to the window. He had an idea that his friend's anxiety to hear how

he fared would lead him to the spot, and sure enough there he was, lounging up and down. Sir Bernard went out, and the two came up together.

"Let me introduce my 'St. Cecilia,' Geoffrey—Miss Trevelyian, Lord St. Maur."

CORN-FLOWERS.

A LONG the swelling of the upland leas—
Where, loved of summer suns, the country spreads—
The ripen'd blades are swaying in the breeze
That soon will sigh above their sheaved heads;
And fair as ever early reapers found them,
The twining weeds and poppies cling around them.

O Lord, when from this reaping ground I pass,
And bear my scanty sheaf to offer Thee,
Of gaudy weeds and clinging blades of grass
Too many mid the grain will twined be;
But Thou—wilt Thou not say, with smile divine,
"Poor flow'rs—poor weedlings! they were also Mine?"

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR AUGUST.

By THE EDITOR.

FIRST SUNDAY.

Read Psalm xxxvi.; Hebrews xi. 1-16.

FAITH AND CHARACTER.

IN a sense every one lives by faith, for faith in some form lies at the basis of all life. Confidence is as necessary to the commercial world as gravitation is to the material universe. There is a latent faith in which we daily act as unconsciously as we breathe the atmosphere. We could not lie down in security if we had no faith in the protection of law, nor eat our food without faith in its being free from poison. It would be a curious theme for the dramatist to construct a play whose subject would be the life of a man who had faith in nothing, and to depict the absurdity, confusion, and terror which must ensue from universal scepticism.

But while all this may be trite enough, there are many persons who fail to perceive the necessary connection between faith and character, especially if the faith alluded to happens to be religious faith. It is for this reason that salvation by faith is a stumbling-block to so many. They fancy that it is an arbitrary doctrine, because they identify faith with the holding of an opinion, and salvation with admission to heaven when they die, rather than with the actual redemp-

tion of character. But if saving faith acts upon us in such a way as to save us in the most real sense from our sins, by imparting a new range of motives and aspirations, we may be helped to understand the method of its operation by considering the similar influences which the principle of faith exercises in daily life, when engaged on other objects.

The faith which tells on character is always more than an intellectual belief; it must be charged with the warm colouring of sympathy. The great moral Trinity of Faith, Hope, and Love is continually at work, making men what they are according to the objects they believe in, hope for, and love. When faith is no more than an opinion, failing to reach the affections and desires, and kindling no hope; when it is but a creed-belief, reached by proofs and evidences like some conclusion in mathematics, and lying as far away from our real interests as a theory regarding the fixed stars, then it is what St. James calls a "dead faith." It has nothing to do with the man, who would not be a whit different had he never formed that opinion at all. But when the object of his faith is one he supremely loves and hopes for, his life and character are determined by his faith. Faith then passes into self-sur-

render, he yields to the ruling motive, it becomes the key to conduct and lends its own nature to his thoughts.

These principles are at work daily. It is because a man believes in money, or in social position, or in domestic comfort, and because he loves the kind of happiness these bestow, and hopes to attain to it, that his life is governed. His character is determined by that faith, hope, and love. If you wish to know what that is which a man really believes, notice the objects that create self-surrender, kindling the interests, enlisting the affections, and inspiring the hopes. When you have ascertained this you can get at the character.

It is evident that the exercise of the mere principle of faith does not make one either good or bad. It is the nature of the object of the faith which lends moral value to the act of faith. If the self-surrender is to a mean and selfish aim, then the life becomes mean and unworthy. If the faith goes forth to God, and if self is yielded to the divine purpose in hope and love, then the character is at once ennobled. All men live by faith, but few live by faith in God.

There are, as we might expect, various stages of religious faith. There is a growth in it; it learns to soar from the spot of earth where it first learnt to gaze on heaven, to heights from which it can enjoy visions of the kingdom of God in its larger relationship. Unfortunately, however, good people have identified saving faith with the earliest stages of experience alone, to the neglect of the other stages. They fail to attach to it the noble conception so magnificently illustrated in the Epistle to the Hebrews, wherein the story is told of one after another of the heroes of the ancient Church, whose faith was not so much directed to their own salvation, as it was engaged with the great hope of a divine blessing for all mankind. It would be difficult to connect the kind of faith which made these men and women so resolute, bracing them against temptation and suffering and death, with the conception of saving faith usually held forth as peculiarly evangelical. "These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims upon earth." These men were raised above themselves by the vision of a good not yet realised. The picture is most pathetic. Nothing can be more self-forgetful and noble. But if it was wholly unselfish

and occupied with promises, the fulfilment of which they were not to receive during their life as strangers and pilgrims, it was also a faith which saved them from the temptations that assailed them, and elevated their natures, and made their lives saintly and brave. We have no right to impose upon the words of Scripture any artificial meaning, or to twist them into harmony with some comparatively modern system of theology—as when we try to fit on the Pauline doctrine of justification to the experiences of patriarchs, or to the martyrs who died under the Maccabees. We lose nothing, but gain greatly, when we realise the influence of the same grand principle of faith when fixed on God, whether the immediate object be a promise seen afar off, or the full knowledge of the Saviour in whom all God's promises have been sealed.

SECOND SUNDAY.

Read Jeremiah viii. 18—ix. 3; Hebrews xi. 32—xiii. 1.

GROWTH IN RELIGIOUS FAITH.

The first form of that religious faith which is usually termed "saving," is naturally personal in its character. When a man yields himself to God and to the grace that is in the Lord Jesus, and is able to rejoice with an assurance, more or less decided, in hope of the glory of God, he may be, and probably is, a true believer; but his belief dwells chiefly on the relationship of Christ to the safety of his own soul. This kind of faith commonly consists in a personal application of the atonement to individual necessities. Those who are deeply moved by it cannot remain self-centred, even while they cling to phraseologies and experiences that turn wholly on themselves. The very thought of divine love produces lovingness; they begin to care for others and are gradually carried into new ranges of interest and of sympathy.

For while the personal character which marked its commencement continues to shed its peaceful influence, yet the man who possesses vital faith becomes lifted to a position in which the thought of self ends in self-forgetfulness. As when one struggling up a steep ascent has his mind occupied chiefly with his own exertions, but when he reaches higher points where he can look out on the landscape stretching from snowy ranges to wide plains, from the solitude where he feels dwarfed into insignificance, away to distant cities and winding rivers, he quickly forgets himself and his temporary feelings,

and is lost in wonder and admiration ; so is it that as faith ascends nearer God it becomes so enlarged with new views of the divine purpose, that the thought of self becomes lost in the thought of God and of man. New difficulties may suggest themselves ; questions full of perplexity, undreamt of before, rise for solution ; he sees far more than he saw at first ; the elementary matter of personal salvation becomes almost a secondary consideration ; for the "still sad music of humanity" now rings in his ear in tones that haunt him by day and night. "The burthen of the mystery of all this unintelligible world" presses upon him. The sin and suffering of earth lie upon his soul as a heavy burden. One faith, one hope, one love alone sustain him. He believes in God as righteous and true ; he hopes in God ; and from the darkness and defilement of earth he rises into fellowship with that purpose of love which is the promise and pledge of blessing. He may not see the ideal he longs for fulfilled. Like the faithful men of old, he may behold it "afar off," while he embraces it. The vision of a redeemed world may appear very distant. But he has faith in it. He is on God's side, and believes in the victory of His good and perfect will.

The faith which is described in the Epistle to the Hebrews was surely of that advanced type. The men of faith who are there named were upheld by such trust in the divine promise, by such hopeful, loving confidence in the purpose of God being a purpose of goodness and mercy for the whole world, that they went firmly on through life, undismayed by danger, unconquered by suffering, and finding their full consolation in the bright expectancy with which they looked, far beyond their own horizon, to the time when the promise would be fulfilled. Their unselfishness was heroic. They knew that they themselves were but "strangers and pilgrims upon earth ;" they knew they were only Bedouin shepherds without a home ; but they saw afar off "a city of God" to be established upon earth ; they saw the day of the Anointed in whom all the families of earth would be blessed ; and however dim their thoughts might have been of its glory, yet they so embraced that hope, that they were elevated above temptation, and made "more than conquerors." What they did may sound in our ears as simple and easy. But it was not so, for amid surrounding superstitions and the animal worship and fearful tyrannies of their age, they walked with

God, their lives ennobled by their exalted expectations. Any one who has lived among the bloodthirsty, thieving, foul-mouthed Arabs who still wander where Abraham pitched his tent, can only wonder at what that Arab, Abraham—still called by the children of the desert, the Friend of God—became, through embracing the promises and living in communion with a divine righteousness and mercy.

From such lives as these we can see how truly faith can save a man, and raise him into lofty sympathies ; how it does strengthen him to overcome the temptations of the present, and enables him, even when life renders little of the promised inheritance here, yet to die in the self-forgetful assurance that the kingdom of God will come.

THIRD SUNDAY.

Read Isaiah vi. 1-8 ; 2 Timothy ii. 1-12.

THE EFFECT OF FAITH IN THE POSITIVE VICTORIES OF LIFE.

We are, of course, quite aware of the doctrinal significance of the term "Saving Faith," and of its relationship to Justification as distinct from Sanctification. But one of the great evils of systematizing is the creation, in thought at least, and often in practice, of a separation which does not exist in actual life. It is like the classifying by the botanist of the parts of a plant which are bound inseparably in vital growth. Nay, it is sometimes helpful in religious truth to get away altogether from the systematisers, and to put the facts into every-day language, so as to see them free from what too frequently invests them with an arbitrary and artificial character.

If we would translate saving faith, such faith as is illustrated in the Epistle to the Hebrews, into a modern equivalent, we might call it Faith in the victory of the Good, in the victory of holy love and of self-surrender to the blessed purpose of God in Christ.

What a change would be produced in our ordinary lives if even in this sense we were men of faith and lived by faith ! Take it in the simple sense of faith in the possibilities of life for ourselves, if we only embrace the promises of goodness and of God. Most of us accept a poor idea of what is possible for us to be or do. We live by conventional standards, and do not realise how rich and helpful life can be made through love, hope, and faith in God. Such a want of faith paralyses effort. "It was easy enough for Abraham," we say, "to whom God gave a distinct com-

mand, to rise up and go forth from Mesopotamia." But what do we know of the nature of that voice which spoke to him? Are we sure that it was more distinct or more authoritative and personal than the voices which speak to ourselves every day—the voices of purity or of kindness and self-sacrifice which whisper to us of the right path, the right act, the right thought, the right word? It should be ours to embrace the divine promises that come to us in these ordinary ways, and to live by self-surrender to them. It is thus we can be true children of Abraham and inheritors of his faith and blessing. Life brings untold possibilities of good to each of us, but what we need is faith in these, especially when we are immersed in the petty details, the drudgeries, the coarser passions and trials, which daily come to us. We need this faith in a divine calling and in the promise of God, when the world and the flesh and the devil appeal to our sloth or to our self-indulgence, and we are tempted to take the low standard of the world, and to be, as they say, "no better than others." It is then we need faith in Christ, and, at whatever cost, to surrender ourselves to the vision which He vouchsafes, of what is right and true and good. It may be hard just then to obey, to take this particular cross, to lay aside the indulgence that fascinates, and to turn at once from the tempter to the Saviour: but in so doing lies the way of faith and its victory. It is more difficult to act under the highest principle when life brings little stimulus to heroism, and when its interests are monotonous or petty, than when we are roused by the trumpet voice of great events or startling dangers. Salvation in the most real sense will come by such daily faith, that shrinks not from the demands which a true embracing of the promises always brings. Let the pessimist who darkens life by shattering its ideals and laying bare its sores; and let the cynic who from the fume of his little soul casts acid and gall on all its finer hopes—let these stand aside. What have they ever done to help on the golden year of God, except, perhaps, what the scalpel may do for the physician in dissecting the most loathsome phases of the disease he hopes to cure? But the pessimist and cynic have no cure for humanity, though we may thank them for their bitter truths while we deplore their contemptuous despair. Let the man of God, however, have faith—faith in the victory of good, in the power of Christ in his own life, and faith in the larger victory of the king-

dom of God, and the fulfilment of that promise which was the light of the saints of old times, and which has been fulfilling itself slowly, yet surely, in the history of the world. The commonest life becomes ennobled when it works together with God for the final accomplishment of His will, when not one or two, but when all the nations of the earth shall be blessed in Him.

"Even so, come, Lord Jesus!"

FOURTH SUNDAY.

Read Job xix. 6—27; James v. 7 to end.

FAITH AMID DARKNESS.

The life of faith has other trials besides those which spring from the cross of duty. It is generally easy to distinguish the right path from the wrong, but there are hours when the divine dealings are dark, and when it is ours to trust God even in darkness. "What I do ye know not now, but ye shall know hereafter" is frequently the only word of comfort we can grasp, and our duty then is to wait for light.

The relationship in which God stands to humanity as its ruler and guide, and His acting as a father towards the children whom He would educate, might lead us to expect that there would be many things done by Him which we fail to understand at the time. The General who has planned the campaign fully comprehends the bearing of the different moves by which he has determined to gain a certain advantage. To the master-mind the marches and counter-marches, the advances and the retreats are all necessary for the purpose in view. But they may for a while prove inexplicable to the common soldier. He does not rebel on that account. He is content to be ignorant, because he has confidence in his commander. In like manner, when we think of God as having His great design, which is being wrought out in the history of the Church, it should not appear strange that there should occur periods and incidents that, for a while, confound our own expectations. And if we are children also of the great Father, we need not wonder if, in His training, many things have to be determined for us in spite of our own wishes, and of the value of which we may remain long in ignorance.

It is not easy for us now to measure the greatness of the darkness that at one time must have rested on many of the most important events in the history of the past. The life of Abraham was made up of a series of mysterious commands. The loss of Joseph

and the taking away of Benjamin were for many a day dark as midnight to Jacob. The death and burial of Christ formed a disappointment which almost shattered the faith of His disciples. "We trusted that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel: and to-day is the third day since these things were done." Martha and Mary were plunged in greater sorrow from the apparent neglect of Jesus than from the loss of their brother. And in later times, what a contradiction to every cherished hope must the Jew have experienced when he saw the total destruction of Jerusalem, and the irremediable ruin of the nation! To say that all these failed to comprehend the meaning of what God was doing conveys a feeble idea of the sheer darkness in which these episodes were involved for those who passed through them.

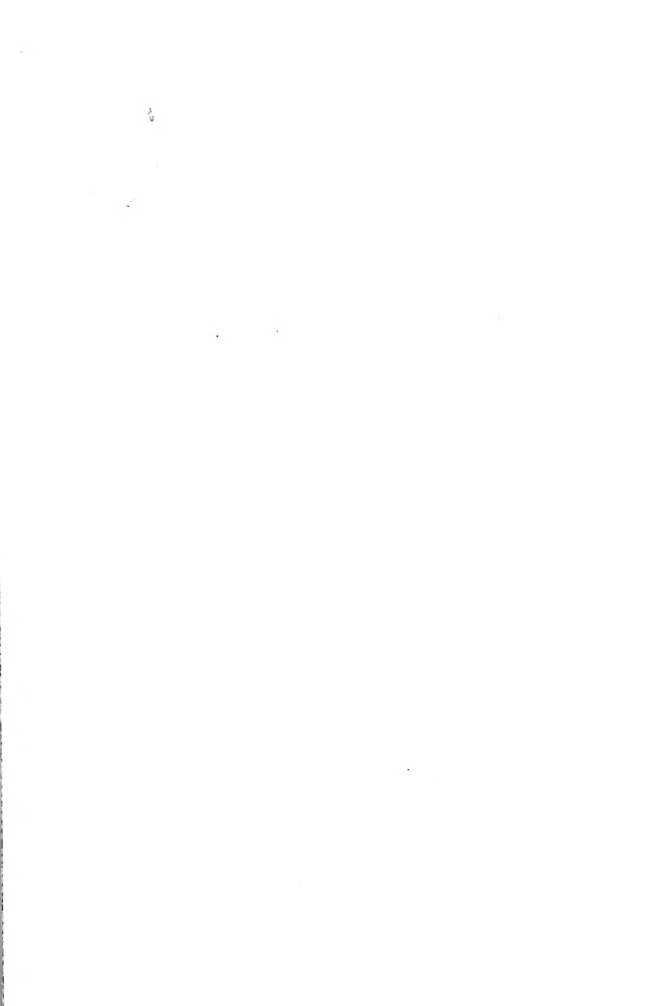
And similar experiences occur in life now. There are some on whom stroke follows stroke, and from whose heart the burden of grief, disappointment, and care is never for a moment lightened. It seems hard that while others enjoy summer brightness their sky is always curtained with gloom; while others have health they have pain and weakness; while others prosper, yet, struggle as they may, adversity is their inevitable doom. So have we seen happy homes strangely visited by sorrows so very hard as to have been the last we would have expected from the hand of a loving Father. The one who could the least be spared suddenly struck down, and with him the stay shattered of the innocent and the helpless; the mother torn from the clinging arms of the child, or the infant, who had been as a light from heaven in the home, snatched away in its spotless beauty, and the music that was sweetest in life silenced for ever! Verily what the Lord does at such times "we know not now." It is all dark—utterly dark; and all that the faithful heart can do is to lift the eye from the mysteries of earth to that Presence where all is light, where all is known, and to wait patiently on the Lord. "Though the Lord slay me yet will I trust in Him," was the grand utterance of one who had no light as to the reasons for the divine dealing, but who knew that "beyond these voices there was peace"—that the Lord reigned in righteousness, and that all His ways were good.

But if our Lord explains to us how there must be many of His dealings which we know not now, he gives us the assurance that we shall know hereafter. This often holds true even in this life. We can now see the mean-

ing of Abraham's life, and the carrying of Joseph into Egypt. We can now perceive the reason of the destruction of Jerusalem and the removal of the Temple. The darkest hour in the history of the disciples has proved the brightest for the world. And what has occurred in the history of the world finds illustration in the narrower sphere of personal or domestic life. As the aged Jacob knew before he died why God had taken Joseph and Benjamin from him, and as the sisters of Bethany knew the deeper blessing for themselves and the world which came from the death of their brother, so we also learn, after a time, how sorrows that once appeared almost ruthless, have been the source of benefits we had never dreamt of before. The rending of the fleshly veil has perhaps opened the Holy of Holies; the blow which clothed the mother with the widow's mourning may have struck the spark of a new life in the son or daughter. The disappointment and failure of earthly hopes may have been accompanied by an education in principle infinitely more valuable than any gift of fortune. The sufferer is sometimes spared to recognise these good ends of trial; but there are often sorrows which we never understand on earth. There are Jobs on whom no day of brightness dawns, and families to whom the ways of God appear dark to the very end.

There is, however, a day coming, our Lord assures us, when all these problems will be solved. And we know what the conclusion of them all will be, for we read that when all God's judgments have been explained the great song of the redeemed will be one of gladness and praise. "Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints. Who shall not fear Thee, O Lord, and glorify Thy name? for Thou only art holy; for all nations shall come and worship Thee; for all Thy judgments are made manifest."

We may, therefore, be content with being now in darkness in reference to many events in our own history and that of the world. Believing in a Father whose name is love—which in its highest form is another word for wisdom and holiness—we may be certain that He not only never afflicts willingly, but for our good, and that it is the least possible suffering which is ever inflicted on any being in this world or the next. If we only knew the real purpose of the things which now appear the hardest and strangest, we may be certain that instead of murmuring we would utter a deep "Amen" of willing and thankful obedience.





"I made my first acquaintance with *de-arté* that day, and have never followed up the introduction."

THE WEAKER VESSEL.

By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "JOSEPH'S COAT," "RAINBOW GOLD," "AUNT RACHEL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

IN the rear of my house there was a garden, not at all a large affair, for land in that part of town is too expensive to be set apart for anything so unprofitable as mere health and pleasure. It measured eleven yards by eight, and was bordered by a brick wall, into which the smoke of thousands of household fires seemed actually to have entered. When we first took possession of the house this wall looked exceedingly raw and desolate, and there was even a suspicion of squalor about it, which was altogether out of accord with the aristocratic character of the neighbourhood and the magnitude of the rent. But as the spring advanced certain forlorn-looking creepers began to burgeon, and the bare trees, not only in my own garden, but in the gardens of my neighbours, took a hopeful show of green, and by the time the kindly summer reached us the dingy wall was three-fourths hidden with flowers and foliage, and a screen of live emerald folded round us so completely that by dint of a little imagination we could fancy ourselves in the middle of a country solitude. We had a gaily striped tent erected here, with a boarded and carpeted floor, and there, when my official duties for the day were over, we held revel over five-o'clock tea. Sometimes, on very bright mornings, we made the pretence of a picnic, and breakfasted out there, to the particular satisfaction of the page-boy, who adopted the picnic idea more completely than any other member of the household, and decorated his face with London blacks by rolling on the grass behind the tent, out of sight, in the intervals of duty.

It was pleasant, in the summer dusk, to take one's after-dinner coffee and cigar in this retreat, or to lie upon a rug on the limited scrap of lawn, staring up at the smoke-softened sky, which, in clear and tranquil weather, is more beautiful than the average Londoner seems to know or dream.

It was near dark one evening after a day of sweltering heat when I lay thus engaged, thinking in a hazy fashion of many things. Clara and Mary had been seated beside me, talking quietly, and now, perhaps for a quarter of an hour, my wife and I had been alone together. We had not exchanged a

word during this time, but I was filled with a pleasant sense of her nearness and companionship, and it has always seemed to me to be a rather poor and thin companionship where people must needs be perpetually talking. It was an understood thing between us, though nobody spoke of it, that a battle was near at hand. In a week or two Mary's promised stay of six months would come to a close, and we knew that though she was far happier with us than she would have been elsewhere, she would make an effort more or less determined to return to the Sisterhood. Personally I was resolved to make a very determined effort to retain her, and I was the more resolute because I thought I had seen now and again a cloud upon Clara's spirits which I attributed to her fear of the approaching parting.

She sat at the door of the tent with a book which it was too dark to read, held laxly in one hand beside her, with a finger between the leaves, still unconsciously marking the page at which she had put it by. I, lying close beside her, within easy hand reach, could see the book and the hand with the wedding-ring upon the finger, but her drooping face as she seemed to look down upon me, was dark against the shining pallor of the sky. I rolled idly over, and possessing myself of the book, took the little ringed hand in mine, and to my terror and astonishment, a large, warm tear fell. I rose to my knees and asked what was the matter. I thought of that possible coming parting, and could imagine nothing else as a cause for tears, but had that been a reason for her grief the answer would have come easily, and here, for awhile, I could get no response at all. To find my poor little wife hugging me round the neck with both arms, and weeping in a sort of resolved despair without being able at all to guess the ground of it, was pitiable, and almost terrible.

"What is it, darling?"

"Oh, John! My poor, dear John! What will you do without me?"

Without her? I had no thought or fear of being without her. What did it mean? I asked her over and over again, and for sole answer there were the clinging arms and silent tears, and now and again the little figure shaken by a sob. I insisted, I besought, I prayed her to be brave, and tell

me everything. I cudgelled my brains in a troubled bewilderment for any reasonable explanation of the grief and fear which evidently beset her. At last she told me, crying more and more softly, with her arms about my neck and her flushed wet cheek pressed against mine, that she would not live long, and that it broke her heart to think of leaving me alone.

Not live long? She was in the very pride of health and strength. She had been a little odd and fanciful of late, unreasonably depressed at moments, gayer and brighter than usual sometimes, without apparent reason. But in danger? I know that if there had been any solid fear, my heart, in its natural rebellion against the thought of severance, would have banished it to the latest moment. I could realise that certainty, even then, but I saw no cause for alarm at all, and tried my tenderest best to laugh her out of this singular fantasy. Finding that at least it was no fantasy to her mind, I became aware of a vague terror. I am no more superstitious than the average run of men, but I remembered all manner of legends of fulfilled presentiment.

I helped her into the house, and having bestowed her in an arm-chair and covered her with unnecessary wraps, I found Mary, and begging her to stay with my wife until my return I ran off in haste for the nearest doctor. Happily for the ending of my anxiety, the nearest doctor chanced to be a man of high repute, and was at home. I told him the nature of my trouble, and he heard the narrative with an inhuman smiling calm, assumed his gloves and hat, and set out with me. He was closeted with his patient for the space of some five minutes, at the end of which time he found me waiting feverishly in the hall. I drew him through the dining-room door, and questioned him. Was there any danger? Was it anything but a feminine fancy?

"My dear sir," he responded, rubbing his hands and smiling, "it is a feminine fact. There is not the faintest cause for anxiety, but ladies in Mrs. Denham's condition are liable to these attacks of despondency. You must do your best to keep her mind upon a level—a level, my good sir." He described the level in the air with two white, plump hands, stooping a little as he did so, as if to indicate that he would rather have the level a little low down than otherwise. "Her present condition is everything that could be desired. Positively everything that could be desired. The one thing I should feel dis-

posed to recommend would be that you should find for her, if possible, a discreet, calm-minded, experienced, and affectionate companion of her own sex."

I dashed instantly at the bell, and rang, not the mad peal I might have rung if I had not suddenly remembered myself, but a modest tinkle, barely audible.

"You know such a lady?" asked the doctor. "You are about to send for her?"

"She is in the house," I answered. "She is thinking of leaving us. My wife is most tenderly attached to her, and I traced her despondency to that cause. Pray persuade her to stay. You have only to tell her what you have said to me, and I know that she will not dream of leaving us."

The maid entering the room at this instant, in answer to my summons, I sent a message to Miss Delamere, asking her to come for a minute to the dining-room. When she entered her face brightened at the sight of the doctor, and the doctor's face brightened at the sight of her.

"Sister Constance!" he said, in a tone of great pleasure. "I think we have found a duty for you. I have just seen Mrs. Denham, who has been alarming her husband by a touch of low spirits and despondency, very natural in her present state. He tells me that this despondency is due to the fear of your departure. Now a fixed despondency, my dear Sister Constance, is a danger in a case like this. We must avoid it if we can."

As soon as the doctor paused I hastened to say that much as Clara and I had valued her companionship we should be a hundred-fold more grateful for it now. I was so urgent in my fear lest Clara's mind should quit that level which the doctor seemed to think desirable for her that she gave way at once. I thanked her with all my heart, and begged her without delay to tell Clara of the promise she had made.

"That," said the doctor, "will be her best medicine." When Mary had gone, in obedience to my request, he added, with a queer kind of brusquerie which I understood better later on, "I'm glad she's left us, because I wanted to say a word about her. That woman, Mr. Denham," laying an impressive hand upon my shoulder, "is an angel." He seemed almost angry about it, and looked as if he would have liked me to contradict the statement, but I assented to it warily. He lingered for a minute or two, while he drew on his gloves, to say that he had met her often in the pursuit of his professional

duties, and had formed a high opinion of her. "The loftiest, sir," he said,—“the loftiest,” with the same tone of brusquerie and defiance. With this, he went away, staying only for a minute in the hall to tell me that I was not to trouble him again unless I saw actual need for it.

I was not at all surprised when Mary next morning expressed her delight at my having fallen upon Doctor Mason.

"I think," she said, "he is the kindest-hearted creature in the world. People speak of him as one of the hardest-working men in London, but he spends a third of his time in doctoring patients who cannot pay him a penny."

There are many such men in the ranks of his profession. I remember, when I got to know him intimately, as I did, telling him one day that doctors were the only people in the world who spent their lives in an earnest endeavour to leave themselves nothing to do. He twinkled over this, and answered, "My dear sir, we are all engaged in providing work for generations of our successors. We patch up the feeble." I cornered him directly afterwards, by asking whether, if a medical man found a means by which all disease and sickness could be ended, he would make his knowledge public. He thundered, "By heaven, yes, sir!" but added, "we can be quite easy on that head. Nobody will ever find it."

To get back to my story, Mary stayed, and was of infinite use and comfort, as wherever she went she seemed to be. She, at least, seemed to have found the level necessary to a tranquil mind. Her mood could rise sometimes to a gentle gaiety, but if this had any corresponding depression, no one but herself was allowed to know of it. She went about the world in a placid, equable, sweet calm, not sad, and yet with a touch of sadness always in my contemplation of it. Clara recovered her usual courage and good spirits almost immediately with the certainty of not losing her companion, and though of course her despondencies came back again from time to time, she fought an easier battle with them than at first.

Mrs. Grantley and her brother, who was a childless widower, were moving about Switzerland. We heard of them from Basle, from Zurich, from Thun, from Chamounix. There was no knowing at any given moment where they might be. They followed no settled track or plan, but seemed to flit wherever fancy led them. Clara's letter, announcing the coming event, followed them

about from place to place for a month, but when once it reached her Mrs. Grantley came flying over with matronly solicitude, and in my own house I became a cipher. It is a fact in arithmetic that if you put any other figure before a cipher that hitherto inexpressive sign takes an immediate value. In household affairs it is not so. I was the cipher, and every other figure in the house, if it were but clothed in petticoats, was before me. But I acquired no value from this circumstance.

I heard all this while, at considerable intervals only, occasional news of Pole. He had been to the Piræus and to Constantinople; thence he had wandered to the Crimea, to look at the fields over which the fancy of the whole world had hovered a few years before. His letters expressed but little of his feeling, but he woke up somewhat about Inkerman and the Alma, and the empty battered fortress of Sebastopol. Next I heard of him as being bent back for Paris, and in case all should go well at home I promised myself an early meeting with him there. Then a month went by without a word from him, six weeks, two months.

I had kept up a friendly correspondence with MacLray, and it was from him that I heard my first news, after this pause, of the missing wanderer. It caused me a good deal of anxiety.

"Your friend, Lord Worborough," wrote MacLray, "is back this seven weeks in the capital of sin and foolishness. He is a bright, manly fellow, and unless I am a greater fool than I commonly am, he has plenty of natural, rational lights to guide him. But if half the stories that Paris is ringing with just now are true, he has cut the last tether of reason, and gone astray altogether. He has taken an hotel, and has set it up in a very grand fashion, and he has gathered about him the wickedest, cleverest crowd in all the city. He is not the lad to go to the mischief with fools for his companions. His heart's in the right place still, I'm thinking, and I'll tell you a very characteristic thing of him, though I must not be held as expressing my approval of the expenditure of money so gotten in a holy cause. The facts of the case are these, and I have taken the pains to ascertain that they are facts before writing them. There's a certain blackguard here who's called the Marquis de St. Marci, who's no less than a fiend with the cards and dice and other such like tools of evil. He's a man of great wealth, as rich, they say, as Lord Worborough himself. The two

sat down together this night week, and played so high that Worborough won from the other body two hundred and seventy-five thousand francs. If you'll put this into English money, you'll find that, bar the loss on the rate of exchange, its total is eleven thousand English pounds sterling. They played till noon, and then the Marquis gave it up. Lord Worborough distributed the money amongst five Parisian charities next day. There's a saying in my part of the world that what's got over the devil's back is spent under his belly, and though I'm far from arguing, as I'm sure you know, that the money had better have been put to base uses, I have a feeling that it's out of accordance with the general fitness of things that a sum so acquired should be spent in such a fashion."

I knew something of this Marquis de St. Marei, and was strongly of opinion that any money which found its way from his exchequer to that of a charitable organization had changed hands with advantage to the world at large. I was sorry to hear of him as being one of Pole's companions, but I could hardly believe that the connection was likely to last long or to be familiar. MacIlray's code of morals was of the strictest old-fashioned Scottish sort, and I knew so well that many things condoned by the world at large would seem wicked in his eyes, that I was able to make considerable deductions from his story of Pole's wildness. The news of this gambling feat of his disturbed me profoundly, however, though in my love for him and my knowledge of his circumstances I was quick to find excuses. The spoiled life, in which it was so easy for him to fancy that every avenue to happiness was closed, the great wealth suddenly acquired, the rebound of spirit and enterprise natural to his years, all made apology for him. I fancied him grown desperate and seeking distraction from the emptiness of his own soul in these questionable ways. I found some comfort in the reflection that whithersoever his troubles might drive him he could never cease to be a gentleman, and an English gentleman to boot. The English gentleman's creed is sometimes a little heathen, but it saves him from a good many things which the creed of people otherwise bred and nurtured inspire no repulsion for.

I had my own anxieties, and for a time at least they were urgent enough to drive even Pole's affairs from my mind, but in the end all went happily, and my establishment was increased in strength by one. The addi-

tion to the garrison was an addition to the majority, for the baby was a girl. She is now, unless my fatherly partiality deceives me, a very charming and beautiful young woman, of the perter order of beauty. Having defended myself beforehand by this statement, I may be held excused for saying that I was disappointed, and even shocked, by her earliest aspect. I had been interested in most things which had come into my sphere of observation, but I had never before found any real and inviting opportunity of becoming interested in a baby. Her complexion struck me as being far too florid. I had doubts which were almost tragic as to the future of her nose. The darkling scowl she cast upon me at our first interview lingered on my memory for hours. I never dared to mention my misgivings, but the chorus of approval raised by the whole feminine contingent sounded in my ears like the hollowest of mockeries. I examined, I criticised, I inquired within myself; faintly, I dared to hope. But, whilst grandmamma—the world, I think, never held a prouder, or one more conscious of her dignity—proclaimed with sparkling eyes and heightened colour that the baby was the living image of her mother, and when the mother, with a certainty of faith no doubt could have shaken, cried aloud her discovery in that terra-cotta coloured scowl of a resemblance to me, I felt that both my wife and myself were humiliated and maligned.

There are few things in the world which introduce themselves with so little promise to the masculine mind as a baby. But is there anything else in the world which so quickly knits itself about the heart? I can give voice to my misgivings now without shame, because I know them to be common to my sex. At that time I hid them, because I honestly thought that I was a fiend among fathers, a creature denaturalised, and void of the insight of affection.

The Sister Superior from that little, half conventual establishment off the Strand, had been several times to see us. She came one special Saturday afternoon, when by rare hazard Mary was absent from her ordinary duties amongst the poor. Clara, a little fatigued by a morning drive, had gone upstairs to rest, and Mary was nursing the younger Clara, by this time between two and three months old, when the Sister Superior was announced. I was looking on—I daresay with a very visible fatherly complacency, for by this time the terra-cotta complexion had changed to a delicate pinky

white, and the scowl had given place to the most innocent and engaging expression—when the motherly lady entered. Baby was crowing and gurgling in an inarticulate ecstasy about something or other which neither of us could understand, and Mary was bending over her like some mild Madonna in a picture, with a smile so tender and innocent and radiant that it fitly matched even the infantine beauty of the child.

The motherly Sister Superior gurgled at the baby, and stooped to kiss it. When she raised her head she kissed the nurse, and putting a plump, withered hand on either cheek, looked at her affectionately, and said, “This is your place, my dear.”

CHAPTER XXXI.

WHEN the following August brought the second of my annual vacations my whole household uprooted itself, grandmamma, mother, and baby, with all their inevitable belongings, and started off for Switzerland. Clara and I had spent an infinity of argument on Mary, and had at length succeeded in persuading her to accompany us. In old days she had travelled a good deal with her father, but he had led her chiefly to those places which were of interest to himself, and she had never seen the Alps. It was one of the dreams of her life to see Mont Blanc, but she would have resisted our invitations to the last if we had not found an ally in Dr. Mason, who insisted that a holiday was necessary to her. On her visits amongst the poor she still wore her half-conventual garb, but she had long since set it aside for ordinary occasions.

We made our first halt in Paris, and my wife naturally knew well enough that I meant to call upon Pole there. Neither she nor Mary made any allusion to him in my hearing, and when, on the day after our arrival I set out from the hotel alone, no inquiries were made as to my proposed destination. We were staying at an hotel in the Rue de Rivoli, and I had but to cross the Place du Carrousel, to walk a couple of hundred yards to the right and to cross the river to reach Pole's residence on the Quai d'Orsay. I had written from London, telling him of the day on which I would call, and had expected him to be alone to receive me. I found him entertaining a dozen gentlemen at breakfast, but he jumped up from his seat at the head of the table when I was shown into the room, and came forward to meet me with a genuine friendly warmth. Whilst his face was lit up at the first sight of me,

and for a moment or two afterwards, I did not notice the change which had come upon him. But when a seat had been found for me at the table, and he had settled down again, I had time to observe him. There were no actual lines in his face, but as it were a preparation for them. His expression in silence was very mournful, and he looked tired, and as I could not help thinking, cynical. He had always been a fair linguist since I had known him, and now, after his lengthy stay in Paris, he had achieved such an ease and elegance in French as Englishmen rarely attain to. Excepting himself, I was the only Englishman at the table, and I had known beforehand that he associated but little with his countrymen.

The talk was wonderfully bright and light, with now and again a touch of seriousness in it, which, though it was never more than momentary, served to give it a flavour of reason. The names of most of the guests were familiar to me, and were familiar to everybody who knew anything of art, letters, and politics, in Paris. During my own brief journalistic sojourn there I had seen, on first nights of theatrical representations, in famous studios, and in the parliamentary ranks in the Chamber of Representatives, most of the faces which surrounded me, and I was pleased to find myself one of an assembly so distinguished.

The table was spread with a sumptuous refinement, the wines were something to remember, but the talk was the best part of the meal. It was self-conscious and wary, like the dangerous dexterities of a tumbler, but like those same dexterities, it was graceful and assured, and looked so easy as to tempt one to the belief that oneself could do it. It glanced and glittered, and posed, and everybody laughed at its pretty, daring, wayward ways, but keeping a watchful eye on my old friend I could see that below his surface gaiety there was a deep-rooted and constant sadness. He was as keen and ready as any of his guests, but his good things were biting, and at times almost savage. Several times in the course of the breakfast I heard one or other of his cronies allude to him as the pessimist, and that indeed seemed to be his accepted title.

Breakfast over, we adjourned to an apartment in which the arrangement of the furniture struck me at first sight as being curious. The room was large and sumptuous, but from the centre of it every article had been cleared away, with the exception of a small table

with a green-baize top, and a brace of chairs, which stood one on either side of it. Other chairs there were in plenty, lounges, causeuses, and what not, but these were all drawn away, as if for the accommodation of a standing gallery round the little green-baize-topped table. Amongst the guests was one man, and one man only, whose face I misliked. He was handsome, after a Mephistophelian, wicked fashion, but he was prematurely wrinkled and elderly, and looked altogether cruel, cunning, and untrustworthy. I was not long in discovering that this personage was no other than the Marquis de St. Marci. I was not long in discovering either that the whole object of the gathering was to witness a match between the Marquis and Lord Worborough at *écarté*. Pole, it appeared, had been challenged to a game of three hours' duration at stakes almost unheard of, and, since he had won heavily from his opponent, had accepted the defiance.

Cigars and cigarettes were lit, two men were appointed, one in the interest of each of the players, to mark the score, Pole and his opponent took their seats at the table, and the game began. I made my first acquaintance with *écarté* that day, and have never followed up the introduction, so that I am unable to describe the play. I suppose it to have been very skillful on both sides, from the rapt eagerness with which it was watched by the little crowd about the table. There was a noble pendule upon the mantelpiece with a bronze figure, half life-size, poised upon the top of it, and when two o'clock sounded the first deal was made. I did not like the proceedings at all, and, in point of fact, I felt a kind of inward protesting rage against them, but before the game had gone on for a quarter of an hour I was as passionately and eagerly absorbed as any devotee at the shrine of chance there present. At first the run of luck was all in Pole's favour, but the Marquis was as calm and cool as if he had been playing for farthings. Many of the men standing round had little note-books, in which they cast up the results of the game as it progressed. They showed these at intervals with shruggings of the shoulders, lifted eyebrows, and pale, excited smiles to other men, who had kept no count. In a mere half-hour the total of Pole's winnings doubled my annual income from all sources.

I do not know whether it is so with all men, but for myself, though I am not, nor ever have been, anything of a gambler, there is an extraordinary fascination in looking on at games of mingled chance and skill. This

particular encounter is historical in gaming circles, and, I suppose, it is no wonder that it excited me, even apart from my interest in one of the players. When Pole had a reverse I trembled lest the whole course of events should go against him; when he won I trembled with triumph, and between coup and coup I trembled with excitement. The players sat quiet, like a pair of fates, and were apparently the least moved and interested of all the people there. Only I began to notice a certain strained look about the eyes of Pole's opponent. He had had a clear and rather hectic flush of colour on the cheek when he sat down first at the table, and this flush of colour spread gradually until the under and upper eyelid were charged with it.

He called for new cards at the expiration of the first half-hour, but they brought him no better fortune than the old. The game still went against him, and though every minute was filled and overfilled with interest the plaintive voice of the pendule chiming three fell upon my ear long before it was expected. Again the Marquis de St. Marci called for new cards, and still the run of luck went against him. I was beginning to pity him when it turned, and for a clear hour thenceforward he took everything before him, at such a pace that the positions of the two began to be reversed, and Pole became a loser. When four o'clock sounded Pole was some twenty thousand francs to the bad, and after that the game fluctuated in brief rushes, each one of which, to my overstrained fancy, seemed likely to lead to final victory and defeat. It became evident at length that Pole was losing beyond all doubt. Allowing for the best possible good fortune in the last half-hour, he could not expect to make his losses good; and when five sounded and the game was over he rose the loser, in round money, of twelve thousand pounds. It appeared that he had prepared himself for this contingency, for he drew out a cheque-book and wrote a cheque for the amount before rising, and passed it over to the Marquis, who accepted it with smiling thanks, and buttoned it up in his pocket-book.

After this the little assembly of celebrities melted away with great rapidity, and in half an hour Pole and I were left to ourselves. He lit a cigarette, and threw himself upon a sofa with a worn-out air.

"It's a pretty game," he said laughingly. "but *écarté*'s like life. No man can play against the cards. I began too well to go on well, and I knew at the end of the first half-hour that I was bound to lose. Win first,

lose last. That's as true as anything can be in a world where everybody's predictions are bound, more or less, to be falsified."

I have confessed already that I had been carried away by my excitement over the game, and it is quite possible that if Pole's success had continued my interest in it might have endured until the close; but during that last half-hour in which he had been obviously doomed to failure I had found ample time to cool, and I had come back to common-sense, even if, as often happens, I had taken a roundabout way to it. One takes the wrong way to common-sense at times, and gets switched back to it in a surprising fashion. In point of fact, common-sense lives in so many places that even the most errant of travellers can hardly avoid an occasional encounter with her.

"You look severe, John," said Pole, raising himself on one elbow idly, and regarding me across the little cloud of smoke which had just left his lips. "You disapprove of these things? You would rather see a man with my income and position engage his fortune in the amelioration of the world at large? Why, so would I; but then, you see," he went on with an idle bitterness impossible to describe, "one develops, as philosophers are teaching us, in the direction where one encounters the least resistance."

I was somewhat wearied by the excitement of the afternoon, and a little abashed inwardly by the memory of my own share in it, so that for a minute or two I found no heart to answer him. By the time I had recovered myself enough to know what my own honest and natural emotions really were, the time for an answer seemed to have gone by, and I kept silence, though many things occurred to me as being worth the trouble of saying.

At the beginning of the play the sun had shone into the room so brightly that it had been found necessary to draw the curtains as a shield against it. Half-way through the game they had been partly retired again, and now a single broad beam glared upon the pier-glass and its gold border, near the ceiling. The plaintive, silvery voice of the pendule chimed again, and the room seemed to sink into the shadow of the great house which stood at the west and to the rear. The last glow of broad day departed from the chamber, and Pole and I were left in a half twilight, which seemed the more obscure because of that lately-vanished blaze.

"I can't see now," he said, "whether you look severe or not, but I suppose you feel severe."

"I feel sorry," I answered him.

"That," he responded, "is a little worse than feeling severe. I'd a great deal rather that you didn't feel sorry about me, Jack. I think, all things considered, it might be happier for you and me if we missed each other altogether, and made up our minds to take different ways."

I asked him if he thought it likely that we could forget each other if we lived ever so far apart, and, rising from the sofa he was lounging on, he crossed over and took a seat near me. I do not know that it is necessary at any time to analyze memories and emotions, but I know distinctly that his dim figure lounging across the room at me with his hands in his pockets and his head thrown backwards, the very manner in which he dropped into the chair he chose, and the attitude he took there, reminded me of a time when he and I had both supposed his troubles to be over. I do not think, calling to mind our whole career together, that at any moment in it I had loved him so well or pitied him so profoundly. We are bound nowadays to keep cool, and to hide, even when we cannot choke, our emotions, but if I had followed the instinct of my own heart at that moment I should have put my arms around him and have cried like a child or a woman. As it was I burst into an unreasonable anger. It was my only refuge from myself. But I think he understood me.

"You have no right," I said, "to make this kind of thing the occupation of your life."

"Granted," he answered. "So far as I can see one has no right to anything. When the beaten mule has no pleasure left him but to kick over the traces, and when he always gets beaten for doing it by that angelic monitor which tries to govern mules—eh, Jack, isn't it rather hard for him if his fellow-mule comes to bray reproach at him?"

I understood it all, and told him so.

"It's only the superior intelligence that understands," he said. "Don't you think you're a shade too young to be able honestly to take that tone with me?"

I was silent at this, and sat in a sort of sick amazement at it.

"Don't be angry, Jack," he said suddenly. "There's a kind of stuff that is purified by many fires. You can't give it too many to burn the dross out of it. But there's another kind of stuff that gets to be all dross if you burn it too long and too often." We were quiet for a time, and then he asked me, "Did you ever hear me growl till now? Look

here, Jack," he went on, "I've looked at it pretty often. What have I got to do? Go and take my seat in the House and make speeches and make a name? I've thought about it. Turn philanthropic landlord and interest myself in the cause of the tenant farmer and the labourer? I've thought about that too, and I think I make my people pretty easy. But Lady Worborough's in the police court now and then, and I can't show up. I have to hide myself. I have to sing small. I have to exile myself from my own country and the work I would do, if I had the chance to do it."

"Lady Worborough in the police court?" I cried. "What do you mean?"

"One comes from home to learn news of home," he answered bitterly. "You haven't heard?"

"I have heard nothing," I answered. "I have had no news of Lady Worborough for the greater part of a year."

"You read only the respectable journals," he responded. "You don't know the *Flag of Liberty*, the palladium of the people, the weekly sheet which proclaims to its own public that everybody with a handle to his name is a scoundrel by rule of Magna Charta. I have the advantage of reading an occasional column about her ladyship and myself. The indignant writer demonstrates the fact that I am a personage of the basest extraction, and therefore have a right to be virtuous; but he shows also that I am a lord, and by accretion of title and income, vicious. He proves the same things of her ladyship, and is eloquent about the closing phrase of the police reports, 'The fine was paid.' I have a round dozen of printed documents up stairs. I'll show them to you, if you care to see them. I owe them to some anonymons friend of mine, who sends them to me by the earliest post, and sometimes writes beforehand to advise me that they are coming."

He might, by the sound of his voice, have been talking about the most indifferent theme in the world. Finding that I answered nothing, he arose and strolled out of the room, returning after a brief absence with what turned out to be a pocket-book in his hand. He threw this upon the table, and told me that if I wanted intelligence of Lady Worborough it was there in plenty. He drew the curtains wide apart, and the room was light again. I took the pocket-book from the table and glanced at its contents—scraps of newspapers of different dates. The merest look was enough, and I returned them.

When you know that a man is as thoroughly

persuaded of the folly of his own course as you yourself can be, it is of little use to argue with him. I bethought me of Pole's declaration about the trust in which he held his fortune; but I was certain that he also remembered it, and it would have been gratuitously stupid to remind him of it.

"Since I had to pass through Paris," I said lamely, "I couldn't help looking you up."

"No," he said; "I expected you to call."

There was a change in both of us since the hearty reception at mid-day; but I knew that my own cold unhappiness grew out of the change in him, and that my presence at the spectacle of his extravagant gambling was answerable for that.

"We are going on to Brussels to-morrow," I said. "Clara wants to make a flying call upon some friends there. I suppose we shall see no more of each other for a while?"

"No," he answered, "I suppose not. Are you alone, you two?"

I told him that Miss Delamere was with us, and Mrs. Grantley.

"Ah, well," he said, "that ends it;" as if he had had some thought of joining us until he knew of Mary's presence.

I said something about having to get back in time for dinner, and added that my absence would already be wondered at. We shook hands as though we were the most commonplace of acquaintances, and he descended into the hall with me. We repeated our good-byes there, and I went away as unhappy as I can remember to have been at any time. No comment was made by any member of our party upon my absence. We dined at the table d'hôte, amid a loud chatter of talk and the wild rushes of overworked waiters, and there was bustle and noise enough to distract attention from me. To have sat out a quiet dinner without my forced hilarity and frequent depression being noticed would have been impossible, but in this scene of noise and animation I escaped. The ladies had been sight-seeing in my absence, and were all a little tired. I was glad to get away from them, and sauntering in the fast-growing darkness under the shade of the trees in the Champs Elysées I thought over the day's experience. Over and over again I made up my mind to go back to Pole and speak my heart out to him, but the purpose always failed me.

When it had grown quite dark I made my way back to the hotel, and as I emerged from the broad promenade into the street I became aware of a solitary sombre figure

standing there. It moved on as I approached, and I recognised Pole's step and carriage. The street was very quiet. In the rear the innumerable lamps of the Place de la Concorde, themselves invisible, made a yellow haze upon the darkness, and the long single line of lights upon the streets twinkled away into the distance with a diminishing brightness. Pole walked on and I followed, half resolving at almost every footstep to accost him. He took no note of my footsteps behind him, and I gradually allowed myself to fall farther and farther in the rear. I saw him pause opposite the hotel and look up at its windows. He raised his hat and stood bare-headed for an instant, and then moved on again. I walked after him until he had passed the hotel by a hundred yards, when he turned, and we encountered each other. He was going by without recognising me, but I hailed him.

"That you, Jack?" he said, in a different voice from that in which he had last addressed me. He passed his arm through mine, and we walked for a considerable distance without speaking. My heart was so hot with friendship, and so sore and tender with regrets, that I could not trust myself to speak. He led me back to the Champs Elysées, where the moon, which was late in rising, had just begun to make an uncertain glory in the sky.

"Tell me about Mary," he said suddenly. "How is she? What does she do? Is she happy, or contented? Tell me all about her." There was not much to tell in the story of that life of silent heroism, self-conquest, and self-denial, and what little there was I told badly, being indeed afraid to trust myself too far.

"I believe," he said simply, "that she cared for me as much as ever a woman cared for a man in this world. Heaven knows I was never worth it, but then a man's worthiness has nothing to do with such a matter. There isn't a trouble I have that she doesn't share, and she has enough and to spare of her own. They're better than we are, Jack. They're stronger, and purer, and more patient."

Finding him in this changed and softened mood I opened out my heart to him. There is no need to try to repeat here what I said to him. I had no right to preach, but every man however weak he knows himself to be, has the right to hold out a hand of help and fellowship.

"You're right, Jack," he said. "Say no more about it. Paris is no place for me, and

mine for this year past has been no life for an honest man to lead. I have known it all along. I shall get away to-morrow. I don't know yet where I shall go or what I shall do, but I'll try to find something worth doing, and I'll try to do it. Good-night, Denham. Don't come any further with me just now. Good-bye, and God bless you."

We parted there, and I watched him as he walked away in the gathering moonlight until he was hidden in the shadows of the avenue.

CHAPTER XXXII.

EXCEPT for the fact that it led to my encounter with Pole the family trip to Switzerland would have found no place in this history. It was enjoyed and left behind, and late in the autumn we all came home again, every one of us brimming over with health and energy, from grandmamma to baby. We settled down into our accustomed courses in a day or two. My valuable services not being required again by the country until Parliament met, I devoted myself to my literary work. Mrs. Grantley took friendly leave of us, and went back to Grantley Holme and her brother the Major, Clara settled down to the superintendence of the household, and Mary resumed her suspended labours among the poor. She would, as I learned from Clara, have abandoned her distinguishing dress altogether, but for the fact that the people amongst whom she laboured had grown accustomed to it, and to part with it would have been to invite curiosity.

My own inquiries had so long led me to a tolerably close acquaintance with the class among whom she laboured that it was out of no curiosity with respect to their condition that I sometimes availed myself of an unoccupied hour to accompany her upon her rounds. I had an idea when I first offered her my companionship, that it would be pleasant to see how she dealt with the people, and I certainly found that idea verified. It was pleasant to see how that mild presence brought comfort to the sick and troubled, and to witness the unflinching respect with which the roughest blackguards of her quarter greeted her. I had a talk with one gentleman, I remember, who was the terror of Green Hill Lane, a rather difficult neighbourhood for any single individual to be a terror to. What this gentleman did for a living during the limited periods for which he kept out of jail I am unable to say, but he took a pride in dressing like one of the

old-fashioned tribe of coal-heavers, in shorts, highblows, and grey worsted stockings. He was sunning his ponderous calves on a doorstep and smoking a short clay there, one afternoon when Mary and I came upon him together. He was a sulky, ill-conditioned looking fellow, but he gave her an actual smile of welcome as he got up to make way for her to enter the house.

"You again, mum?" he said, with gruff civility. "I thought we'd seen the last of you, mum." Mary answered that she had been away for her health. "I 'ope you've got it, mum," he said. "You are a-lookin' better than you was."

She thanked him, and passed within doors, and I, waiting for her in the street, tried to enter into converse with her acquaintance. He received my advances with marked distrust, and resuming his pipe sat down again upon the doorstep and smoked with an obviously contemptuous disregard of my presence. When I endeavoured, in spite of this unpromising beginning, to continue the conversation, he looked up at me surlily.

"Look 'ere," he said. "Who are you? What are you? What are you drivin' at? Who are you tryin' to get at? I didn't address my conversation to you, did I? What do you want to address your conversation to me for?"

I told him I did not like this pride and standoffishness between man and man, and added, that if a duke were to speak to me I should try to treat him civilly.

"That's a noo lay," said my new acquaintance. "Anything does as long as you can edge the patter in, don't it, guv'nor? Just get a start, so as a cove can't stop you, then you can sling it in to your heart's content, can't you? What's the line? Is it gospel, or teetotal, or the papers? I knows 'em. Don't you talk to me. I can get as much o' your kind o' chin-music as I wants when I'm in quod."

"Do you care to know what my lay is?" I asked him.

"No, guv'nor," he responded. "If you puts it plain, I don't."

"Come," I urged, "you didn't treat the lady in this way."

"No," he said, dexterously expectorating without removing his pipe from his lips, "I didn't, guv'nor. But you see you ain't a lady. And if you was, it's about a hundred million to one as I shouldn't."

"You wouldn't treat me in that way if I were a lady?" I asked him. "Why not?"

"'Cos," he answered, as sulkily as ever,

"it'd be a thousand million to one as you wouldn't be a patch on her. When I meets a lady as knows how to be a lady, why then I takes my 'at off to her like a man. Why not? Do you think a cove can't tell a lady when he sees her? There's plenty o' 'em comes round here a-pickin' up their petticoats, steppin' fine and talkin' thin and pretty. Ladies? Ladies be blowed! I knows 'em when I sees 'em. Don't you talk to me."

After this, he subsided to a bull-dog silence. I always made a point of carrying a well-stocked tobacco pouch with me upon this sort of journey. I produced it now, and held it out to him with a request that he would help himself.

"I don't ask," he observed, "for no man's charity. I can always buy as much backy as I wants, and if I couldn't I should nick it."

When Mary emerged from the house this uncompromising personage seemed abashed in the memory of his former politeness, and merely growled, "Good arternoon, mum," as he stood aside to let her pass. I told her as we went along together of the testimonial to her ladyhood which I had just received. She seemed rather pained than pleased by it, and she told me that there were some obviously well-intentioned people visiting in the neighbourhood, who spent both time and money in the service of the poor, but, she added, I could hardly imagine how little tact they had.

"If you want to get near these people," she said, "you must not remember such a thing as social difference. You must forget that it exists. If you only pretend to forget they are very quick and keen to find you out. But if you really forget it they are at ease at once, though they never for an instant forget it themselves. I am afraid that you may think I am growing democratic, but I really think there are as nice people here as one meets elsewhere. Their manners and their ways of speech are not ours, but apart from those things, which matter a good deal, of course, there are some real ladies and gentlemen here."

One hears this sort of statement made in pure cant sometimes, by people who do not in the slightest little degree believe it in their hearts. But Mary did believe it, and I suppose that her belief afforded one of the truest reasons for her success.

"There are some amongst them," she went on, "who have really been ladies and gentlemen. A good many, of course, are

pretenders, and exaggerate the better times they have seen, but some have really fallen from complete respectability."

As she talked thus, we passed by a noisome well of a court, where a group of women were loudly discussing some topic of general interest. I caught the voluble, shrill rattle of an Italian voice, and one woman, with her hands waving high in the air, was screaming, "Mais, Madame, je vous jure," as we went by. This court was the sorrowfullest part of Green Hill Lane, though the whole thoroughfare was sorrowful enough. The fronts of its houses seemed to have known no cleansing or renovating touch since the hour of their erection. From the pavement to the sills of the shop windows the walls were caked with the mud which had been splashed upon them by the feet of generations of wayfarers. The paint of the woodwork was smothered with bubbles, like a sort of seaweed, and the window-panes were encrusted with the residuum of hundreds of fogs, and smeared with the rain of uncounted storms. The houses huddled together from one end of the lane to the other without a single break on either side, except the one made by that noisome well of a court, and the lane was so narrow that a single hackney carriage would have filled it from kerb to kerb. The inhabitants of the lane did at home what little washing they had to do, and the windows of the wretched houses were always garnished by vandyked rags of dingy white, as if in satire of festivity, or as if the King of Poverty's Miseries were coming that way on a ghastly gala day, and his subjects were in readiness to receive him.

We were perhaps twenty yards beyond the court when a slipshod footstep sounded behind us, and a shrill voice cried out, "Sœur, sœur, ma sœur!" Mary and I turned at this call together, and I recognised the French woman who had been exclaiming in the court.

"You speak French, my sister," said the woman. Mary answered in the affirmative, and she poured out a story so voluble and in so marked a southern accent, half patois and half French, that it was almost impossible to follow her. We made out enough to know that somebody was in urgent need of help, and we turned round with the woman at once, and accompanied her into the court, she talking all the while with a passionate, voluble eloquence only half comprehensible. At a sign from Mary I remained in the court, whilst she entered at a low-browed

door, and disappeared. A little Italian man on crutches, with a dark, wrinkled, wizened visage like that of a preternaturally wise and amiable ape, clattered across the broken pavement of the court, and opened fire upon me in his own language. He had talked for a minute before I could make him understand that I spoke no Italian, but addressing him in French I discovered that he had a fair mastery of that language, and asked him to speak in it.

He went on, more slowly, but with an eagerness which made him stumble at every phrase. Let Monsieur figure it to himself then, that a person so exalted should thus have fallen. There are those who would not believe, though the skies fall about them. They would have the birds in their fingers, and would not believe that the skies had fallen. But, for himself, he had travelled the world. He had been here, there, and everywhere. Monsieur might not credit, finding him in surroundings so degraded, yet Monsieur was obviously a gentleman, and had perhaps travelled and made himself acquainted with the reverses of fortune. He, the crutch-supported cripple, had once been *concierge* in an hotel at Naples. He knew the world. He could tell a gentleman when he saw him, and a lady—*Gran Dio*, a lady!—who, that had once had the habitude to behold ladies of the great world could doubt when he beheld one? Monsieur had, without doubt, remarked the pride in their faces. What right had the poor with pride? The great and the rich were born to it. When once he had found the person between these two eyes—very bright and piercing and eloquent eyes they were—he had heard a voice within him which had said, behold no vulgar person! In his own land, the thing was impossible, because the cause was impossible.

I arrested this voluble old Italian, and offered him leading questions. There was a lady here, a lady, heavens, yes! a lady. The blind and foolish derided her claim, and people made a scoff of her, and pointed at her, and hooted after her because of it. Who was she? He could not tell. These foreign names were so long and so rough. The tongue stiffened and the teeth flew, before they could be spoken. What was she doing here? Doing here? Great heaven, she was dying here. Dying, of hunger, of want of medicines. The hospitals had rejected her, professing that she was cured.

I was standing with my back half turned to the doorway by which Mary had entered,

when the crippled old Italian stopped short in his swift, stammering speech, and stared across my shoulder. Before I could turn, his crutches and the withered legs they helped were skimming over the broken pavement. I swung round in some amaze at this, and there, in sudden terror, I saw Mary, with one hand feebly clutching at the door jamb, her face as colourless as the bands of white which surrounded it, and her figure half supported by the woman who had but a moment before summoned us from the street. I ran forward swiftly, and relieved the woman of her burden.

"What is it?" I asked. "What is the matter?"

She wrung her hands together, and made a little incoherent moaning noise, before she turned upon me. I was as unsuspicious then, of the staring truth, as I had been an hour before.

"You are ill," I said. "Let me help you into the air."

I half assisted, half carried her, into the court, and one of the women brought a rickety chair, and another a cracked teacup of water. I helped her to the seat, and held the cup to her lips. She drank a little of the water, and was revived by it. She made an effort to rise, but I checked her, and she kept her place. Her grey eyes, looking extraordinarily large and dark, met mine, and I saw that they were full of pain and trouble. She made a great effort to collect herself.

"Get first," she said, "some extract of beef, and a bottle of wine. Take the first turning to the right that way, and you will find a street of decent shops. Bring the things back at once, and then go for a doctor. Oh, pray don't wait to think of me. I was shocked for the moment, but I am well again. Pray go! go at once! You see I am well. There is no need to stay here."

I could only suppose that some one was hovering between life and death, and had instant need of support and stimulus. I tore out of the court, ran the length of the lane in the direction she had indicated, and

searching up and down came upon an Italian warehouse, where I bought a tin of beef extract, and a grocer, from whom I bought a bottle of port. I ran back with these, and found that Mary had already re-entered the house. The Frenchwoman who had accosted us in the street took the things from my hands, and rushed up-stairs with them, returning almost immediately with instructions to me to find a doctor. I hurried back into the street, and by good hap finding a cab there, drove at once in pursuit of Dr. Mason. He was not at home, but the servant who answered my summons at the door was able to tell me where to intercept him, and ten minutes later we were driving back together. I was considerably disquieted about Mary, and told the doctor that he might expect to have more patients than one. The Frenchwoman was eagerly waiting for us when we arrived, and began to rain down blessings on the doctor, who, as I then discovered, was already known in that quarter. The two ascended together, and I was left alone once more, this time for the space of some ten minutes. Then the doctor came down alone.

"Miss Delamere is all right again," he said, "and you need have no fear about her. She seems, however, to have made a very extraordinary discovery, and she wants you to go up-stairs and verify it. You're not easily shocked yourself, are you? Wait a bit: I'll tell you the story. There is a woman up-stairs suffering from spinal paralysis. She was knocked down by a cab in the street some two months ago, and was taken to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. She stayed there a week or two, and was then dismissed as cured. Since then she has been very queer at times, and now, for nearly a week nobody has seen her until an hour ago. Then, her fellow-lodgers breaking into her room, find her almost dead. The lower extremities are useless, and want of sustenance has so far prostrated her that another day might have done her business. You're a personal friend of Worborough's, and that's the reason why I take the trouble to prepare you. She claims to be Lady Worborough."



CHARLES HENRY BENNETT.

By JOSEPH SWAIN.



Ch. Bennett

PROBABLY in the whole biography of art few names can be found associated with a greater amount of work than that of Charles Henry Bennett. A self-taught artist, without the advantages of a scientific training, Mr. Bennett nevertheless fills a worthy place in the history of grotesque art, and one that cannot be overlooked by the student. Nor was it only in the lighter manifestations of an exuberant fancy, such as was shown in "Shadows," in "Developments," in "Æsop's Fables," and in his Parliamentary portraits that he excelled; his more serious work, as in the "Heads of the People," and in the "Pilgrim's Progress," was full of observation, and exhibited the possession of power which from the lack of early training—irreparable in his case—was undeveloped and therefore lost to art. Mr. Bennett handled both pen and pencil with equal facility. That which his imagination conceived he could with admirable judgment describe in prose, or illustrate pictorially. But his work was more adapted to the "6d. plain and 1s. coloured" series, in which form a number of his books appeared, than to the volumes which find a treasured place in the library. The majority of his books were of so very ephemeral a character that, but for the fact of his being associated with several departures from the ordi-

nary track of caricature artists, they would have been utterly forgotten.

Mr. Bennett was born July 26, 1828, in a house at the corner of Tavistock Court, Covent Garden, now taken down to make room for the flower market; and to his residence here he no doubt owed the inspiration of his life. This wonderful market-place, with its ever-recurring crowds of people, with their eager, varied, often criminal faces, was the only school in which he studied; and upon his early recollections he drew throughout his artistic career. In after years memory, unaided by art training, supplied him with the faces he wanted for his noblest work, the illustrations of the "Pilgrim's Progress;" but the most characteristic faces were all of one type—evil.

"Shadows," published in 1857, was the first book by which attention was attracted to Mr. Bennett's work. The illustrations in this were without letter-press; each page told its own humorous story: the lady and her hat threw the shadow of a mushroom on the wall; a man on a post smoking a pipe became a codfish; an undertaker, a crocodile; and a needle-woman sitting on a ribbed-backed chair, a skeleton. The public received this new departure in caricature with great favour; and there followed in succession "A Comic Alphabet of Birds, Beasts, and Fishes;" "The Story of the Faithless Parrot;" "The Fables of Æsop;" "The Frog who would a-Wooing go;" "Old Nurse's Book;" "The Sad History of Greedy Jem;" and "Proverbs with Pictures."

The following specimen of his fables, "The Frog and the Ox," is taken from the first edition published by Messrs. Kent and Co., Fleet Street, entitled, "Æsop's Fables, translated into Human Nature by C. H. B." The text reads thus:—

"As a splendid ox—who, by right of the great family he belonged to, was permitted to disport himself as he pleased in the fashionable parts of London—was taking his afternoon stroll, an envious, tawdry-coated little frog, that stood gazing at him hard by, called out to certain of his fellows (who had hopped thither in his company all the way from the Fleet Ditch in the city) to take particular notice of the enormous size of the first-mentioned animal, 'And see,' he said, 'if I don't make the biggest swell of the two.' So he puffed himself up once, twice, and again, and went still swelling on in impudent emulation, till, in the end—spite of the cautions of his brother frogs—he burst himself. Moral: the humble



The Frog and the Ox.

citizen who strives by mere inflation to make as great an outward appearance as his substantial neighbour, must inevitably go to pieces."

In an edition of these fables, published in 1875, by Chatto and Windus, the morals are omitted.

Mr. Bennett wrote many children's books, as full of conicality in the text as in the illustrations, all of which were projected for the amusement of his own numerous family.

"The Nine Lives of a Cat," a tale of wonder, he describes as "a popular nursery tale in the author's family." Each illustration is contained within a circle ornamented with a trifling figure in connection with the veracious incident set forth, and a wonderful rhyme sets out the story. Thus:

"How many lives has the cat got?

"Five.

"But I hear she has not;

For they say she was shot.

So how many lives has the cat got?"

Puss stands upon a house-top, and a night-

capped individual is seen at a neighbouring window handling a blunderbuss. The next page describes "how the ill happened, how she got over it," and the jingle says—

"Yes; with a gun she was shot,

And a trigger it had got.

I saw the man pull it.

But pussy held up

her paws,

like the Wizard of the North,
and before you could count
one, two, three, caught the
bullet."

In 1866 he illustrated Mark Lemon's "Fairy Tale" and "The Chronicles of the Three Sisters," and, associated with Robert B. Brongh, produced "Shadow and Substance" and the "Origin of Species" in 1860. The dedication was, "by natural selection, to Charles Darwin;" and in a brief introduction Bennett refers to the time when Darwin "was a many-coloured Madrepore," and he "an Oyster." Darwin was flourishing his fifty arms, and

gathering into his ever-hungry mouth all those small creatures with five-syllable names, and he "led a peaceful existence of unending laziness and gentle contemplation." There followed the artist's own rendering of the principle enunciated by Darwin. But the development was all the reverse way, for man became changed into a pig or a fox; a butler became a dog with a bone in his mouth; a lady was changed into a cat, and a boy into a cockatoo.

The best story written by Mr. Bennett was entitled "Lightsome, and the Little Golden Lady," with twenty-four illustrations. This was published in the autumn of 1866, and there is wonderful pathos in the dedication: "To my dear Charley. When you wrote down this little story from my telling, I did not think that we should have found so much enjoyment in our task. Thank you, my dear boy, very much, for your ready help." In the preface he says the "story tells of things that happened in a place high

up in the sky, and far behind the clouds ;" it was of a Golden City, the creation of his fancy, but not that city into which he was then shortly to enter.

The best specimens of Mr. Bennett's more serious work are to be found in what is popularly known as Charles Kingsley's edition of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." This was published by Longmans & Co. in 1860. The presentation of this work to the public followed upon correspondence between editor and illustrator, which reflects the highest honour upon the memory of the late Charles Kingsley. Mr. Bennett was engaged upon his drawings for this work in 1859, and he not only drew the heads but also etched them in excellent style. There can be no doubt that he found all his faces in and about Covent Garden, and at the present day any one may, in the early morning, pick out a dozen such faces as Obdurate, Pliable, Talkative, Worldly Wiseman, Hopeful, Ignorance, and Wanton amongst the crowds that do business in that wonderful centre of life. The faces which express the lower passions are superior to those intended to portray the higher virtues. Christian is, perhaps, the best of the whole gallery ; but Christian's face is sad and painfully anxious. Hopeful would better serve as Profligate than one animated by the restful and trustful spirit given him by the great dreamer. No face could be more admirable as a type than that of Two-Tongues, who walks with the slouch of a thief ; but Ignorance is an undisguised Irishman. Great-heart has the face of a scholar, not that of a soldier ; but Old-Adam is inimitable, with his withered crab-face, cheek-bones showing through a scrofulous and wrinkled skin, and lips like those of a dog. Mistrust represents a man overwhelmed with terror, and is admirably conceived ; and Discretion, with eye raised and rolled hair, is the most beautiful female face in the book. Mr. Bennett found ample material in Covent Garden for Lust-of-the-Flesh, Lust-of-the-Eyes, Pride-of-Life, Lady Forgiving's daughter, Madame Bubble, Mrs. Bat's Eyes, Mrs. Know-Nothing, and Mrs. Inconsiderate ; and the type still thrives in that district. These illustrations were prepared months before a publisher was found for the new Bunyan, and the difficulty he encountered in obtaining a firm to bring out the work led to Mr. Bennett writing to the Rev. Charles Kingsley at Eversley, and asking his advice and assistance. Mr. Kingsley invited Mr. Bennett to pay him a visit. The artist found the reverend author at work in his garden. They were quickly closeted

over the drawings, which Mr. Kingsley approved, and, in order to facilitate their publication, he promised to write a preface. Mr. Bennett was dispatched to the railway station in the evening with a hamper crammed with delicacies, a present from Mrs. Kingsley to Mrs. Bennett and her numerous family ; and the incident of the visit is commemorated in the tailpiece to the preface. Here the Rev. C. Kingsley, in the garb of a pilgrim, with a quill pen as a staff, is helping Mr. Bennett up the steep face of a mountain, which is strewn with boulders, and the artist grasps in one hand a crayon-holder for a staff.*

In the biography of her husband, afterwards edited by Mrs. Kingsley, the letter written to Mr. Bennett upon the subject of illustrations for Bunyan is given. As this contains some valuable hints it will always be read with interest. Mrs. Kingsley says, referring to the year 1859 :—

"Artists now often consulted him, and among them the late Charles Henry Bennett, a man of genius. Finding he was in need, and had a difficulty in getting a publisher for his 'Illustrated Pilgrim's Progress,' Mr. Kingsley wrote and gave him a preface for it, upon which Messrs. Longmans accepted it."

The letter to Mr. Bennett upon the subject is as follows :—

"I feel as deeply as you our want of a fitting illustration of the great Puritan epic, and agree in every word which you say about past attempts. Your own plan is certainly the right one, only in trying for imaginative freedom, do not lose sight of beauty of form. I am in taste a strong classicist, contrary to the reigning school of Ruskin, Pugin, and the pre-Raphaelites, and wait quietly for the world to come round to me again. But it is perfectly possible to combine Greek health and accuracy of form with German freedom of imagination, even with German grotesqueness. I say Greek and German (*i.e.* fifteenth and sixteenth-century German) because these two are the only two root schools in the world. I know no such combination of both as in Kaulbach. His illustrations of Reincke Fuchs are in my eyes the finest designs (save those of three or four great Italians of the sixteenth century) which the world has ever seen. Any man desiring to do an enduring work must study, copy, and surpass them. Now in Bunyan there is a strong German 'Albert Dürer' element which you must express, *viz.*, first a tendency to the grotesque in imagination ; second, a tendency to spiritual portraiture of the highest kind, in which an ideal character is brought out, not by abstracting all individual traits (the Academy plan), but by throwing in strong individual traits drawn from common life. This, indeed, has been the manner of the highest masters, both in poetry and painting, *e.g.* Shakespeare and Dante ; and the portraits and even heroic figures of Leonardo, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Sebastian del Piombo, Bronzino, the two latter with Titian the triumvirate of portrait-paint-

* This tailpiece, the head of Mistrust, and Mr. Bennett's "last illustration," are reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Bradbury and Agnew.

ing. You find the same in Correggio. He never idealises, i.e. abstracts in a portrait, seldom in any place. You would know the glorious 'Venus' of the National Gallery if you met her in the street. So this element you have a full right to employ. But there is another of which Bunyan, as a Puritan tinker, was not conscious, though he had it in his heart, that is, classic grace and purity of form. He had it in his heart as much as Spenser. His women, his Mr. Greatheart, his Faithful, his shepherds, can only be truly represented in a lofty and delicate outline, otherwise the ideal beauty which lifts them into a supernatural and eternal world is lost, and they become mere good folks of the seventeenth century. Some illustrators, feeling this, have tried to mediævalise them. Silly fellows! What had Bunyan to do with the Middle Ages! That eternal humanity can only be represented by something of the eternal form which you find in Greek statues. I don't mean that you are to Grecianize their dress any more than mediævalise it. No; and here comes an important question. Truly to illustrate a poem, you must put the visions on paper as they appeared to the mind of the seer himself. Now we know that Bunyan saw these people in his mind's eye as dressed in the garb of his own century. It is very graceful, and I should keep to it, not only for historic truth's sake, but because in no other way can you express Bunyan's leading idea, that the same supernatural world which was close to old prophets and martyrs was close to him; that the devil who whispered in the ears of Judas whispered in the ears of a cavalier over his dice, or a Presbyterian minister in his Geneva gown. Take these hints as meant kindly."

What Charles Kingsley thought of the illustrations when they were completed is set forth in the preface to the work:—

"That Bunyan drew mostly from the life there can be little doubt. He may have been, now and then, like all true poets, an idealiser, out of several personages compounding one. But the very narrowness of his characters, when considered together with their strong individuality, makes it more probable that he accepted certain persons whom he actually knew in life as fair types of the fault which he was exposing. On this method, therefore, Mr. Bennett has constructed the great majority of his ideal portraits. Believing that the ideal is best seen in the actual, the universal in the particular, he has boldly drawn, as far as he could, from life—I say boldly, for to do this is to do no less than to run his

knowledge of human nature against Bunyan's. But by no other method, surely, was success attainable; and if he has fallen short, he has fallen short on the right road. For Bunyan's men are not merely life portraits, but English portraits; men of the solid, practical, unimpassioned midland race."

The first illustration of Mr. Bennett's which appeared in *Punch* was published February 11, 1865. This was entitled "Our Play Box," and represented Mr. Punch raising the lid of the Houses of Parliament, made in the form of a box, stuffed full of portrait dolls in wood. Underneath are these words, "Mr. Punch's delight at finding his Dear Old Puppets where he left them in July." The artist's initials do not ap-

pear. Lord Palmerston holds his wooden arms towards Punch; Lord John Russell's head hangs over the edge of the House, Gladstone's arms droop over the side, the Speaker is at the back. Lord Derby has been taken out and sits on the ground with his back against the House, Disraeli lies prone on his stomach, and Bright is peering round the corner from under the clock tower. The portraits are perfect. The illustration to "Punch's Essence



Mistrust.

of Parliament" in the next number consists of a gigantic T, and the figures crowd both sides of the letter and the arms. The railway crisis is represented by engines entering a tunnel; Lord Chancellor Westbury holds a scroll, upon which is, "I promise to pay;" Earl Russell holds a slate on which he has written, "Rest and be thankful;" Derby is there with the bust of Homer; Palmerston is coupled with education; Bright is admiring a picture of Britannia; Disraeli sports with lambs; Cobden is mounted on the back of Lincoln; and the Bishop of London, with a church in his head, hurries to the Lords. There is activity, bustle, character, life, vigour, everywhere; and the readers of *Punch* delightfully welcomed the appearance of an artist who, with

an unusually facile pen, was able to burlesque the political characteristics of all parties without offending any.

Mr. Bennett did not confine himself to illustrating the "Essence of Parliament," but amused the readers of *Punch* with a series of comic page illustrations of the events of the day. One page is entitled "Mechanism for the Million," and exhibits men undergoing the operations of shampooing, boot-blackening, and eating, by the aid of marvellous machinery; others refer to the burglar's operations, complaints about the streets, and race-meetings. These were continued at intervals, until the beginning of 1867. On February 5 in that year Parliament was opened, and the "Essence" is preceded by a column of blank verse, bordered and crowned by one of Bennett's wonderful congregation of members. The mace is thrust through the Queen's speech, and above is Lord Chelmsford, the Chancellor, while the page swarms with ministers and members. To the right of the mace John Stuart Mill and John Bright confer with Lord Brougham; Disraeli, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, runs off with a money-box, hotly pursued by Gladstone; Lord Derby with clenched fists is chasing Earl Russell; Lord Stanley, Foreign Secretary, is struggling to get out of a box; the Duke of Somerset carries a tub, in which is a mast and sail, representing the Admiralty; and Lord Naas, the Irish Secretary, is boxing with Sir Robert Peel, both stripped to their waists. These are easily recognised out of a crowd of active little figures.

Amongst the initial letters which follow in consecutive weeks Disraeli figures as a Japanese conjurer with a fan keeping butterflies in the air; as a hedgehog, bristle-backed, with the word "Resolutions" on the body, [and Gladstone as a little dog watching him]; and as a cook tossing a pancake stamped "Resolutions." On March 16 the initial letter represents Lord Derby unfurling the Reform Scroll; and the following week appears the last illustration from Mr. Bennett's pencil, this represents a cock on an egg, stamped "1832," the bird has the face of Earl Russell, and is coroneted. In the "Essence"



Charles Kingsley gives a helping hand.

that week there is a pretty compliment to the artist, and one which has a mournful significance. The number of January 26 contains a page of "Mr. Punch's Designs for the New National Gallery." The first is made up of sugar-tongs, the second of candles, the third horseshoes, the fourth croquet tools, the fifth telescopes, and the sixth decanters and glasses. None of the designs sent in by architects were approved; and on recording that fact *Punch* said—

"None of the plans for the New National Gallery will do, and Lord John Manners is unable to say what course Government will take. Surely, after the splendid series of designs recently furnished by Mr. Punch, there ought to be no difficulty. Why is not our Mr. Bennett sent for, or rather, waited upon by Lord John?"

But Mr. Bennett at that time had received a command, the news of which came with painful surprise to *Punch*, as to his many acquaintances and friends. He died April 2, 1867, at 2, Caversham Road, N.W.; and on that day a brother artist, equally gifted in another line of art, and as deeply lamented, Alfred Mellon, was buried in Brompton Cemetery.

A thumb-nail sketch of his, hitherto unpublished, recalls the early days of a new art; the shampooer, in the act of breaking an egg over the head of a customer. This was drawn on wood in 1866, and now forms the tail-piece to this paper.



"The last illustration."

testimony to the worth of the dead artist. On April 5th they announced his death—

"At the age of thirty-seven, after an illness so brief that his latest and most vigorous productions are things almost of yesterday. . . . an artist singularly endowed with a graceful and curious fancy, has been taken from his work. Mr. Bennett was a caricaturist, as playfully capable of comic exaggeration as any man who ever put pencil to paper or boxwood, and he was something more. Equally at home in the pages of modern burlesque, and in the earnest though quaint imaginings of Quares and Bunyan, it is no ordinary limner that the world has lost. There is no man living, and perhaps there have been few men at any period of art, before whom a piece of pure abstract thought could ever have been placed with so much certainty of its attaining a pictorial parallel."



to the loss sustained by art :—

"A very able colleague, a very dear friend, has been removed at an early age from among us. For his genius it is not here that tribute should be paid, but it may be said that none of our fellow-workers ever entered more heartily into his work or laboured with more earnestness to promote our general purpose. His facile execution and singular subtlety of fancy were, we hoped, destined to enrich these pages for many a year. It has been willed otherwise, and we lament the loss of a comrade of invaluable skill, and the death of one of the kindest and gentlest of our associates, the power of whose hand was equalled by the goodness of his heart."

The body of the artist was buried at Brompton Cemetery on April 8th, and amongst many friends who gathered round the grave, on a most inclement day, was Mark Lemon, the genial editor of *Punch*.

THE SOCIAL DRIFT OF OUR TIME.

By PROFESSOR ELMSLIE, D.D.

SEVENTY years ago Goethe predicted that the great questions of the nineteenth century would be social problems. To a remarkable degree this prophecy has fulfilled itself. The primary questions that engross men's minds at the present moment, and more and more tend to force themselves on the notice of legislators, are not questions of law or politics. Moral and social problems, economical evils and defects, possible readjustments in our social system—these are the burning questions of our time. The characteristic feature of the last fifty years has been the slow but sure appreciation of the value, claims, and possibilities of social forces. In the histories of the future our age will be known as the era of social reaction against an excessive individualism. What the outcome may be none can well foretell; but, meantime, the movement is making its mark in all departments of thought and life—in none perhaps more than in religion.

This peculiar drift of our age has been originated by a combination of many forces. What chiefly urges it on is, of course, the manifest failure of our vaunted civilisation to adequately realise the hopes and demands that are lawfully made on it. The present condition of society, with its extremes of wealth and poverty, with its open sores of corruption, selfishness, and crime, becomes more intolerable as through increased pub-

licity its scandals become more vividly realised. Something manifestly must be wrong, some beneficent forces must be ignored or suppressed in the weaving out of our common existence to produce a result so maimed and melancholy. It is evident that selfish individualism has had too much play, and that the social instincts and impulses have been pushed into the background, with the result of material and ethical loss all round. It has begun to dawn upon us that our individual rights are balanced by our social obligations; that no man can be healthy, prosperous, or happy for himself alone without regard to his fellows. Bodily, mentally, spiritually, we are influenced by the general health and atmosphere of the community. Our character is not the outcome alone of what is within us. Neither our culture nor our sanctification is accomplished *in vacuo*. No man can contract himself out of the moulding forces of his environment. None of us liveth to himself, and none of us dieth to himself. We are, whether we will or not, members one of another. God will not have us be either good or bad singly, but has compelled us to rise or fall for weal or woe in a common moral solidarity. It is plain, therefore, that every selfish and exclusive monopoly of the good things of life is a defiance of God's will and an outrage on humanity; that privilege is never a personal prerogative to be used

egoistically, but an advantage which the privileged possessors are bound to employ for the benefit of the disinherited; that in the kingdoms of earth as in the kingdom of heaven, the greatest ought to be the servant of all; and that no social order can be stable or durable except it be based—not in a theoretical fashion, but in a real and Christian manner—on the indispensable foundations of truth and justice and mercy. These convictions are no longer theories of philosophy or the day-dreams of enthusiasts. By practical efforts and with an ardour hitherto unwitnessed, our age is setting itself to study the sorrowful problems of ignorance, poverty, vice, and crime—to study them pitifully and sympathetically, and, with God's help, to solve them.

This movement, born out of the heart and conscience of our time, has found a quick echo in the Church—if, indeed, it did not there derive its first origin and impulse. Religion tends less to be exaggeratedly individual in its character, expression, and consciousness. Here, too, the social qualities, capacities, and obligations are asserting themselves. We take greater care not to present conversion as a fact of merely personal interest, having its significance exhausted in the passive salvation of the individual. The gospel is preached more and more, not as an appeal to self-centred prudence, but rather as the summons to a glorious possibility of highest service, and the fulfilment of life's supreme obligation and noblest achievement. Our converts are taught to count themselves soldiers of the cross, followers of Him who was servant of all, citizens of the kingdom of Heaven, elect of God not out of personal favour, but that through them others may be saved and edified. With this a new meaning and intensity appear in our common Church life. The taunt becomes less relevant that our congregations are not Christian brotherhoods, but inorganic audiences gathered once a week to hear a sermon and again disperse, while the fellowship of the saints is exhausted in the juxtaposition of their names in the pages of a communion roll. Church membership tends less to be a mere paper union, and becomes increasingly a real, living communion of mutual interest, kindness, helpfulness, and edification. This kindling warmth of heart within the Church proves its genuineness in this—that it cannot be selfishly restrained, but makes its glow felt beyond the walls of the privileged fold. Witness the extraordinary development of mission zeal and activity in well-nigh all our well-to-do

churches. And not only is there a new development of activity, but it adopts peculiarly and with immense advantage, social methods and forces. We recognise the vainness of trying to save men's souls, apart from physical conditions, treating them as if they were disembodied spirits. Therefore we do not merely lecture the drunkard and the profligate, but we provide for them places of social intercourse and relaxation, free alike from temptation and from dullness. In all its beneficent enterprises the Church is constantly becoming more practical, more organized, and more humane, with results that already reward its devotion, attest its wisdom, and promise golden things for the future.

One result of this more complete accomplishment of its Master's will is, that the Church is getting to know more fully and more accurately its Master's mind. There is a corresponding modification, if not of the contents of faith, at least of their proportion in the Christian consciousness. The closer imitation of our Lord in conduct is bringing us into nearer heart-fellowship with Him. The majestic conception of the kingdom of heaven on earth to be realised in His Church is asserting itself in Protestant theology, where it has too long and too much been neglected in its practical and inspiring potency. The great doctrine of the incarnation is no longer relegated to a back place in our creed as a mere means or stepping-stone to the atonement, but holds its proper place in our theology and devotion with all its wealth of comfort, strength, and wonder. The great fact of the real indwelling of Christ in His own is no more a mere mystical dogma, but, in awe and gratitude, is experienced and enjoyed in our religious worship, work, and life. Our new fidelity to the fact and claims of social obligations, our warmer recognition of the bond of human brotherhood is carrying us into a more real, tender, and glorious realisation of God's Fatherhood and our divine sonship.

These subtle changes, which are slowly but surely proceeding in the character and consciousness of the Church, are exerting an important influence on her relation to the world outside. With the enthusiasm of a discovery the Church has recognised her true destiny. With delight she resumes her proper function. She perceives that her business in the world is not to elaborate and confess a theory of redemption, but to incarnate in herself and communicate to men an actual redemption. Like her Master, she fulfils her mission, and finds her proper attesta-

tion in her works. Once more the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are healed, the hungry are fed, the sorrowful are comforted, and to the poor the gospel is preached. Saving faith is not discussed, defined. Men demand to have it demonstrated, not in tomes of theology, but in our homes, workshops, slums. Nor will they allow any faith to be worthy of that sacred name, save the faith that works, and works by love.

This change of front on the part of the Church is gradually transforming the character of the contest between belief and unbelief. It is seen that the final issue must be fought out not in the realm of intellect but in the field of actual human development. The creed that produces the noblest type of humanity must be the legitimate lord of the human intellect and conscience. On all hands it is acknowledged that man does not live by facts alone. He must have faith as well. It is necessary to have his feet planted on the solid earth, but it is good that his eyes should be lifted to the sky and stars. For the full blossom and fruition of his nature it is not enough that its roots be fixed in the soil beneath. Round its head must play the summer breezes of heavenly dreams, and the sunshine of ideal faiths and hopes and aspirations. More than aught beside, the future of our race depends on man's conception of his essential nature, destiny, and dignity. What the Gospel of Jesus Christ can produce we have seen in His Sacred Person. The nobility of Christ's humanity is confessed, but His religion is rejected. The question, therefore, is whether unbelief can give to the world a humanity as majestic and a morality as noble, cut asunder from the theology of Jesus. The result is not hard to forecast. When amid arctic ice and snow nature can produce the luxuriant splendour of tropical vegetation, without the maturing radiance of the equatorial sun, then and not till then men may hope to create Christ's new earth without Christ's new heaven.

The perception of this altered setting of the problem has produced a corresponding change in the spirit and attitude of unbelief. It must be confessed that there is in our day doubt enough, denial enough, incredulity enough—perchance as much as ever there was. Nevertheless there is a change. The incredulity of our age is not now a sneering, flippant, lighthearted incredulity. It is grave, reverent, earnest—sometimes terribly earnest. It no longer approaches the person of Christ with ribald mockery, but

hails Him as the "Good Master." It does indeed still turn away from Jesus, but like the young man He loved it goes away sorrowful. Perchance, without our knowledge, oftener than we dream, it repeats the story of that son who, when his father bade him "Go work in the vineyard," answered, "I go not," but afterwards repented and went. At least—and in this consists our confidence—like the Church, unbelief has at last comprehended its task. It perceives that, when it has finished disproving Christianity, its work is not done—is indeed no more than begun. It perceives that, for it also as for Christianity, the real problem remains—to find a solace for humanity's griefs and to devise an efficacious remedy for the world's sin. If to attain that goal the Church has need of a faith that works and that works by love, scepticism, much more, has need of an unbelief that works and works by love. But what is that? scepticism that works! an incredulity that loves! 'Tis a contradiction in terms. Scepticism is an atrophy of the heart, the suffocation of every noble aspiration, the paralysis of all disinterested endeavour. Truth to tell, it is but the phantom of an existence already dead.

None the less the task remains—the necessity confronts, the obligation imposes. If scepticism is going to abolish Christianity, it must be prepared to take the place of Christianity and to do its work. The world has once got to know Jesus Christ—Jesus with His stainless purity, Jesus with His unfathomable love. He has healed its wounds, soothed its sorrows, taken away its sins. Through His death it revived, in His life it lives, without Him its best hopes would die. The world will not suffer Him to be taken from it, save it has given it in His stead something better. No, it is not enough to refute Christ, they have got to replace Him. That is the task that confronts unbelief. That is the enterprise with which it must charge itself. It presents itself to the world as the heir of Christianity, and undertakes to be the world's light and the world's life. 'Tis a difficult undertaking, a tremendous enterprise, a superhuman task. To accomplish it one must be at least all Christ was—perfect Son of Man, perfect Son of God. And unbelief! This dreary, dismal, chill-hearted unbelief—is it going to accomplish it? No; a thousand times no. The question asked by Alfred de Musset fifty years ago remains, and ever will remain, unanswered—

"*Jésus, ce que tu fis, qui jamais le fera ?
Qui de nous, qui de nous va devenir un Dieu ?*"

Dreamland IN History



we can at Ely or Norwich or at Peterborough. The cloister has no rival in its own class. . . . Of the buildings on every side of the cloister the remains are neither few nor unimportant. The refectory of Abbot John de Fulda, the scene of royal feasting, has left fewer remains than any other, but enough survives to give some notion of the design. Beyond

it lay the more distant buildings of the monastery; the stately lodgings of the abbot beyond a little stream now hidden; the second cloister and the graceful ruins of the Infirmary. . . . We come back to the cloister, to mark to the west the quarters of the prior and his successor, the dean, showing us a stage of architecture of which we have no exact specimen in the Minster itself.* To the east we have the slype, the dormitory, now the library, above, and the building of the greatest importance after the church itself, the chapter house." So writes Professor Freeman in his "Paper on Gloucester and its Abbey." Now who lived in this grey old pile of buildings? Who planned these beautiful solemn cloister walks? Who built and maintained that spacious hospital, whose graceful chapel arches alone remain to tell a bit of the story of

BY THE VERY REV.
H. DONALD M. SPENCE, D.D.,
DEAN OF GLOUCESTER.

THIRD PAPER.

"WE cannot forget that here, at Gloucester, we have monastic buildings of admirable merit, far more externally preserved than it is usual to find them.

"At Gloucester we can see what a great Benedictine house was far better than

* In the north-west wing of the Deanery, the prior's lodging in the old Benedictine house, King Richard II. held a parliament, in what was once the workroom of the monastery; the Commons sitting in the chapter-house, the king and his barons in what is now a part of the Deanery. In this same Prior's Lodge once lodged King Henry VIII. and Queen Anne Boleyn for some days.

the touching care of the Benedictine order for the sick and suffering? Who dug that deep reservoir in the cloister garden, and skilfully turned into it the bright waters of the Fulbrook? Who first dreamed the grand design of the glorious Minster church, which casts its broad shadow beyond garden and cloister, far over the busy city beyond its walls?

Who once lived here, worked here, dreamed here, died here? Who wrote in the narrow carols which line the south cloister walk, those little cells so cunningly built into the cloister arches? Who prayed in the vast adjoining Minster church, and taught generation after generation of little English children, who were brought up under the shadow of the holy house of Gloucester?

Let me try and weave from old chronicle and modern research a little tapestry of history, which will tell something of the past of those long-dead dwellers in the great reli-

gious house, something of the story of their life, their hopes and onlooks, their mistakes and their merits, what they tried to do, and did.

* * *

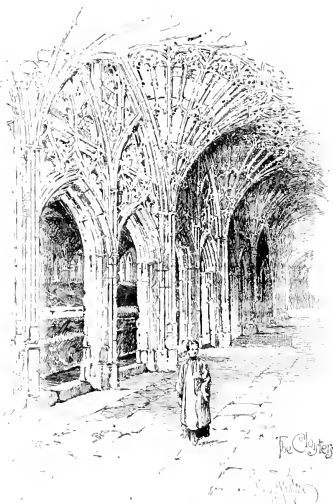
We have spoken in our first two studies on "Dreamland in History" mostly of the great Minster church of Gloucester, we will speak now of the *souls* who prayed in that fair and storied abbey, of souls who drew from it—or rather from Him who dwelt in it, who, I think dwells in it still—power to live that life which once exercised so rightly an influence over our peoples.

* * *

More than twelve hundred years have passed over the holy house of Gloucester. But only dim and shadowy forms seem to flit before us, when we try to evoke *life* out of its very early memories. King Osric of Northumbria, when a Mercian Viceroy, first planted the ancient religious foundation and built a church, and his remains moulder beneath the great pile. His stately tomb, erected long centuries after his time, is still one of the ornaments of the Minster.

King Athelstan died in royal Gloucester, most likely in the religious house attached to the church.

The abbey was tenanted in those far back Saxon days by men of whose life and work we only possess scanty memoranda, and these written by men who loved them not. These early Saxon tenants of the Gloucester religious house were not monks, as we now understand the term. They were priests who lived the life of ordinary citizens, not a few of them married. One of their chief duties, probably, was teaching the young of both sexes. Evidently these "secular" priests were popular among their fellow-citizens, for when the great change was brought about by Archbishop Dunstan and his school, we learn that here



in Gloucester the people of the city were angry at the change in the great church and religious house, and harassed and persecuted the new comers—the Benedictine monks sent by Dunstan and his friends. This was in the beginning of the eleventh century, when Canute was king, a little more than half a century before the Norman Conquest.

The early years of the new foundation of Benedictine monks in Gloucester were not a happy or a prosperous time. The abbey seems to have been partly rebuilt; but in the first year of William the Conqueror we read that *two monks and eight boys* alone tenanted the ancient storied home.

With Norman William, however, a new spirit at once was breathed into the religious houses of England, a master-mind guided—during that stern reign—church work in the conquered island; Lanfranc was one of those great churchmen of the Middle Ages, at once scholar and statesman, ascetic and courtier, one who could with equal contentment spend his days now in the workshop and in the forge, carving wood and ivory, and hammering iron, now copying MSS. and teaching children, now occupied in the court of the Norman duke or king of England on high matters connected with the State.

Perfect self-abnegation joined to the most exalted devotion to the work of his order, an intense belief in the high mission of the Church, as the preserving salt of society, were the chief characteristics of that brilliant and devoted succession of great churchmen who restored, or rather rebuilt, the Church of the Middle Ages upon a foundation story of re-invigorated monasticism. Among them Dunstan, Lanfranc, and Anselm were conspicuous.

Now Lanfranc was successful in finding a man after his own heart to breathe new life into the fading house of Gloucester.

Lanfranc no doubt quickly discerned the unrivalled capabilities of the situation of the old chief city of the Severn Lands, and with prophetic clearness of vision discerned the part which Gloucester was destined to play in the history of England.

For long years it was a favourite home for our kings, and in placing such a man as Serlo the Norman—his pupil and his friend—at the head of the little decaying community, Lanfranc intended to make Gloucester a great Benedictine fortress and centre in the west of our island.

The astute churchman was not mistaken in his man; on a narrower stage Serlo emulated Lanfranc. The little house of two

monks and eight children, with extraordinary rapidity grew into a powerful community. A hundred monks, for instance, replaced the two solitary dwellers in the ancient home.

Much of the great Minster church which, after eight centuries, we still wonder at and admire, was Abbot Serlo's work. His rule was as enduring as his massive building. From that day, eventful indeed to the holy house of Gloucester, when Lanfranc, the monk scholar, and statesman, placed the Abbot's crozier in Serlo's hand, the great abbey of the Severn Lands prospered with a marvellous prosperity. Not a little of the history of our England was played beneath the grey shadows of its massive walls.

Here, to the great Benedictine house, when Gloucester was the third city in the kingdom, kings came and feasted. Here solemn councils, presided over by kings, met. Here parliaments were held, and deep matters affecting the weal of the commonwealth discussed. One king received his crown in front of the high altar of the Cathedral Church. Another English sovereign lies amongst us still. And the storied centuries rolled on in their solemn course, and the Gloucester house of God was famous even among the more famous religious houses of England. Abbeys rose and fell, but still this great abbey prospered, and did its work for more than five hundred eventful years, till that sad day when the crozier, borne by a long unbroken line of great churchmen, at the rough bidding of Henry VIII's commissioners, was broken in the hands of Abbot Malverne, the last Prelate of the Benedictines who bore rule in the halls of Serlo.

But the life of the great Minster church went on, though under changed conditions. The spirit of the sixteenth century asked for a new presentment of the religion of Jesus Christ.

* * * *

What now was that monastic life which these disciples of Benedict lived, or tried to live, and which Henry VIII. put an end to in the sixteenth century?

Sir James Stephen, in one of his essays, thus paints the original ideal of the dwellers in a Benedictine house:—

"In the whirl and uproar of the handicrafts of our own day it is difficult to imagine the noiseless spectacle which in those far back days so often caught the eye as it gazed on the secluded abbey and the adjacent grange. In black tunics, the mementos of death, and in leathern girdles, the emblems of chastity, might then be seen carters silently yoking their bullocks to the team, and driving them in silence to the field, or shepherds inter-



Colbeck Am S. E.

Feb 1880

changing some inevitable whispers while they watched their flocks, or vine-dressers pruning the fruit of which they might never taste or speak, or wheelwrights, carpenters, and masons plying their trades like the inmates of some deaf and dumb asylum: and all pausing from their labours as the convent bell sounding the hours of prime or nones or vespers, summoned them to join in spirit, even when they could not repair in person to those sacred offices. Around the monastic workshop might be observed the belt of cultivated land, continually encroaching on the adjacent forest, and the passer-by might trace to the toils of these mute workmen the opening of roads, the draining of marshes, the herds grazing, and the harvest waving in security under the shelter of ecclesiastical privilege.”*

For these hard labours of the hand many of the brethren substituted the different, though no less toilsome, labours of the brain. Sir Francis Palgrave thus writes of the Norman Monastery of Bee and of the way in which its denizens spent their days :—

“Herlouin, the founder, was of noble birth, the real old northern blood flowed in his veins, a knight until he renounced the world. Learning he had none—when he first professed, he could not read a letter; and he subjected himself to all the austerities and privations enjoined by S. Benedict’s rule. Manual labour was the employment of the Brethren, and much was Herlouin derided by his former companions when they saw his coarse garments and unkempt beard. Hard and fast Herlouin worked, aiding the building of the monastery; except when chanting in the choir, or partaking of the one daily scanty meal which he grudged himself, you could always find him digging and delving, or his hand grasping the spade, or with hod on shoulder, as Lanfranc (afterwards William the Conqueror’s Archbishop of Canterbury), found him, all begrimed with mortar, engaged in vaulting an oven.”*

To this community of Benedictines under Abbot Herlouin at Bee, Lanfranc of Pavia

* Sir Francis Palgrave, “Normandy and England,” vol. iii. p. 259.

* “The French Benedictines,” vol. i., pp. 366, 367.

a scholar used not his brain in preference to his hands, so he was employed in teaching the young. Under this gifted man Bec expanded into a college, and scholars resorted to the Norman house from all parts.

But Lanfranc not only taught, but he daily spent some time in copying MSS. of Holy Scripture, in correcting errors in texts, and now and again composing commentaries on certain portions. The Benedictine monk, whose vocation lay in scholarship, by no means confined himself to copying MSS. of the Bible, or to writing commentaries on the sacred text. In those quiet cells, of which we have in the Gloucester cloister walks such perfect examples still remaining, every branch of learning was cultivated.

For instance, in the Abbey of S. Boniface at Fulda, the monks Euhardus and Rudolf composed careful and accurate annals of the reign of Charlemagne. Rudolf, who was master of the Fulda Abbey School, was the only mediæval writer, it seems, to whom Tacitus was known at first hand.

* * *

Men like Lanfranc and Serlo thought that by restoring the old way of monastic life, as planned centuries before by Benedict of

The general plan was founded on two verses of Psalm exix.: v. 2, "*At midnight I will rise to give thanks unto thee,*" and v. 164, "*Seven times a day do I praise thee.*"

Roughly the way of life at the Benedictine abbey of Gloucester was as follows:—In the winter months and through the early spring, the monk specially charged with this duty roused the sleeping brothers two hours after midnight. They slept in dormitories, each occupying generally a separate cubicle. The arrangement was simple, each had a mattress, and was provided with a rug, with a second rug to cover him. They slept partially dressed, so when roused for Vigils, two hours after midnight, they came with little preparation down the winding stairs—they are still there at Gloucester—into the Minster church, and then they held in the solemn night hours the first service. After "Vigils" they would return to rest. As the first streaks of dawn were visible, they were roused again, again they would worship in the choir of the great church. Matins and Prime would next be said or sung.

The monks, and apparently the children entrusted to their care, usually spent some time in the cloisters and garden. Between



in the cloister lavatories—those lavatories we still possess, with all their wondrous carved beauty little injured by time.

Then the third service, "Tierce," was chanted, and this was followed immediately by Mass. After mass was the first regular meal. The rule prescribed that this was to consist of two dishes, mainly of cooked vegetables, though more substantial viands do not seem to have been forbidden when they were procurable, with a fixed allowance of bread and wine or beer. In the summer when the nights were short a brief siesta was the practice after the meal.*

The whole "House" met once in the day, in the morning hours, in the Chapter Room. All the members of the Society took the seats belonging to them on the stone seats round the great hall. It is still here, practically unchanged, with all its strange, solemn memories. The Abbot or his deputy presided. Passages of the Rule of S. Benedict were generally read; some words were spoken by the President; then the several officers of the House read their reports, and when any of the monks had failed in their duties their cases were at once tried, punishments were decreed, and not unfrequently corporal discipline was inflicted before the whole Society. Lanfranc specially treated of this singular practice for maintaining a rigid discipline. "During the infliction of this discipline all the brethren must bow their heads and show compassion for the penitent with dutiful and brotherly affection; meanwhile, no one must speak in the Chapter, no one look at the offender except those in high places, who may intercede for him."

The day went on, services alternated with work, or reading, or teaching.

Between two and three o'clock Nones were said; Vespers were sung at four. Before sunset there was another public meal, lighter than the first. On fast-days there was no second meal; additional refreshment at other times in the day was apparently allowed, and in the case of the monks being engaged in specially laborious duties extra allowances of food and wine were made.

The Abbot had always power to dispense with certain portions of the Rule.

The service termed Compline usually took place about seven o'clock; then followed rest. The monastery at about eight o'clock was

Such is a bare catalogue of an ordinary day in a Benedictine house in England, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, after the reforms of Lanfranc and his school.

Roughly speaking, a quarter of the twenty-four hours was given to rest (some six hours), seven hours were spent in church; eight distinct services being required from each vowed Benedictine.

This great array of services were considerably varied so as to avoid as far as possible monotony. The whole Psalter was enjoined to be sung every week by the original Rule of Benedict, whose words were, "As by men who know that they are in the sight of God and angels."

Agriculture, building, painting, study, teaching the young (the Benedictines were great schoolmasters), all formed part of the appointed work of the Benedictine monk.

Their tender care for the sick was a noticeable feature in their "Rule." The great founder of the order left special injunctions here: "Before all things and above all things," said S. Benedict, "care must be given to the sick, they must be served, and Christ in them." In all great houses the Infirmary and the chapel attached were among the most noticeable buildings. "At Peterborough," Canon Westcott says, "the Infirmary contains the most beautiful work that remains." At Gloucester the exquisite arches of what was once the Infirmary chapel are well known. Injunctions were continually passed enjoining every indulgence, and recommending that the tenderest care should be shown to the sick and aged.

* * * *

Men often ask now, what was *really* the life and work of these great religious houses? Was it in truth the ideal life of prayer, quiet work, self-renunciation, obedience and patient industry which saintly recluses like Benedict dreamed of, and practical men like Lanfranc, and Anselm, and their immediate pupils we know lived?

To answer the question at all *fully* would be impossible in the limits of this little present study.

In these religious houses we must remember were men living with the same passions and tastes, the same faults and failings as are common to us all. They played, did these houses, in disturbed and stormy times, on the whole a very noble and useful part, and indisputably were a great bulwark to society.

* I have generally followed the interesting sketch of Professor Westcott, who in his paper, "A Benedictine Monk," gives an account of an ordinary day in a monastery such as Peterborough or Gloucester.

enable us—as through a glass not very darkly—to analyse the daily life and conduct, the hopes and aspirations, the works and doings of some of these monasteries which, like our Gloucester, have played so great a part in the story of our past in England.

One of these records possessed a curious attraction for one who certainly would not be suspected of a very warm admiration for the monkish ideal. Carlyle, strangely enough, devoted some eighty closely printed pages in one of his works to the analysis of a diary kept by an undistinguished brother of an Eastern Counties monastery of Benedictines in the reigns of Henry II. and Richard Cœur de Lion.

In the life, familiarly painted by this monk, one Jocelyn, the almoner of St. Edmondsbury, we possess a vivid picture of the everyday monastic life of the England of the Plantagenet kings. It does not perhaps come up to the lofty ideal sketched by great souls like Lanfranc and his pupil Serlo of Gloucester, and lived by men like Anselm of Bec, but with all its errors and shortcomings, there is much in this monastic life here painted that is beautiful and desirable, enough certainly to form the basis of a successful defence when monasteries are spoken of as merely hives of drones, and monasticism as a pernicious and harmful conception.

Jocelyn, the almoner of St. Edmondsbury, hides nothing. He paints the errors, the shortcomings, the excesses, the idle gossiping, the jealousies of his brother monks, with an unsparing brush. You feel the man is intensely truthful, you see that his diary is the picture of a life really lived in a hundred similar religious houses, and as we walk and muse in the cloister of Gloucester, in the old-world garden there, in the grey and solemn Minster aisles, we repeople these loved and time-worn buildings and gardens with the old inhabitants who lived there when Cœur de Lion reigned, and John Lackland plotted and schemed against his nobler brother.

The monk Jocelyn though does far more than merely chronicle the little daily disputes, the heart-burnings, and the jealousies of his brother monks. He paints too, with no unskilful hand, the thoughts and imaginings, the ways and works of his friend and master, the Abbot Samson.

Samson, Abbot of St. Edmond's in the reigns of Henry II. and Richard Cœur de Lion, was evidently a type of the abler Benedictines of

duty.

His friend, and at one period his chaplain, Jocelyn, in his amusing gossiping memoirs, sketches Samson's early life in the community: his unpopularity, and at the same time his reputation as a thorough business man of unswerving honesty of purpose, with some learning, and experience. He tells us of the last days of the old Abbot Hugo, who reigned in the house of St. Edmond's before Samson, a devout, earnest old man, with failing eyesight and weak health, and then relates the events, commonplace events mostly, which led to the election of Samson as abbot.

His brother monks chose him to the high office, not because they specially liked him, but simply because they respected him. He was utterly without friends or interest either in the monastery or in the King's court, and narrowly missed being confirmed in his office because neither the King nor any of his advisers knew anything about him. He was chosen without any popular gift to recommend him, solely because the monks respected him as a good, true man. His simple hard-working life is related with transparent truth by the monk Jocelyn, who tells us how zealously Abbot Samson worked to restore the revenues of the house, which, through the weakness and long illness of his predecessor, had become sadly disordered; how he administered with restless care the internal discipline of his great house, ever severe yet kind and tender-hearted. The vast estates of St. Edmond's were carefully watched over. Barns and farm buildings were built and restored. Churches were erected in the outlying villages, a hospital was founded and endowed by him. Schools too for the young were built, and the great parent house of St. Edmond's and its church were thoroughly restored and beautified.

Dimly we catch glimpses, between the lines of Jocelyn's homely diary, of bits of the church life of Cœur de Lion's time. We see something of the gorgeous processions, the preaching, the festivals, the Christmas plays, mysteries, as they were called, performed in the churchyard under the auspices of the monks.

Abbot Samson was a good scholar, and could preach in three languages. He was a passionate lover of books, and often complained that his lot had not been cast in some quiet monastic library. The monastery,



where Jocelyn lived, was a home for all strangers, and for travellers whose duties and affairs led them into those Eastern Counties, and in troubled times, not unknown periods when our Plantagenet kings bore sway over us, defenceless folk, such as Jews and their wives and little ones, found a ready shelter behind the strong walls of S. Edmond's.

Abbot Samson was no laggard in matters connected with the State. He was from time to time, we see, associated in high political questions with the King's justiciaries and others—by no means a courtly man—we find him, for instance, guarding, at the peril of his life and liberty, a wealthy girl-ward from the rapacity of some of the court nobles,

who would have wedded her for the sake of her broad lands. Twelve years of those restless, toil-filled years, his friend Jocelyn tells us, blanched Abbot Samson's hair, and he became white as snow. But some would be tempted to ask, has his monk biographer, in his careless, pleasant manner, told us nothing

over some of the pages of the long-forgotten life-story, and we find some notes of Abbot Samson's thoughts, for instance, upon the Crusades.

We look back from our present vantage-ground of many centuries' experience and teaching, and entertain little admiration for these strange bloody wars, but, as Carlyle once remarked, "To all noble Christian hearts of that era, what earthly enterprise so noble?"

Our Benedictine abbot would have tossed aside all dignity and position, all present ease and comfort, and would have himself joined one of these strange pilgrimages of blood, had not King Henry II. peremptorily forbade his leaving England. But when Jerusalem was re-taken by the Pagans, Abbot Samson put on a cilice and hair shirt, and wore under-garments of rough haircloth ever after, and abstained from flesh and flesh meals thenceforth to the end of his life. He would be daily reminded, in pain of body, that his Lord's tomb was in the hands of unbelievers.

So this earnest student, this patient administrator of farms and estates, this doughty protector of the weak and defenceless, this grave and austere disciplinarian, this practical man of business, this restorer of dilapidated granges and roofless homesteads, this builder of hospitals, schools, and churches, had another side, a secret unseen side belong-

ing to the inner life of Samson as well as man can paint these things, in his chapter describing how the great altar of St. Edmond's was rebuilt, and the holy shrine, where the body of the martyr-king slept, was opened.

* * * *

Carlyle beautifully sums up the old Benedictine's character, in his own characteristic language, writing thus of Abbot Samson:—

"The great antique heart, how like a child's in its simplicity, like a man's in its earnest solemnity and depth! Heaven lies over him wherever he goes or stands on the earth, making all the earth a higher temple to him, the earth's business all a kind of worship. Glimpses of bright creatures flash in the common sunlight. Angels yet hover, doing God's messages among men. Wonder and miracle encompass the man. Heaven's splendour over his head, Hell's darkness under his feet. A great law of duty high as these two infinities, dwarfing all else, annihilating all else. It was not a dilettantism this of Abbot Samson, it was a reality."

* * * *

This, then, was something of the life and the work of the Benedictines of Gloucester, and of other religious houses; and this was a type of not a few of the men who lived, and prayed, and toiled in these great monasteries when Plantagenets reigned in England. Surely a brief sojourn in such a "dream-land" is pleasant and, perhaps, suggestive, even to men of the England of to-day.

VIGNETTES OF A NORTHERN VILLAGE.

BY MARY LINSKILL, AUTHOR OF "THE HAVEN UNDER THE HILL," ETC.

II.—THE REVENGE OF ANTHOLIN VEREKER.

CHAPTER V.

NOWHERE does the climate of England give you more surprises than on the coast of Northern Yorkshire. The June day that you expect to be full of all summer's most summer-like charm may almost make you doubt the evidence of your half-frozen and wild-wind-bewildered senses. The November day that should be dark and gloomy, or immoderately stormy, may astonish with its gentle warmth, its sunny softness, its mild, enchanting, dreamy stillness.

One of these perfect November days had come. Antholin Vereker had walked to Oswaldthorpe that he might stand awhile by the two graves that were there in the ancient churchyard on the hill-top. Now he was going toward Deerstanes, to look once more upon the old home before he went back to London. He knew, of course, that it was closed; that all would be desolate and dreary, yet he longed to walk about the familiar ways once again. Besides, he had undertaken a small mission for his cousin Muriel, who had asked him to send her a few cuttings from the old-fashioned crimson rose

window.

"There are roses enough to be had in Chesterdean," she had written. "But I miss my *own* rose. Will the scent of it ever be so sweet anywhere as it used to be at home?"

There was much more in the letter—much that Antholin did not discern till a later day—not till he had learnt to read between the lines. How strange it is when at last the eyes that have been holden are suddenly made to see!

For the present, so intensely was Antholin Vereker's thought bent upon Helena Caldbergh, that though he believed her to be in London he was hardly surprised to see her coming toward him, crossing the little wooden bridge in Thurlsoe Lane. It was as if a wish, almost a prayer, had been granted for which he had been praying hopelessly.

He forgot his sorrows, his perplexities, his dread for the future—all was forgotten in that first instant. She was there! coming toward him in her radiant dress, with the quick firm step of youth, and health, and all the sufficiency that is not *self*-sufficing, but the last result of adventitious circumstance. He could see, or imagine that he did, the look of pleasure on her face as he sprang to help her to descend from the awkward little step of mud and wood that was at the end of the bridge. His face with all its ardour, all its intensity burning upon it and within it, was upturned to hers in the fullest confidence of love, of faith, of gladness. His hand was outstretched, tremulously outstretched to grasp hers; his beseeching, pleading, loving eyes sought hers swiftly, surely, ardently, tenderly . . . !

What ailed him? What had happened?

Why should he stand aside in that awkward, undignified way, almost before a word had been spoken? for truly there was hardly time for the glance from the cold blue eyes to take effect before the still colder tones made effect yet greater.

The tones were not only cold; they were pure, beautiful, guarded, careful to the verge of repulsion.

"Is that Mr. Vereker? Surely not!" the lady said, daintily stepping from the little bridge, not seeing the hand so readily outstretched to aid her. "We were told you were in London! Quite a week ago we heard that you had left Hild's Haven."

For nearly a minute Antholin Vereker did not speak. He stood there by the rippling little beck as if its waters were overwhelm-

and was equal to the occasion. It had been rehearsed in various ways.

"I—I should not have gone without telling you," Antholin said, feeling, knowing that even that simple saying might be made to seem like an impertinence in the light of this new mood that had come upon Miss Caldbergh.

Was it new? All at once he felt as if he had known her capability for cruelty of this kind before. But he could not reason about his knowledge at the present moment; he could only suffer—suffer from the memories of a few short weeks before; the memory of a tender sudden relenting, a tender parting in the twilight; the memory of a kiss that was yet warm on his lip. Were these eyes that were now looking with cold questioning disdain into his—were they the same beautiful blue eyes that had answered his pleading with glances of love, and assurance of love, and all the entrancing meanings that only a lover can see in the eyes of the one woman he worships? Was it possible? The coldness that had come upon him yielded to a quick flush of pain and surprise, and yet not of unbelief. Miss Caldbergh would yield him no ground for unbelief.

"I should not have gone to London without letting you know," he had said. And after a moment's silence, as if the lady were wondering what so slight an acquaintance might mean by the saying, she looked up, murmuring in a pretty, half-puzzled way, "Oh, yes—thank you. We—that is mamma and I—shall always be glad to know where you are, what you are doing. We are tremendously interested in your pictures."

The boy at her side stood confounded. Such dramatic perfection he had never seen.

He had nothing to oppose to it—nothing but a stunned, wounded, sinking heart.

The beck was rippling on, a robin had perched in the alder-tree by the bridge, and was chirping out a little quiet vespersong. Miss Caldbergh was adjusting her gloves, saying in the same politely interested way,

"We have heard of your trouble—your troubles, I may say, and of course we were very sorry." Here she hesitated for awhile, then went on again, displaying the meanness rather than the narrowness of her resources; and every now and then betraying some touch of desire to stand well at least in her own sight. But though she waited now and then for reply, for evidence, no word came. Antholin stood speechless, pallid, listening to the commonplace of regret, the little plati-

note of something that was almost anger in Miss Caldbergh's tone. It surprised him to a closer attention.

"I should have thought you might at least have replied when I asked you a question," she was saying when Antholin began to try to rouse himself from the stupor that beset him. It was the strange new hardness, not to say bitterness, in her tone that awoke him.

"At least you might reply to what I say. A gentleman would not wait to be told that. But I suppose one should not expect you to know exactly what a gentleman would do, or would not do."

Antholin lifted a cold white face, but yet no word came. Miss Caldbergh went on, more fluently, more bitterly than before.

"I have been mistaken in you, I know. I have known it a good while. But I had not thought you would prove it so completely."

"What would you have me say?" he asked at last; and the tone of his voice alone would have moved a woman less hard. "What can I say? What can I do? I have not reproached you. I have not even asked you to reconsider your—your decision . . . How can I have offended you?"

"I didn't say you had offended me," Miss Caldbergh replied, satisfied that the silence was broken at last. She spoke still in the same hard and cold tone—a tone that contrasted strangely with the tones she used in her moods of sweet and gentle kindness. Surely no woman ever before had so wide a compass of the notes possible to womanhood.

"I didn't say I was *offended*. That is not the word. And as to what I wish you to say—well, I don't know that I particularly wish you to say anything. . . . There is one thing though"—and here Miss Caldbergh's self-assurance began to fail a little; that is, if her tone of voice, her manner were to be taken in evidence. "There is one thing. Awhile ago, in an idle moment, I was foolish enough to write you a letter, a note. It was that evening when I was so mistaken as to listen to you while you said things you never should have said to me. However, I don't want to recall that day, or anything connected with it. I wish to forget it all for ever. But before I can do that you must return me that letter—that is, if you haven't burnt it. . . . I hope you have, long ago."

Antholin did not reply in words. He took

With a certain quiet dignity he gave it into Miss Caldbergh's hands.

"Thank you," she said, much relieved; and yet perhaps a little disappointed that her request had been met so promptly. At least one scene, effective in rehearsal, had been negatived. "Thank you," she repeated, when she had torn the pages into a thousand morsels with a certain vehemence, and sent them floating down Thurlsoe Beck. "And now I must say good evening."

She turned with the gesture of a queen to depart. Antholin stood rigidly by the little bridge and bowed to her as she went.

A moment later she came back.

"Of course you are at liberty to make the most, *the worst* of what has passed. . . . You can tell the world—as much of the world as you are ever likely to come in contact with—that I forgot myself for an hour or two. It won't hurt me—nothing that *you* could say would do that. . . . Still, as I say, you have the means of revenge in your hands, up to a certain point. Use them if you choose. But I give you warning, you may injure yourself more than you are likely to be able to injure me."

Antholin Vereker was a sensitive youth, and delicately-minded. He honoured all womanhood; he had worshipped one woman; he had loved another; yet for once his heart was stirred and stung to something that was almost madness by a woman's tongue. And he had in his veins the blood of a vengeful race, an old North Riding race, to whom vengeance was a righteous duty, not to be foregone for any light consideration. He knew that his grandfather had retaliated upon the whole family of a girl who had cast him off as lightly as she had accepted him. It was an old and well-known tale in the neighbourhood of Thurlsoe. Antholin was not thinking of it now; yet Helena Caldbergh's use of the word "revenge" did but give a name to one of the many emotions that were stirring within him.

"Revenge," the word died on his lip. He could not utter it aloud.

He could utter nothing aloud at that moment. He was unable to put into words any one of all the pleading thoughts, the reproachful thoughts, the half-maddening thoughts that were rushing through his brain.

A man or woman brought face to face with a wall of stone does well not to strike it. But the metaphor is incomplete. The

at one's ineffective signs and betrayals of pain. It is only the human being whose human love has been the joy of your human life, who can hurt you by all at once turning round upon you. Do they perceive ever, these people, how they turn also upon themselves?

Miss Caldbergh was moving away with that strange smile again upon her lip, when the sudden presence of her sister Irene arrested her intention. A meaningful look passed instantly between the two.

It was a curious friendship that existed between the sisters. They were popularly supposed not to get on very well together, and the younger sister made no secret of her opinion of the elder one. It was a matter of notoriety that they neither of them made any secret of anything. The mere fact that Irene's estimation of Helena was not always favourable never stood in the way of perfect openness of expression.

Yet, perhaps naturally enough, the child never permitted the most intimate outsider to express any opinion of her sister save such as were of the most egregiously flattering nature. If Helena wanted a friend at any moment of real importance she was nearly sure of finding one in the eccentric girl, who was, as she knew, so much cleverer than herself. *Nearly* sure, not quite. There was just enough uncertainty at the present moment, for instance, to make Irene's unexpected presence a rather exciting incident.

"Well! What is happening?" she said in her sweet, ready little voice, and with her own enchanting smile. "You look so odd both of you, standing here! . . . Where did you happen to meet Mr. Vereker, Helena? . . . What has he been saying? Hasn't he been good? I shall hate him if he isn't!"

Irene had had only a vague idea of her sister's intentions; but she understood enough to know that he was not to be "Antholin" to anybody at Caldbergh House ever again. It was unfortunate that she had not been present during the whole of the interview, that she had not witnessed the change from coldness to bitterness. She was at a disadvantage, as she was quick enough to perceive.

Helena blushed in spite of herself for very annoyance. Irene, glancing from her face to Antholin's cold and pallid countenance, began to feel impatient.

"I suppose I see," she began, in utterly changed tones. "Can't you speak, Helena? Is it all over?"

ing his hat and bowing to the sisters. "It is all quite over, and I wish you good evening."

He was turning quickly away, but Irene prevented him.

"Wait a moment, Mr. Vereker," she began, a little breathlessly, as if tremulous at her own daring. "Mind what you do, what you say. If you say things about Helena, you may have to regret it. And she never meant to give you any encouragement; you took it, or, at any rate, you worried her, till she hardly knew what she was doing. . . . Well, if you want revenge, you had better take it out of Mr. Vernon Aylmer. He'll know better how to deal with you than we do. . . ."

"Rene!" Miss Caldbergh said in expostulation.

"All right, Lena dear. I'm coming! I've done! I've said nearly all I wanted to say. I know he'll never be satisfied till he takes revenge of some kind. It's in the family, you know. . . . I only wanted to warn you, Mr. Vereker, to tell you to be careful. There! Good night! And please don't forget!"

Forget! A soul wounded to the death is slow to forget its wounding.

CHAPTER VI.

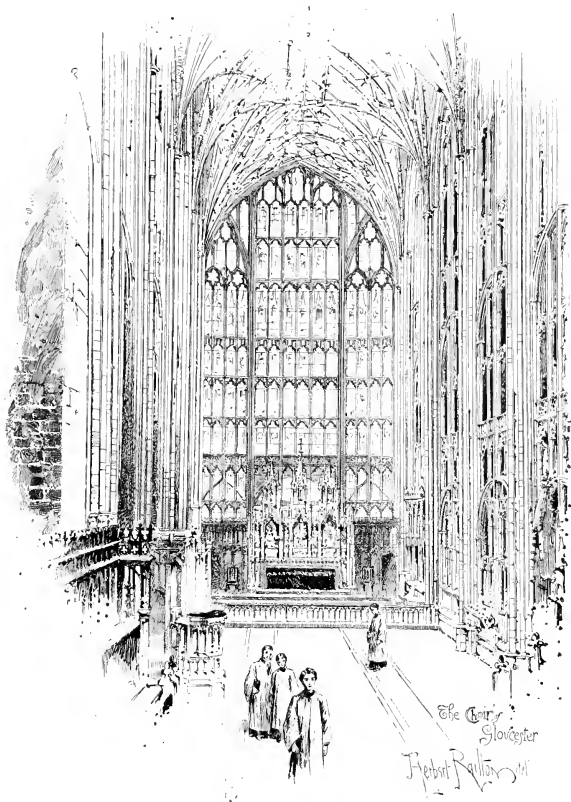
"An image seemed to pass the door,
To look at her with slight, and say,
But now thy beauty flows away,
So be alone for evermore.

"But sometimes in the falling day
An image seems to pass the door,
To look into her eyes and say,
'But thou shalt be alone no more.'"

In an old house in a midland county a certain Mariana was living, that is if an existence so dreary could be called living. Waiting, loving, remembering, hoping; hoping, remembering, loving, waiting. These were the sole variations.

Two years had gone by, weary and dreary years for a young girl living alone with the two maiden cousins of her dead mother. The two Miss Perchays were poor and proud, and often ailing, ailing as much from the need of sufficient food for body and mind as from any tangible ailment. Yes, the life was very dreary.

Yet it was not quite all dreariness. Muriel Vereker remembered her Aunt Milcent's last prophecy, her last wish, her almost last word. Something within herself helped to sustain these memories; and now of late there had come letters from Antholin which helped somewhat to restore the hope that



"DREAMLAND IN HISTORY."



Antholin was prospering in a certain sense, so he told her. Many of the old disappointments and humiliations he had lived down; many were fading away in the light he had so long hoped for, the light of success.

Yet the echo of the old sorrow was in his tone; it was noticeable in the very turn of his sentences. And everywhere it was pointed out alike by friends and by critics, that the one drawback to his work, the one great defect, was the too uniform selection of sad and pathetic, even of depressing subjects for his exposition. He made no reply to these criticisms, except when they were made by people who should have known better than to make them. Of these he asked when was it ever known that even the truest creator had more than a certain amount of power over the things, the beings he created?

"Could Alma Tadema have painted the 'Venus Verticordia?' Could Rossetti have given 'Sappho' to the world as she was given to us the other year? Could Dickens have depicted 'Colonel Newcome?' Could Thackeray have evolved 'Mr. Pickwick?' Could Robert Browning have written 'In Memoriam?' Could Lord Tennyson have conceived 'Sordello?' No, believe me, one can only do what one may do, and the wisest man is he who knows most certainly his own limitations. The first time I feel in a comic mood, I shall assuredly paint a comedy. Till then I can only give back what I receive."

He did not go on to point out that he could but give sorrow for sorrow, that his life of patient labour, of little recreation, of much loneliness, of no hope, no *living* hope, was not conducive to the imagining of bright and lively scenes. Besides, he had troubles the world knew little about; old hidden complications not of his bringing about, but which it was yet his duty to try to make clean and clear. No one knew all the pain, the silent pain of his silent life. If there were things that Muriel guessed she did not speak or write of them to him. The rare but valuable virtue of reticence was hers when she needed it.

The letters she received from Antholin were not only becoming brighter but more frequent. He was, with perhaps not quite full consciousness of the why and the wherefore, beginning to turn to his cousin for sympathy, for encouragement, for relief from that soul-loneliness which beset him so often and so grievously. He was not without

Muriel had loved, she had loved long, deeply, silently; and as usual, her love had brought suffering. But it had brought many other things. She did not know herself how her soul had grown in the strife; to what width of vision; to what freedom from self; to what closeness and tenderness of sympathy for suffering humanity everywhere. The slight natural tinge of selfishness, the tinge inseparable from inexperienced youth, had been discarded all unaware, slipping from her like an ill-fitting garment.

She was not what the world calls "clever," but she was more, she was good. To Antholin's surprise she had also grown very beautiful.

"What have they done to you, the Miss Percehays?" he asked, when they met on the cliff top at Thurlsoe-by-the-Sea.

"What have they done!" she repeated, looking up with surprise. "They have done nothing except be kind to me, as kind as they could possibly be. . . . I do not understand."

Antholin did not reply aloud. To himself he said,

"No, probably you do not understand! You cannot see or know what it is that has refined your every feature, spiritualised your every expression, lent a new distinction to every gesture and movement."

But for all this intuition there was much that Antholin could not see. This he did know, that a fresh perturbation was gathering about his life, something that seemed at present almost as the dawning of a new grief. But as the days went on at Thurlsoe he began to feel as if the new trouble had been always there; hiding behind other troubles, intensifying them. He felt as if there had been a mystery somewhere in his past life.

Antholin was staying at the Red Lion, a little old-fashioned inn in the main street of Thurlsoe-by-the-Sea. His cousin and the two Miss Percehays had taken rooms in a farmhouse on the top of Thurlsoe Bank. So it was that meetings were not infrequent.

It was not the height of the season. The Miss Percehays could not afford "season terms," and Antholin had waited till the late autumn in the hope of witnessing a real North Sea storm. The same hope had brought Mr. Vernon Aylmer to the same place, but Antholin Vereker was not yet aware of his arrival when that wild Saturday afternoon set in.

Mr. Aylmer had another purpose in his

mind, as Antholin was to learn later. All the forenoon "Young Vereker," as the Thurlsee people termed him, had been sitting at his easel, drawing the Felscaur Nab, but not too successfully. It was not one of his "good days." His hand was heavy, his head stupid, his brain benumbed by what he called the "iron band," that seemed to press so heavily whenever he was weary, overworked, or over-worn by anxiety. Now and then a mere change in the weather, a too-long conversation would bring on the sensation. To-day there was nothing to account for it, so far as he could find, and that was the worst of all. Any, the smallest, the most far-fetched reason, was more satisfactory than none.

It was about two o'clock that an old fisherman came up to him, touched his sou'-wester, and began speaking.

"D'ya see yon little clood, sir—yon little dark clood?" old Verrill asked, pointing to a small mass of vapour, indigo in colour, like a man's hand as to shape. "D'ya see it, sir? It's the dyer's neaf!"

"Yes," Antholin replied dubiously.

"Ya know what means, sir? Bad weather, despart bad, an' that afore long."

"And the fishing cibles, where are they?" Antholin asked with sudden eager concern.

"All reeght, sir, all reeght," the old man replied with a smile of weak content that perplexed his interlocutor. "Yes, thank heaven, they'll all be safe anuff, some i' Scarbur Baäy, mebbe; some i' Hild's Haven Harbour. . . . Ah've noä fear for them."

"Then for whom are you afraid? You are thinking of some one!" Antholin said. And even as he spoke a sudden squall came up the broad shallow arm of the sea. The wind upset his easel, took off his grey felt hat, scattered his painting materials all about the grey shaly plateau where he had been working. Old Verrill helped him to recover his possessions. In a few moments all was comparatively quiet again; but the grey sullen look was spreading quickly upon the face of the waters.

Again Antholin's thought returned to the dread the old man had awakened within him.

"Tell me, have you any special fear for anybody?" he asked again.

Old Verrill was looking out to the north, anxiously, eagerly.

"I hev, sir; an' I hev'n't, which may be a onsatisfactory way o' speaking. . . . But there, it's nowt; noä, it's nowt at all. . . . You'll ken yon other artiss, Mr. Vornin

Aylmer, as they call him. He went oot yonder this mornin'. . . . Ah'd like te be secin' him back."

"Mr. Aylmer! Are you sure, *quite* sure?" Antholin asked.

"Ay, ay sir. He nobbut come back te th' Hone two daäys ago. An' this mornin' mah nevv, Dave Verrill, rowed him an' the young laädy oot yonder te the back o' Felscaur. He wanted to draw a pictur' o' the caves, so he said. An' Dave com back, an' said as 'twould take the gentleman a good bit te mak' the pictur, an' him an' the laädy wad walk back at low watter. . . . But they've never comed. . . . Ah've been watchin' for 'em a good bit, ever sen the tide turned; but they've never comed."

Antholin listened aghast at the old man's placid, dreamy way of disclosing a thing that might prove to be so terrible.

"But heaven help us! you are simply watching! simply waiting!" Antholin exclaimed, packing together paint, brushes, easel, and canvas in the most disastrous confusion. "What can I do? Where is David now? Find him for me at once, please."

"Dave, sir! Was it Dave you were wantin'? . . . Well, Ah reckon he'll be at Hild's Haven noo. . . . He mostly goes ower of a Setterday efternoon!"

Before the old man had ended his slow speech yet another squall came blustering up from the sea. It was all that the two men could do to stand firmly in the shelter of the rocky point above them.

"Who else is there?" Antholin shouted in the old man's ear. "I must get some one, some help. Where do the two Durnfords live?"

"Donfods, sir! Were ya meanin' Bill an' Joe? . . . They'll be gone to Hild's Haven. . . . They mostly do of a Setterday efternoon."

"Then who can I get? What is to be done?" Antholin asked, impatient of the man's senile supineness. "What is to be done? The tide is rising, the wind with it. The point of Felscaur Nab must be covered already."

"Felscaur, sir! The waters were over the point an hour ago."

"And there is no way up the cliff?"

"Up the cliff? . . . A rabbit couldn't get up, sir."

Antholin waited no longer. He divined in his own heart what had happened. The morning had been a strange and wonderful morning for an artist. The lights, the shadows, the swiftly changing colours had

so entranced Vernon Aylmer that he had forgotten that only one way of escape was open to him. And perhaps even the presence of Miss Caldbergh, if Miss Caldbergh it was, had helped to confuse his perception. Antholin could easily understand.

He had left his easel and other belongings in the cottage nearest to the beach, and now, in the middle of a black squall, accompanied by a heavy downpour of rain, he was scouring the place in search of but one able-bodied man who would help him to launch a boat, and go with him to the caves beyond Felseaur Nab.

But surely never had any such accident happened on a more unfortunate day. It seemed that not a single man was left in the place who could handle a boat in a storm. The doctor volunteered his services. He was a thin, white-haired man, who leaned heavily on his stick as he tried to beat his way down to the beach; his invalid wife watching him from the window with tearful, prayerful eyes. All the village was alert by this time; and even from the hamlets and stray farm-houses beyond the people were pouring down to Thurlsoe. And all the while the storm was increasing; the bay, from cliff to cliff, was growing whiter and whiter. There were boats lying about on dry land in all directions, some upturned on the green slopes at the foot of the cliffs, some on the stones and shale by the side of the beck; but it soon appeared that not one of these was fit for immediate launching in a storm. Some had been beached for repairs, others were worn out; one or two were only suspected of being not seaworthy. It was one of these that Antholin Vereker, in his haste, decided upon launching.

"I will go alone if no one can be found to go with me," he declared. But even as he spoke a tall, thin, fair-haired lad came forward.

"Tak' me, sir, will ya?" Phil Feaster asked. "Ah'd as soon go to the sea bottom wi' you as not."

"All right! Do the best you can. God helping us, we will not go to the bottom of the sea."

There were old men and strong women enough to assist in launching the *Curlew* into the waters of Thurlsoe Bight. But it was not an easy task. A large crowd had gathered by this time, and yet more people were streaming down the bank. Just as Antholin was throwing off his coat, a hand was laid upon his shoulder—a small, trembling brown hand. A voice was in his ear that he knew

well; it was a pleading, breathless voice now; tense for very pain.

"You remember, Mr. Vereker? I see you do," Irene was saying, wishing that Antholin would only turn, would only look once into her face. "*I was hard! I was cruel! But you forgive! I know you do, or you would not be doing this. . . . And you will save them! I know you will. For heaven's sake save them. I will give all I have in the world if they can be saved! . . . What am I saying? I hardly know. . . . Only, only save them!*"

Antholin turned at last; looked into the girl's face with what he meant to be a glance of encouragement; to Irene it only meant triumph.

"He *does* remember. This is his revenge!" she said to herself.

"Revenge!" The word rang in her ears, and it was inevitably in Antholin's ears also, mingling with the wild howling of the wind, the swiftly-gathering roar of the waves; the rush of the drenching, blinding rain. He was stepping into the boat when Irene once more pressed forward through the crowd, her little white pleading face seeking his.

"They are to be married on Tuesday—Helena and Vernon—next Tuesday!" Her pale lips quivered as she spoke.

Almost before her words were ended another voice broke through the storm, another glance sought to reach Antholin, to deter him, if it were possible—if by any means it were possible.

"Must you go? *You*, Antholin? In all this village of seamen is there no one but you?"

"There is no one else to-day, Muriel. . . . Good-bye! God bless you."

"Antholin! You must not go! *For my sake, you must not!*"

One long understanding look revealed all; even in that moment of perturbation and confusion he understood.

"Now I know that I shall come back!" he exclaimed, in all the sudden fervour of a new and unexpected happiness. No more words were said. Grasping her hands in his for one second he turned away. Lady Katherine was there, pressing forward. Phil Feaster was holding out to him a life-belt; the coble was plunging into the surf. Another moment and the two men were out and away, sinking into the deep, dark hollows, rising on the top of the white, seething ridges. The three hours that followed were hours to be forgotten by no one at Thurlsoe-by-the-Sea.

CHAPTER VII.—AT THE MOUTH OF THE
FELSCAUR CAVES.

It was precisely as Antholin had surmised. The earlier part of the morning had been passed by Mr. Aylmer in a very ecstasy of admiration ; admiration of

"The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade."

Then he had set to work, and had worked so eagerly, with such obliviousness of all things save the canvas on his easel and the scene he strove to depict, that he had not once thought of the advancing tide. And Helena Caldbergh had been but little less absorbed. She had been reading some pages from the "Egoist," at Mr. Aylmer's desire. "It is the seventh time I have read that book," he had declared. "And I hope to read it many more times. Every book worth reading once is the better for being read more than once."

He had hardly finished speaking when a long tongue of white foam came hissing up by his very side. It only ceased its sibilant sound by the hem of Helena's dress. She drew the toe of her boot aside, at its last curve, watching the retreat calmly ; but with a sudden whitening of cheek and lip.

Vernon started to his feet, much after the manner of a man who had been suddenly shot. The start, the quiver was *not* repeated as the white-edged wave came back by the foot of the dark blue-black rock only a moment later.

Helena had closed her book ; and had risen to her feet with a certain quiet dignity. Now she went out toward the point of the rock ; and in an instant Vernon was by her side. One glance showed to them both that their chance of escape was over.

For a moment or two no word was spoken ; but Vernon saw that his companion's strength was being strained to the uttermost. Yet, she was bearing herself admirably.

"Help me to carry the things out of the reach of injury," he asked, by way of drawing her attention from the danger that was threatening them both so fiercely. She understood, and responded to the appeal ; lifting the still wet sketch carefully from the easel with one hand, taking the palette in the other, while Vernon followed with the easel and the two camp-stools. Instantly and silently they sought the inner recesses of the nearest and largest cave. They had no alternative, as they knew. Quite early in the morning they had explored the utmost resources of Felscaur Bight.

Vernon's belongings made safe, they returned to the mouth of the cavern ; but no

gleam of hope met them there. The cliffs on either hand rose like walls of stone, sheer, and dark, and frowning. Not so much as a tuft of grass, a spray of rest-harrow, was there to afford the slightest hold.

The fury of the sudden storm added much to the natural gloom of the place. Dark indigo clouds, charged and shot with that threatening depth of brown which is only seen in nature's worst moods, were sweeping up from the sea, overshadowing all the land to the utmost limit visible. The rain was falling in torrents now, the sea was lashing itself to a white seething fury, the furiousness that seldom fails to give the impression of anger and wrath. Helena, watching its awful swiftness and force of advance, listening to its deep roar, again felt herself to be growing cold,—cold and helpless. Vernon Aylmer saw that she was shuddering ; he saw and understood.

"Listen to me, dear !" he said, putting his arm round her, drawing her to him in the gentlest way he had yet used. "Listen, Helena, and go on being as brave as you now are, as you have been from the first moment. We are sure to be missed. The people of the village know we are here, so does Lady Katherine. Irene promised to come to meet us. They will see the storm, all of them, and they will send help of some kind, that is certain. Meanwhile, let me help you up to one of those ledges of the rock ; up above the ledge where we have put the easel. I feel pretty certain that not the highest tide will reach those upper shelves."

"And I know that even the lowest tides, at high water, must cover the topmost ledge, must reach the roof," Helena replied. "It is not yet two years since a lady and a gentleman—uncle and niece they were—were drowned in this very cave. The water sweeps the roof ; you can see that by the depth, the wetness of the hanging weeds."

Another silence passed, a somewhat appalling silence. Helena broke it again.

"And as to help," she said, "I know something of the place, of the people. I know, as you know, that to-day there is hardly an able-bodied man left in Thurlsoe. They told us all about that this morning. . . I do not believe that there is a man in the village who will round Felscaur Nab in such a gale as this."

"Is there no life-boat ?"

"None. . . And if there were there is no crew."

"Then all the more you must do as I tell you. . . Come, come at once, Helena !"

Imperative as the moment was there was yet room for a little surprise at the tone. The glimpse into the possible future was startling, and not welcome.

But compliance was enforced from without; the white waves came leaping, rushing, boiling; the long white tongues of foam were half across the floor of the cave by this time. The fringes of tangle floated long and brown in the tossing surf, rising and falling with the incoming and outgoing of the waves.

The first dark shelving plateau was not more than some four or five feet from the slippery floor of the cave. It was a wide flat ledge, and on one side a low arch led from this larger cave to a smaller and yet darker cavern beyond. They had explored this a little way in the earlier part of the morning, but their curiosity had not overcome their reluctance to encounter unknown depths of darkness and danger. The outer cave had been enough for them; and Vernon, lighting first a match, and then by means of that an old letter, had waved the improvised torch to and fro overhead with the trifling and airy curiosity of an idle tourist. Now he was glad of even the small amount of knowledge he had so gained. It promised to be useful.

Naturally he made all effort to reach the wider of the upper shelves he had noticed, all possible and passionate effort. If he could reach it first himself then he knew that it might be possible for him to enable Helena to reach it. But he was longer about this achievement than he expected to be. The fractured pieces of rock upon which he was climbing were far apart; the sides of the cavern were dripping with the wet green weed, and but little foothold or hand-hold offered itself anywhere. Each advance of an inch or two meant some minutes of determined strain.

And meantime the waves were rushing more and more wildly through the narrow entrance of the cave. Already Helena had taken refuge in a recess at the back of the rocky chamber; but the water, at the return of almost every other wave, was lapping about her feet.

"Be brave, Lena, darling!" Vernon called to her from his precarious footing far above her head.

"I am brave. . . I will be brave to the last. But, Vernon, couldn't we die together?"

"If it comes to that, we will. But I shall return for you presently, when I have found a safe place for you. I am coming to it.

I see it up above. Wait a little, only a little longer!"

But even as he spoke a cry, one long heart-rending, soul-piercing cry came up to him from the depths below. And looking down he saw that Helena had been dashed by a heavy wave from the ledge on which she had taken refuge. He saw it, the white foaming, swiftly receding water, the dark figure in the midst just passing out from the mouth of the cave; a perfectly resistless figure, tossing, whirling, sinking, rising, disappearing. That was the last he saw, the last he knew. The dark figure had disappeared under the water at the mouth of the Felscaur Cave.

* * * *

It was strange how during that desperate pull from Thurlsoe, Antholin Vereker heard two voices ringing through his brain, two sweet, low musical voices, uttering taunting words, cruel and taunting words.

"Take revenge, oh, pray take revenge!" And now revenge had come in his way.

He was not a delicate man—this by no means; but neither was he strong with the strength required for pulling against the waves of the North Sea during a storm. Yet never for a second did he relax from his utmost effort.

And he had his reward. With the not-to-be-despised help of Phil Feaster he succeeded in rounding the dangerous point of the ness; and almost as he did so he discerned a figure, a dark figure, tossing in the surf.

It appeared at first as if it would be a comparatively easy thing to reach that dark speck; but in the end it seemed as if it were going to prove all but an impossibility. The figure disappeared at the very moment when the bow of the boat had appeared to be close upon it; then it reappeared out on the seaward side, tossing, dashing, advancing, receding. To Antholin it was as if an hour had passed when at last he drew the form of the woman he had once loved out of the heaving surf.

He was turning away, not regardless of the fact that yet another human life might be in danger, but from very intensity of desire to complete the deed he had done. He could discern no sign of life about the woman who lay at the bottom of the half-swamped *Curlew*.

Another turn of the boat, another searching, anxious glance. A monster wave had dashed into the cavern, it was sweeping out again, a blue-green limpid cascade with white foaming edges.

he is! the gentleman!" And a moment later Antholin saw a dark head, a white upturned face, arms thrown wide as if in appeal.

It was the work of at least a quarter of an hour more to effect this second rescue, and the task was more dangerous than the former one. And again it seemed to be only a lifeless form that was drawn over the stern of the coble and placed by the one already there.

Thus it was that Antholin Vereker achieved his revenge.

* * * *

It was not till eight o'clock that night, however, that the revenge could be considered complete. It was Irene who came to complete it.

Antholin had been lying on the sofa of the little sitting-room at the inn. From time to time he had sent over for information to Dr. Oakenshaw, who lived just opposite, and had had the two half-drowned people conveyed to his house, and more than once Lady Katherine had come over to the inn to see how Antholin himself was recovering from his intense exhaustion. Everything had happened much as he could have wished it to happen, save one—he had not seen his cousin Muriel since his return. That was the sole disappointment he had that happy night.

It was to be happier yet.

He had risen from his sofa to place a chair for Irene with an alacrity that surprised and delighted her.

"I thought you would be half-dead," she said, speaking in her own voluble way, yet with a certain tremulousness. "And indeed, you have been, I know. But I didn't come to talk to you about that, or to—to thank you even, or anything of that kind. . . ."

"Please *don't*!" Antholin begged, seeing on the child's pale face, and in her too brilliant eyes, evidence of the intensity of the mood in which she was, and dreading for her sake, as much as for his own, anything of the nature of a scene.

"I'm not going to; but I must say what I came to say. Helena begged me to say a word for her, to tell you that she felt wretched, unspeakably wretched. So do I. But let me say this for myself; I have been wretched before to-day, in fact every time I have remembered that night—that miserably-mistaken night. So you see it wasn't your bravery, your splendid bravery that did it—let me speak, *please*. No, it wasn't that. I hardly know

been hard, and cruel, and unjust, and I—well I seemed to know how you would suffer, and I couldn't forget. I never forgot."

"But you will forget now?"

"Now? No; less than ever."

"That is painful. . . . I was going to send a message to Miss Caldbergh, to beg her not only not to speak of anything that has happened to-day, or even before, but to try not to think of it; to believe that a wet sponge has obliterated all the past."

"Is that what you are feeling?"

"It is, exactly."

"You don't feel as if you would like to remind her that her bitter wish—hers and mine—has been fulfilled, that you can congratulate yourself on having taken your revenge?"

In obedience to a sudden impulse Antholin took the child's hand; a small firm hand it was, and for one instant he raised it respectfully to his lips. Then in warm genial tones he said—

"There! That is the end of my revenge—the very end. Say that you believe it!"

But Irene could say no more; the bright brown eyes filled with sudden tears, and she rose to go at once. Of course Antholin went across the narrow street with her. A few fisher-folks were standing about in the darkness discussing the day's strange events; but Antholin could find nothing more to say, and Irene's ready chatter was silenced for once. As Dr. Oakenshaw's door closed upon the tiny figure he heard a sob, one short, quick, yet almost heartrending sob; and then he knew that he had never understood Irene Caldbergh until that day, the day of his undesired, unlooked for revenge.

The marriage between Helena Caldbergh and Vernon Aylmer took place only one week later than the day originally fixed for it; and a few months after another wedding took place in the new church at Thurlsoe. That is some time ago now. Antholin and Muriel live at Deerstanes; it is more beautiful than ever, more quietly peaceful. True, the troubles and sorrows of others darken the days now and then, but neither Antholin nor his wife would, if they might, be shut out from the sweet blessedness of giving and receiving human sympathy. To be without capacity and opportunity for sorrow is to know no worthy joy. That life only is quite true and noble that is now and then stirred to the utmost depths possible to that life's circumstance, that soul's attainment.

SOME spectacles recall the olden times with special vividness. As you stand on the low bridge over the Pegnitz, amid the crowded gables of Nuremberg, the Middle Ages are round you in quaint and ornate reality. Certain sports likewise powerfully revive the days of chivalry and Norman ascendancy, and none more than Falconry. Hawking can now be seldom seen in England, even though the Mastership of the Royal Hawks still exists in the family of St. Albans; and in Scotland, it is now, I believe, quite extinct. Fortunately for lovers of the picturesque, it was practised till a few years ago in the south of Scotland, and I had the rare chance of witnessing the "gentle art"—anything but gentle, but so named because once restricted, by all but gentle penalties, to those of gentle blood. The story deserves telling as seen that day, and as since better understood by me, through the services of a curious master of the craft,* regarding a diversion interesting as a survival of the ever attractive past, and still more as an exhibition of what can be achieved in the training, to wonderful obedience, of the fiercest and wildest of wild creatures.

The scene of the display was on the shores of the Solway, at the mouth of the Nith, not far from the grand ruins of Devorgilla's Abbey, and close by the sweet village of Kirkbean. There the Laird of Cavens then kept Mews, for the word belonged originally and exclusively to falconry,† the birds being bequeathed to him by a hawking friend, and hunted by him there for some years. In this secluded corner, just under the granitic Criffel and in sight of the Cumberland hills across the Firth, I have spent many happy days for more than twenty years, and there I went my only day a-hawking—the last, doubtless, I shall ever have, for the falcons are all dead and the falconer's voice has been silenced in the grave.

Accompanied by a keeper, a vigorous, intelligent fellow, whose sporting knowledge was of value—for, like the Prince of Denmark, I could tell little more than "a hawk from a heronshaw"‡—I set out in high spirits for

the meet. The morning was pleasant, Criffel looked clear to his bald crown, Skiddaw smiled to him from the English border, the sea showed the Isle of Man on the far horizon, the cliffs of Colvend gleamed in the sunshine, and the whole conditions were brightly auspicious. Passing the gates of wooded Arbigland, built by Allan Cunningham when a simple mason, we soon came in sight of Preston Mill, where Allan won his bride; and near it we overtook the hawkers. The country round exactly suited the sport, being an open flat between the rolling shoulders of Criffel and the sandy shores of the Irish Sea, with cultivated fields enclosed by hedgerows and trees, so that the movements of the birds could in no way be obscured. It only lacked a sluggish stream haunted by the broad-vanned heron, in whose pursuit the finest achievements of both hawk and hunted bird could alone be had, when the craft was in its glory.

The party consisted of the *bonhomie* laird with his "dandie" terrier, a friend for whom the day was made, Peter the falconer, with hawk ready on hand, Robert, his son, bearing the falcons, the head gamekeeper and two dogs, and several spectators come, like ourselves, to see the sight. The sportsmen were on foot, dressed in simple hunting tweed. The assembly was not a little disappointing in its plainness, being quite destitute of the pomp and circumstance of the olden time, when gorgeous cavaliers on horseback and ladies gay on prancing steeds, with countless attendants in brilliant costumes, rode to the princely game; when

"Mottled hound and managed hawk,
And palfrey fresh and fair,"

were the necessary equipment of all dames worthy of their rank; and when the promise of such possessions was not seldom urged as a plea for their hand. But the appearance of the party was in keeping with our simpler days, and though less gorgeous in aspect, was none the less effective in practice.

The centre of all eyes was, of course, the falconer and his birds. The hawks were carried by his boy on a four-sided hoop, hung round him by straps from the shoulders. This frame was known as "the cage," the name, however, having no connection with what it naturally suggests in regard to birds, but being a corruption of "cadge," to carry—whence we have the plebeian word "cadger."

* In a "Treatise of Modern Faulconry," by James Campbell, Esq. Edinburgh; printed for the Author, 1773. A rare, quaint, and interesting book, both in matter and style.

† Originally meaning the place where the hawks mewed or cast their feathers; the well-known Mews at Claring Cross being those for the royal hawks, afterwards used as stables, whence other stables were called mews.

‡ The common reading, "a handsaw," being, as now recognised, a corruption of this old name for the heron.

grine species, forming what was technically known as four "casts," or pairs. They were all "hooded," that is, their heads were enclosed in an ornamental kind of cap, of cloth and leather, which covered head and eyes, but allowed the hooked beak to protrude, and which was crested with a tassel of feathers. Their "arms," for so their legs are known in falconry, were clasped with thongs, some eight inches long, called "jesses," from being used in "jetting" or throwing them into the air, with which also they were held firmly by the hand. Each leg was also bound with a leathern ring, called a "bewit," which carried a sweet-toned silver bell, tuned to within a semitone of its fellow. These tinkled when the bird moved, the sharp discord intensifying their sound, balanced his flight, and revealed his presence when at a distance.

The handsome falcons stood finely erect with their usual stately gait, in silence, grasping the bars with their talons; their plumes increasing their height, their pinions, or "sails," and their tails, or "train," stretched down behind, and their speckled breasts well revealed. They were almost as still as if stuffed, except at an occasional hitch of the cage. The placid silence of such fiery birds seemed, to a casual onlooker like myself, simply astonishing. This was greatly due to their being hooded, for darkness soothes and silences most creatures, except the night prowlers, whether animal or human. The hood also prevented their "crabbing," or quarrelling, as rivals are apt to do all the world over. Only very occasionally did they manifest restlessness by "beating," or "baiting," that is, fluttering their wings.

As in all *birds of prey*, the females were larger, taller, and handsomer than the males. The falconer and the laird each wore hawking gloves of stout leather, reaching well up the arms, to protect the hand from the sharp claws when perching on "the fist," as the hand was always aptly

bird.*

In the heyday of hawking, the appurtenances of the sport were often richly adorned with embroidery and jewels, especially when belonging to titled wealth. Here they were plain, though substantial.

Before our arrival, active hunting had just begun. The gamekeeper with two Gordon setters, instead of spaniels, anciently most

used in hawking, ranged ahead to rouse the game in the usual style, as if for fowling with the gun. A hawk was ready perched on the falconer's left wrist, and the party followed behind to mark events. Soon the dogs pointed, when Peter unhooded the bird, and with a loud "whoop" of encouragement "cast her off" into the air. The gallant falcon at once soared spirally upwards, or "scaled," in fine, easy form, a little in front of us, keenly watching the issue. At last, when she was high enough and stationary, with her head turned towards us, an important point to secure her seeing the prey, at a signal from Peter, the keeper rushed forward and roused the game, a covey of partridges, which scurried onwards not far above ground. Instantly the keen-eyed hawk "stooped," or descended, with a rushing swoop, and struck one of the birds with her claws, but without killing it, which is



Dressed Falcon, with hood and jesses.

called "rifling," or "ruffing" it. The terrified partridge, escaping her clutch, fluttered onwards, with increasing speed, followed by her foe, and suddenly took refuge in a rabbit burrow (whence she had ignominiously to be dug) while her companions soon disappeared from sight. The baffled falcon was speedily recalled.

The recall was interesting, and forms one of the most wonderful features in hawking. It was achieved by the falconer calling out several times, with a loud, far-reaching cry, "Coomabee! coomabee!" an evident corruption of "Come (or coome) my bird." The

* The Latin *pugnus* and Greek *πυγμή*, the fist, are from the same Aryan root as fist.

declare it ought to be, "full, clear, and loud," if not "tremulous;" whence he was designated as "the sonorous falconer." These qualities were more than once required that day when the hawk flew afar; but Peter's voice never failed to reach her, and secure her return. It reminded one of the ardent wish of poor Juliet when Romeo left her after their long and loving interview:—

"O for a falconer's voice,
To lure that Tassel Gentle back again!"

The "Tassel Gentle" being the Tiercel Gentle (note the diminutive), the male of the peregrine, the most elegant of falcons, and the special bird flown by princes and such "gentles," after whom the bird was named; a pretty tribute to Romeo by his mistress. The cry varied with different men and in different places, being with some a long-drawn "ho! ho! ho!" and with others, "hoo! ha-ha-ha!"—all, however, being known as the "hollowing" of the falconer.

In this first encounter, the recall was quite successful, for, in spite of her disappointment and hovering watchfully for the reappearance of the lost quarry, the hawk at once obediently returned to the falconer's wrist. She was then smartly hooded and set upon the cage; for both the falconer and the bird successfully achieved this rather difficult feat. There she took her place in silence, and apparently without discomposure, among her fellows, who had betrayed not the slightest excitement during this clamorous passage of arms.

The following flight was more prosperous. Soon another covey of partridges was roused, and a second hawk, with impetuous "stoop" from upper air, struck the bird selected, and brought it to earth in triumph. Standing upon it, she at once began fiercely to "plume" it, or tear off the feathers. From this she was soon recalled by her master's "hollow," which she at once obeyed, and the partridge was bagged.

The next event showed a new feature. The prey was borne to the ground by the



The Hood.

towards him, settled eagerly on the lure. That he had thrown to some distance on the ground, as she approached, and there she was rewarded for her obedience by some dainty morsels carried for the purpose.

That a wilful and wayward creature like a hawk should leave the hot blood of her victim for a mere wooden imitation like this, would seem incredible, as it certainly there and then did to me. But true it was—and why? For just the one reason that makes our joys dear and seductive to any one, hawk or man; the association of pleasure round an object, however unlikely, mean, or inadequate in itself, to allure us, as of the weed to a smoker, the bottle to a bibber, or the lure to a falcon.

A chief part of the training of the hawk lies in constantly and skilfully associating appetite with the lure, by always feeding and exercising her upon it, and by making it worth her while to return to it when under temptation to disobey, by means of a toothsome tit-bit there, otherwise unattainable.

Lures have been made of different forms, being originally only a blood-stained stick; but later, stuffed and ornamented with feathers. Another shape, in gayer days, was a short staff, called a "hawker," carved at the upper end into a bird's head and outspread wings. It bore a low-toned bell, the sound of which was sufficient to fetch



The Lure.

the well-trained wanderer, who, of course, received her reward.

willed, rapacious birds to their master's hand adds striking significance to certain words. One of these is that of "management," whether of falcons and children or men and women, for the term is one of hawking as well as of horsemanship. It means originally bringing to the *hand*, from the Latin *manus*, through the French, to which the vocabulary of falconry mostly belongs. This became an expressive synonym for reducing hawk or horse to implicit obedience. Hence a thoroughly trained hawk was said to be "manned" by his master, and to be herself a "manny" or tame bird. From this, the application of the word has been extended to mankind, in whose "management" much might well be learnt from the difficult but successful arts of hawking and horsemanship.

Another word illuminated by falconry is to "reclaim," which signifies to *recall* a bird back to the fist when wandering, and, further, to train her to do this. Hence it has been aptly applied to human wanderers from rectitude, when brought back from erratic ways; while those incapable of reform are aptly termed "irreclaimable," whether bird or man.

In further "kills," as they are bluntly but truly called, for we had five in all, other features in falconry were exhibited.

During one of the bouts, while the hawk was in full pursuit but at a long distance behind the bird, some pigeons suddenly and clamorously crossed her course. At once, she left the quarry and "stooped" upon one of them; for a pigeon, it seems, is always a strong temptation to a hawk. The pigeon, eluding the stroke with quick and powerful wings, wisely sought the shelter of some trees near by, to escape the "down-come" of her enemy, who rapidly chased her thither, too keen to give up. The hawk had to be followed a long way, and seemed for a time to be lost. At length she was found, regardless of whistle and halloo, devouring her prey, "fu'-footed," or "full-footed," as it is called; that is, in the act of gorging herself, with the bird under her feet. This turning aside after other creatures, especially pigeons or rooks, was known as "checking," in the sense of defeating, and was counted one of the very worst habits in a hawk. Such a bird was declared "entirely useless" and irreclaimable, Campbell advising to strip her of her furnishings, and "whistle her down the wind to prey on fortune."

In chasing the quarry, there were two

"low gait." Some hawks "mount" or "scale" to a greater or less height in the air, and thence sweep down upon their prey; while others fly low, following the bird much on its own track, and then suddenly rising at last and swooping down upon it. The "highflyer" (another term transferred to humanity!), though less eager, always afforded the best sport, on account of its splendid "scaling" and finely impetuous "stooping," with closed wings, on the quarry. This descent is wonderfully rapid and straight, the rush of the falcon through the air being quite clear and loud, if not too high—"like arrow from crossbow," as one puts it, "like a thunderbolt," as another, "as if he carried lightning in his wings," according to Massinger's hyperbole. The momentum acquired is extraordinary, and, if well directed, generally strikes the prey with fatal force. The blow is given, not with the beak but with the foot, either by striking with the hind claws in passing, or by clutching with the talons and descending with the bird slowly to the ground. In direct chasing of the prey not far above earth, the sound of the hawk's wings is loud, though less so than a pigeon's, being correctly characterized as "rap, rap, rap, on sounding pinions." Whatever the style of her flight, the final aim of the falcon, before striking, must always be to gain some height above her prey, in order to obtain the descent necessary for an effective stroke.

We witnessed no very high flights that day, as the partridges skimmed the ground, according to their wont, seeking the shelter of hedge or tree, to escape the dreaded "stoop." In the case of the heron, the wild goose, the woodcock, or the kite, these strong birds would rise high into upper air, followed by the falcon; both being often lost to sight for a time, and reappearing only when the quarry became exhausted. The necessary descent was at once seized by the watchful falcon to swoop upon her prey, though not seldom unsuccessfully in the pursuit of powerful birds. The sport depended mainly on the relative skill of both—on the swiftness and activity of the pursuer, and the wary agility of the pursued. In taking the heron, generally a pair of hawks, therefore called "a cast," was sent against him, the two hawks working together for his capture. A very fine falcon, however, went alone—the more to his honour—to cope with his quarry; and the prowess of his hawk became a boast to his noble master, who

banquet-hall or tournament, at market or at church.

The estimation in which falconry was held for centuries, though remarkable, was not surprising. The sport was characterized by its devotees as "manly," "noble," "princely," "heavenly," "an exquisite delight," "suitable to the majesty of kings and the grandeur of nobility," and inspiring a "sublime enthusiasm." For long, "the gentle craft," as its name implies, was sternly forbidden to the common people, and was protected by savage laws; the taking of a hawk's eggs being punished by a ruinous fine and a year and a day's imprisonment, and the stealing or concealing of a falcon being ranked as felony. In its prime, the pastime was conducted with the greatest splendour, and a hawking party was gorgeously picturesque, "with hawks and hounds and ladies gay." Its cost was extraordinary, for a falcon even in James VI's time was valued at £1,000 present money, horse-racing, even as now luxuriantly indulged, being cheap in comparison.

The decay of hawking in general and especially in Britain, has been as complete as it has been rapid and final; certainly remarkable for a sport once enthusiastically followed, and unattended with the evil elements that have killed out other pursuits, like bull-baiting and cock-fighting, once more common than it, as being not confined to the higher ranks. The causes leading to its extinction have been numerous, such as its cost, trouble-someness and exclusiveness; combined, in part, with the growth of higher sentiment, and the increasing pleasure in intellectual and refined pursuits, more than when tender women wiped the bloody beaks of their falcons and witnessed exultingly the death of their prey.

But the one cause that has hastened its decline more than all others combined is the use of firearms as a means of destroying game, with the modern thirst for a high record of slaughter among sportsmen.

There is no question that, as a sport, hawking was in many respects immensely superior to shooting. It utilised the wild instincts of a well-endowed bird of prey with astonishing and beautiful effect. It exhibited tractableness, obedience, swiftness, courage, and resource, in the pursuer, and great and interesting variety of incident in the airy chase. It elicited the most remarkable temper, assiduity, watchfulness, and skill, night and day, in training the falcons and the dogs

the training of our children completely into the shade. It was carried on with the most picturesque and brilliant accompaniments. It united, without degrading, both sexes in a vigorous, healthy, and moderately exciting pursuit; for, from the presence of the fair, again observes our gallant master "the sports of the sky received a delicate polish and the most joyous vivacity," to which the present selfish fowling by men can lay no claim. And it secured much genuine amusement, with little of the bloodshed which so sadly taints our existing out-door sports.

The greatest objection to falconry was the intense terror of the helpless victim during the impetuous and unflinching pursuit, its painful efforts to escape, and its final agonies on the assault of the relentless destroyer; and the use of those terrible instincts of animal nature which hush the woodland song and cause all winged creatures to cower and cry with warning alarm on the approach of the "hovering tempest feared by all," and by which the poor prey was paralysed and torn in a bloody death—all for the pleasure and sport of men and women, misnamed gentle. But in spite of these blameable points, Campbell's protest is doubtless true that "the attachment of sportsmen to the pointer and the gun shows their degeneracy from the elevated amusements of their predecessors." His lamentations at its decline are certainly natural. "Could a faulconer," once more exclaims he, "in all the anguish of bitterest regret," as he confesses—"could a faulconer who lived two or three centuries ago—ah! that flourishing period of the princely sport!—burst the chains of death and get for a few days into the world, how it would grieve his manly heart to observe the neglect into which the hawk is fallen! . . . The manifest inferiority of our age to his in sport would fill his soul with indignation: he would fly from the hated sight to his residence in the other world, and carry tidings to the band of departed faulconers which would communicate to them the angry emotions of his own breast."

We left the field just before the close of the day's campaign, interested and instructed by the rare things we had seen. Since then, such cheerful gatherings are now things of the past. Peter, the hardy and capable falconer, has passed to other skies, with his uncommon personality, to join the band of his departed brethren, and the last hawk, by a strange but appropriate coincidence, expired the very morning her master died!

There were eight birds in all, of the peregrine species, forming what was technically known as four "casts," or pairs. They were all "hooded," that is, their heads were enclosed in an ornamental kind of cap, of cloth and leather, which covered head and eyes, but allowed the hooked beak to protrude, and which was crested with a tassel of feathers. Their "arms," for so their legs are known in falconry, were clasped with thongs, some eight inches long, called "jesses," from being used in "jetting," or throwing them into the air, with which also they were held firmly by the hand. Each leg was also bound with a leathern ring, called a "bewit," which carried a sweet-toned silver bell, tuned to within a semitone of its fellow. These tinkled when the bird moved, the sharp discord intensifying their sound, balanced his flight, and revealed his presence when at a distance.

The handsome falcons stood finely erect with their usual stately gait, in silence, grasping the bars with their talons; their plumes increasing their height, their pinions, or "sails," and their tails, or "train," stretched down behind, and their speckled breasts well revealed. They were almost as still as if stuffed, except at an occasional hitch of the cage. The placid silence of such fiery birds seemed, to a casual onlooker like myself, simply astonishing. This was greatly due to their being hooded, for darkness soothes and silences most creatures, except the night prowlers, whether animal or human. The hood also prevented their "crabbing," or quarrelling, as rivals are apt to do all the world over. Only very occasionally did they manifest restlessness by "beating," or "baiting," that is, fluttering their wings.

As in all birds of prey, the females were larger, taller, and handsomer than the males. The falconer and the laird each wore hawking gloves of stout leather, reaching well up the arms, to protect the hand from the sharp claws when perching on "the fist," as the hand was always aptly

termed in connection with such a pugnacious bird.*

In the heyday of hawking, the appurtenances of the sport were often richly adorned with embroidery and jewels, especially when belonging to titled wealth. Here they were plain, though substantial.

Before our arrival, active hunting had just begun. The gamekeeper with two Gordon setters, instead of spaniels, anciently most used in hawking, ranged ahead to rouse the game in the usual style, as if for fowling with the gun. A hawk was ready perched on the falconer's left wrist, and the party followed behind to mark events. Soon the dogs pointed, when Peter unhooded the bird, and with a loud "whoop" of encouragement "cast her off" into the air. The gallant falcon at once soared spirally upwards, or "scaled," in fine, easy form, a little in front of us, keenly watching the issue. At last, when she was high enough and stationary, with her head turned towards us, an important point to secure her seeing the prey, at a signal from Peter, the keeper rushed forward and roused the game, a covey of partridges, which scurried onwards not far above ground. Instantly the keen-eyed hawk "stooped," or descended, with a rushing swoop, and struck one of the birds with her claws, but without killing it, which is



Dressed Falcon, with hood and jesses.

called "rifling," or "ruffling" it. The terrified partridge, escaping her clutch, fluttered onwards, with increasing speed, followed by her foe, and suddenly took refuge in a rabbit burrow (whence she had ignominiously to be dug) while her companions soon disappeared from sight. The baffled falcon was speedily recalled.

The recall was interesting, and forms one of the most wonderful features in hawking. It was achieved by the falconer calling out several times, with a loud, far-reaching cry, "Coomabee! coomabee!" an evident corruption of "Come (or coome) my bird." The

* The Latin *pugnus* and Greek *πυγμή*, the fist, are from the same Aryan root as *fist*.

falconer's voice at once arrested attention, as being, from long practice, what authorities declare it ought to be, "full, clear, and loud," if not "tremulous;" whence he was designated as "the sonorous falconer." These qualities were more than once required that day when the hawk flew afar; but Peter's voice never failed to reach her, and secure her return. It reminded one of the ardent wish of poor Juliet when Romeo left her after their long and loving interview:—

"O for a falconer's voice,
To lure that Tassel Gentle back again!"

The "Tassel Gentle" being the Tiercel Gentle (note the diminutive), the male of the peregrine, the most elegant of falcons, and the special bird flown by princes and such "gentles," after whom the bird was named; a pretty tribute to Romeo by his mistress. The cry varied with different men and in different places, being with some a long-drawn "ho! ho! ho!" and with others, "hoo! ha-ha-ha!"—all, however, being known as the "hollowing" of the falconer.

In this first encounter, the recall was quite successful, for, in spite of her disappointment and hovering watchfully for the reappearance of the lost quarry, the hawk at once obediently returned to the falconer's wrist. She was then smartly hooded and set upon the cage; for both the falconer and the laird successfully achieved this rather difficult feat. There she took her place in silence, and apparently without discomposure, among her fellows, who had betrayed not the slightest excitement during this clamorous passage of arms.

The following flight was more prosperous. Soon another covey of partridges was roused, and a second hawk, with impetuous "stoop" from upper air, struck the bird selected, and brought it to earth in triumph. Standing upon it, she at once began fiercely to "plume" it, or tear off the feathers. From this she was soon recalled by her master's "hollow," which she at once obeyed, and the partridge was bagged.

The next event showed a new feature. The prey was borne to the ground by the

successful descent, this time at a considerable distance.

The hawk, however, did not respond either to the falconer's rousing voice or piercing whistle, but continued her "pluming" out of view. She had therefore to be recalled by other means. This was "the lure," a small forked board, stuffed and covered with feathers, to which was fastened a longish cord. Swinging the lure round his head by the string, and hollowing more loudly and encouragingly the while, Peter summoned his laggard from her forbidden feast. Soon she answered his cry, and, flying quickly

towards him, settled eagerly on the lure. That he had thrown to some distance on the ground, as she approached, and there she was rewarded for her obedience by some dainty morsels carried for the purpose.

That a wilful and wayward creature like a hawk should leave the hot blood of her victim for a mere wooden imitation like this, would seem incredible, as it certainly there and then did to me. But true it was—and why? For just the one reason that makes our joys dear and seductive to any one, hawk or man; the association of pleasure round an object, however unlikely, mean, or inadequate in itself, to allure us, as of the weed to a smoker, the bottle to a bibber, or the lure to a falcon.

A chief part of the training of the hawk lies in constantly and skilfully associating appetite with the lure, by always feeding and exercising her upon it, and by making it worth her while to return to it when under temptation to disobey, by means of a toothsome tit-bit there, otherwise unattainable.

Lures have been made of different forms, being originally only a blood-stained stick; but later, stuffed and ornamented with feathers. Another shape, in gayer days, was a short staff, called a "hawker," carved at the upper end into a bird's head and outspread wings. It bore a low-toned bell, the sound of which was sufficient to fetch

the well-trained wanderer, who, of course, received her reward.



The Hood.



The Lure.

This remarkable return of such strong-willed, rapacious birds to their master's hand adds striking significance to certain words. One of these is that of "management," whether of falcons and children or men and women, for the term is one of hawking as well as of horsemanship. It means originally bringing to the *hand*, from the Latin *manus*, through the French, to which the vocabulary of falconry mostly belongs. This became an expressive synonym for reducing hawk or horse to implicit obedience. Hence a thoroughly trained hawk was said to be "manned" by his master, and to be herself a "manny" or tame bird. From this, the application of the word has been extended to mankind, in whose "management" much might well be learnt from the difficult but successful arts of hawking and horsemanship.

Another word illuminated by falconry is to "reclaim," which signifies to *recall* a bird back to the fist when wandering, and, further, to train her to do this. Hence it has been aptly applied to human wanderers from rectitude, when brought back from erratic ways; while those incapable of reform are aptly termed "irreclaimable," whether bird or man.

In further "kills," as they are bluntly but truly called, for we had five in all, other features in falconry were exhibited.

During one of the bouts, while the hawk was in full pursuit but at a long distance behind the bird, some pigeons suddenly and clamorously crossed her course. At once, she left the quarry and "stooped" upon one of them; for a pigeon, it seems, is always a strong temptation to a hawk. The pigeon, eluding the stroke with quick and powerful wings, wisely sought the shelter of some trees near by, to escape the "down-come" of her enemy, who rapidly chased her thither, too keen to give up. The hawk had to be followed a long way, and seemed for a time to be lost. At length she was found, regardless of whistle and halloo, devouring her prey, "fu'-footed," or "full-footed," as it is called; that is, in the act of gorging herself, with the bird under her feet. This turning aside after other creatures, especially pigeons or rooks, was known as "checking," in the sense of defeating, and was counted one of the very worst habits in a hawk. Such a bird was declared "entirely useless" and irreclaimable, Campbell advising to strip her of her furnishings, and "whistle her down the wind to prey on fortune."

In chasing the quarry, there were two

styles of flight, the "high gait" and the "low gait." Some hawks "mount" or "scale" to a greater or less height in the air, and thence sweep down upon their prey; while others fly low, following the bird much on its own track, and then suddenly rising at last and swooping down upon it. The "highflyer" (another term transferred to humanity!), though less eager, always afforded the best sport, on account of its splendid "scaling" and finely impetuous "stooping," with closed wings, on the quarry. This descent is wonderfully rapid and straight, the rush of the falcon through the air being quite clear and loud, if not too high—"like arrow from crossbow," as one puts it, "like a thunderbolt," as another, "as if he carried lightning in his wings," according to Massinger's hyperbole. The momentum acquired is extraordinary, and, if well directed, generally strikes the prey with fatal force. The blow is given, not with the beak but with the foot, either by striking with the hind claws in passing, or by clutching with the talons and descending with the bird slowly to the ground. In direct chasing of the prey not far above earth, the sound of the hawk's wings is loud, though less so than a pigeon's, being correctly characterized as "rap, rap, rap, on sounding pinions." Whatever the style of her flight, the final aim of the falcon, before striking, must always be to gain some height above her prey, in order to obtain the descent necessary for an effective stroke.

We witnessed no very high flights that day, as the partridges skimmed the ground, according to their wont, seeking the shelter of hedge or tree, to escape the dreaded "stoop." In the case of the heron, the wild geese, the woodcock, or the kite, these strong birds would rise high into upper air, followed by the falcon; both being often lost to sight for a time, and reappearing only when the quarry became exhausted. The necessary descent was at once seized by the watchful falcon to swoop upon her prey, though not seldom unsuccessfully in the pursuit of powerful birds. The sport depended mainly on the relative skill of both—on the swiftness and activity of the pursuer, and the wary agility of the pursued. In taking the heron, generally a pair of hawks, therefore called "a cast," was sent against him, the two hawks working together for his capture. A very fine falcon, however, went alone—the more to his honour—to cope with his quarry; and the prowess of his hawk became a boast to his noble master, who

would proudly exhibit him on his fist in the banquet-hall or tournament, at market or at church.

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FROM THE CASPIAN TO THE CAPITAL OF PERSIA.

BY DR. C. J. WILLS, AUTHOR OF "THE LAND OF THE LION AND SUN," "PERSIA AS IT IS," ETC.

FIRST PAPER.

PERSIA is to a certain extent a disappointing country. Enter it by what way you will, it certainly does not improve upon acquaintance. One leaves the fertile valleys of Asia Minor, and after quitting the frontier town of Khöi, in going on to the great city of Tabriz, one comes upon a howling wilderness. In crossing the country from the Persian Gulf, for the first eighty miles or so there are date palms and a good deal of jungle, and then one rises to the great central plateau; all at once the climate becomes suddenly colder, and after passing through a sort of earthly paradise termed the Oak Valley, we come at once upon a dry, treeless tract which is practically an arid desert; except for a week or two in spring, during which time little tufts of camel thorn, stray blades of grass, and innumerable hyacinths, crocuses, and squills render it green. For the rest of the year everything is dried up, or at least appears so to the human eye; there is apparently no vegetation, there are no forests, there is no sign of life, save occasional herds of antelope, and a few foxes and jackals; there are to be sure innumerable lizards, who dart about on the stony plain and suddenly become as though turned to stone, and from their very immobility for the moment practically disappear. They were and are not; but if one stares steadily at the ground one sees the strange creatures apparently petrified. And this is Persia proper, the condition in which fully seven-eighths of the country is at the present day. Where there are towns or villages, there are larger or smaller cultivated oases. One can tell the whereabouts of the infrequent villages by the little spots of green occasionally seen on the vast plains. With us in England a ruin is a curious sight, something out of the common; but on the gigantic plains of Persia, for every town or village which is inhabited there are at least fifty ruins. They may be vast constructions of hewn stone, as at Persepolis, where the great columns still stand out against the turquoise sky, and the innumerable bas-reliefs are still occasionally gazed upon by stragglers from the Shiraz caravans, and wondered at, as the work of the fabled magician king Jemschid. But ruins in brick and mud are far more common. It is a frequent experience for the traveller to be able to count, upon a sin-

gle arid plain, twenty ruined villages totally uninhabited, and not a sign of life within a circuit of twenty miles. A mud wall in Persia, that is a wall built of sun-dried bricks only, will stand for several centuries; this is partly owing to the tenacity of the clay, partly to the extreme shortness of the rainy season, and principally to the intense dryness of the climate, a climate in which a steel blade will not tarnish though exposed for twelve months.

But on entering Persia from the Caspian Sea, one seems to be gazing upon an earthly paradise. The little port of Enzelli, shown in the illustration opposite, is surrounded by lofty mountains and embowered in forest trees and orange groves. The great building to the right is the six-storied tower built by the Shah, when he left Persia to proceed to Europe for the first time. It is a monstrous construction of wood roofed with shining zinc, and barbarically painted in all the colours of the rainbow; there is a great deal of coloured glass, stucco, and gilding; each story consists of one large room surrounded by a balcony; and though the tower is carefully protected on the seaward side by bundles of reeds, it is rapidly falling into ruin: for the damp in this part of Persia is excessive, the atmosphere in the summer resembles a vapour bath, and here at Enzelli, where we have just landed from the Russian mail steamer, there is hardly any winter. It is worth while going to the top of the tower, not that there is anything to see in the building itself, but because the view from the top is really very fine. There is the little crowd of shipping; coasters, of a hundred tons at the outside, the Shah's tiny paddle yacht, and the Russian mail steamer. The Caspian Sea is to all intents and purposes a Russian lake. One sees the winding channel through which we must proceed in a row boat to get to the town of Resht, the capital of Ghilan. One sees the vast forests, of every shade of green, running through the valleys and on to the distant mountains, which are a dim blue in colour, capped in many places with snow, and which form an imposing background to the dense forests.

The polite Governor of Ghilan, or his local representative, has probably by this time sent the European traveller an invitation to put up for the night in his palace.



Enceff, on the Caspian Sea.

One walks in the palace garden under the groves of orange-trees, and if it be spring-time one enjoys the heavy perfume of the orange blossoms; and the new arrival wonders to see that at the same time there is still a profusion of golden fruit upon the trees. It is last year's fruit that he sees; the Persian does everything for effect, and this is an instance of it. There are vast hedges of moss roses running in every direction, the potent scent of which makes one almost giddy at first, mingled as it is with the powerful odour of the narcissus. A capital dinner is served to us, and when we turn in at night we bless the generous hospitality of the Governor of Ghilan. And then huge mosquitoes work their will upon the unfortunate stranger from Europe, and he vainly attempts to sleep in the tepid atmosphere. Next morning he finds out that the Governor's invitation is merely a polite fiction; the real fact is that the Governor's servants have speculated in the travelling unbeliever; if he is an experienced Eastern traveller, he asks no indiscreet questions, he sends all sorts of polite messages to the Governor, and he makes a present to the Governor's servant of twice the value of the food which he and his people have consumed. And now, probably for the first time in his life, the traveller from Europe tastes the tranquil joys of the fragrant *kalian* (the hubble-bubble, the water-pipe of the East), it is the poetry of smoking, the acme of this particular species of enjoyment. The pipe is brought in garlanded with flowers, festooned with rosebuds; floating on the water which the crystal globe contains are lumps of ice, more rosebuds, and tiny fruit. As the smoke is inhaled these are all set in motion, and whirl about violently, the smoke enters the smoker's mouth perfectly cool, and as a rule the first time he smokes the Persian *kalian* remains for ever a landmark in the traveller's life.

After smoking the farewell pipe, we walk down to the wharf, which is within a few yards of the Governor's palace. A heavy, rudely made boat, with a sailless mast in its centre, awaits us; it is manned by eight sturdy fellows. Three hours' hard rowing takes us across the estuary, the "Murd Ab," or "dead water;" it teems with fish and water fowl. We see cranes, herons, cormorants, and innumerable smaller birds; duck, teal, widgeon, &c., fly up in thousands from the reeds. We note a huge vulture on a mud bank devouring a fish, but he does not move at our approach. The strangest thing

is, that though we are on the highway to the capital of Persia, we see no other boat, and not a single human being. Our six oarsmen row with primitive implements like long-handled spades, they keep good time and work with a will; every now and then the steersman stops his droning song and shouts, "Mohammed!" the rowers reply, "Allah saklassan!" in a yelling chorus, and spurt violently. Then we arrive at the mouth of a narrow, natural canal, through which we pull for three-quarters of an hour: then we touch at a mud bank, the six rowers jump ashore, the steersman climbs the mast and affixes a long tow line to its apex, and for an hour in this manner we are towed by the six men through a dense swamp, and then we arrive at the Custom House of Peribazaar. There is a wharf here, and a couple of store-houses, nothing more. We are still in the midst of the swamps, but an hour's smart drive over a capital *choussée* brings us to the hospitable house of Mr. Schwab, the agent for the great Swiss house of Ziegler. Then we engage servants and make an arrangement with the muleteer, change our letters of credit for Persian silver, and prepare for the land journey to Teheran.

We are suddenly disturbed by shrieks and cries in the courtyard below. We rush to the window to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. We see a swarthy-looking man wearing a small turban and a short sheep-skin jacket; he has loose nether garments of dark blue cotton cloth, his shins are swathed in thick woollen bandages, and his feet are thrust into heavy leathern shoes with pointed tips. A very powerful man this; a man who is accustomed to walk with his laden beasts from twenty to thirty miles every day of his life. His great broad face beams with honesty and good-humour; he is a muleteer, and the shrieks and cries we have heard are simply the noisy bargain which is the ordinary course of things in Persia before anything can be settled between the high contracting parties. There they are, shouting, yelling, screaming, and gesticulating; the muleteer asking twice as much as he means to take; the servants offering half as much as they mean to give. The sounds of altercation grow louder and louder; two more muleteers arrive, and shriek and yell their hardest; they all appear to be shaking their fists in each other's faces, and every one seems to have worked himself up to the highest possible pitch of fury and excitement. But suddenly the uproar ceases, for they have come to terms; they all sit down amicably

enough in a corner of the courtyard; the head-servant draws his pen-case from his pocket and writes out a contract; a little money exchanges hands: the muleteer affixes his seal to the paper, for in Eastern countries, be it remembered, no one signs his name, every man affixes his seal; and then a hubble-bubble is brought and amicably handed round. A hubble-bubble lasts a good long time, for the charge of tobacco of a single pipe is at least an ounce, and the tobacco is thoroughly wetted before it is used, the water is squeezed from it, and then a handful of lighted charcoal is laid upon the top. But in Persia tobacco is cheap; fourteen pounds weight of it costs only from 3s. to 6s. of our money.

When we enter Persia we are in the poor man's paradise; a country where existence is possible upon 4d. a day; where meat costs 1d. a pound, and bread a quarter as much in ordinary times; where a fowl may be purchased for 6d., a partridge or a wild duck for 2d.; where a serviceable pony can be had for a £5 note, and a valuable thoroughbred for £20; where a servant can be hired for 8s. a month and his rations, and you can feed a horse upon 3d. a day. In most of the cities a large house can be rented for from £10 to £30 a year; and all the necessities of life are to be had at the very cheapest rate. The very mules upon which we are to march to the capital, each of which will carry a load of 280 pounds, are hired at the rate of 9d. a day; and yet from this small sum the muleteer, if he be fortunate, will obtain a good profit. The beasts are fat, there is plentiful herbage for the first five stages; and a handful of barley and eight pounds of cut straw is all that the mules will get during the other six days' journey; and each day the mules will march their twenty to five-and-twenty miles, and go merrily along under their 300-pound load, for the great pack-saddle cannot weigh less than from 20 to 30 pounds, while the load itself is seldom less than 280; and they will steadily maintain their pace at an average of four miles an hour, save in the case of mountain passes, storms, swamps, and the numerous *contretemps* incidental to Eastern travel. The pack-saddle is a very important part of the mule's equipment. Save when he is currycombed, the pack-saddle never leaves him by day or night; it supports the load and acts as his clothing, for however severe the weather may be, the hardy Persian mule gets no other. Of course the pack-saddle is of the most solid construction; its high pique

towers at least eighteen inches above the withers of the animal, and the padding is nowhere less than six inches thick. This padding is composed of cut straw; and the muleteer is accustomed, by means of a packing-needle thrust through the lining of the pad, to shift this stuffing in such a way as to remove the pressure from any part of the animal's back which may become tender. Of course a mule with a bad sore back is useless, and has to be turned out to grass; and strange to say, though there are many millions of mules and ponies used as beasts of burden in Persia—for, be it remembered, there are no railways, no rivers, no canals, and only one road, that from Kasvin to the capital (except a few that have been made for the Shah's personal convenience)—still a mule with a sore back is a very unusual sight. This says a great deal for the care, intelligence, and skill of the Persian muleteer.

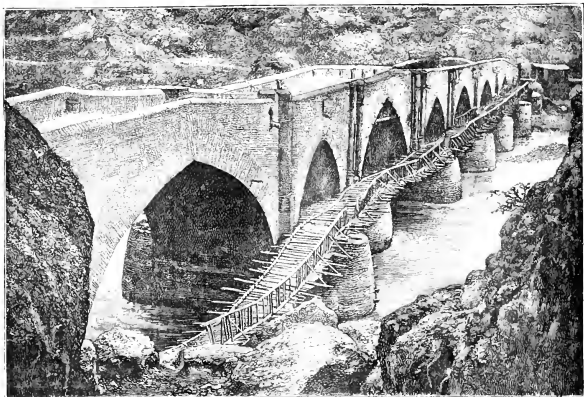
The muleteer in Persia is a character and a phenomenon. In the first place, he differs from the rest of his countrymen in being habitually honest; and the "honesty" of the muleteer in Persia has become proverbial. The muleteer is a religious man, strictly carrying out all the rules and observances of the Mussulman faith; but though religious he is no fanatic, for he has seen the world, and is a modern peripatetic philosopher, having a peculiar school of his own. A merry fellow, too; ever ready to beguile the tedium of the way with a song and anecdote, or with long recitations from the poetry of his country. Probably his family have been muleteers for several generations, and his career commenced at the age of twelve; he has been living in the open air and walking his twenty or thirty miles a day ever since. From this cause the muleteer is invariably a man of magnificent physique and great endurance.

The first stage from Keshk is over a fine road. This road was originally made for the Shah's convenience. A big ditch on either side keeps it dry, and swamps, jungle, and rice-fields, with large patches of forest-trees, border it. The banks on either side are covered with ferns in bewildering variety; many-coloured orchids, forget-me-nots, buttercups, poppies, anemones, violets, and myrtles bloom luxuriantly. Save the actual road itself there is not a bit of bare earth to be seen; but there is a great deal of water about, in which are an infinity of silent tortoises and noisy frogs, and innumerable little green lizards, extraordinarily tame, are seen gliding in every direction. The place teems,

too, with insect life. No wonder it is aguish, for there is a great deal of water on either side of the road. We see a man stark naked ploughing in a rice-field, nearly up to his knees in mud and water. The temperature is sub-tropical.

Some idea may be formed of the dampness of this part of Persia by a short description of a house we noted at the roadside. It was the only house we saw in the whole day's march, and resembled nothing so much as the residence of a Malay chief. There were

a number of beams six or eight feet high, which preserved the house itself from contact with the muddy ground. Above these were four comfortable rooms, and around them a balcony a yard wide; surmounting the four rooms, and supported by a dozen stout wooden pillars, at least thirty feet high, was an immense thatched overhanging roof, considerably bigger than the rest of the structure. This contained the store of grain, &c., *and was the only dry spot in the place.* Access was obtained to it by means of a great tri-



Bridge over the Suffi R51.

angular orifice in the front of the thatch. The only way of getting on to the balcony and so entering the house was by clambering a great pegged stake, which was carefully removed at night so as to preserve the inhabitants from the possible attacks of wild beasts. Of course in such a place fever and ague are rife, and a prolonged residence in the Glilan swamps is dangerous to human life. This accounts for the sparseness of the population, and the pallid and emaciated appearance of most of the inhabitants. We prudently served out a ration of quinine three times a day to our servants and the muleteers while we were passing through this beautiful but swampy and pestilential region.

Five hours' march brings us to the first rest-house at Imamzadeh Hashem. It is a large and comfortable place, with two good rooms for the accommodation of travellers, and is situated at the commencement of the great forest. A lamb is purchased for a couple of shillings, and is roasted whole and served up with a stuffing of dates, pistachios, and chestnuts; it is flanked by a couple of boiled fowls smothered in rice; this is the well-known Eastern pillau. And then we attempt to sleep, but the heat and the mosquitoes render that impossible. All night long the cry of the jackal is heard in every direction; it is similar to the exaggerated wailing of a child. The roaring of



Woman in Outdoor Costume.

numerous other wild animals is constant, for in these great forests there is a good deal of big game—lions, tigers, and innumerable leopards and hyenas; foxes and wolves there are too, bears, and wild deer of several varieties. The place literally teems with hares, partridges, and pheasants, but there are no rabbits. As for water-fowl, they are innumerable. But above all the different voices of the night rises the loud croaking chorus of millions of frogs. These strange sounds, the continuous assault of bloodthirsty mosquitoes, and the tepid atmosphere, keep us awake the greater part of the night. We are glad enough to start betimes in the morning, after drinking a cup of tea and smoking a hubble-bubble. And then we have a ten-hours' march before us. Half way the road suddenly ceases, and we plunge into the forest. The trees overhang the path. We frequently ford little streams, and runnels and small watercourses flow in every direction. We often have to duck to avoid the branches of the trees, and the ground is covered with turf and red and white clover. There are the usual English forest-trees, and yews and firs in profusion,

gigantic specimens of the box-tree, vines, figs, and pomegranates—these latter with their scarlet bloom, and ivy and convolvulus in wild profusion. We come to the bank of the great Suffid Rūd, or White River, though, strange to say, its waters are the colour of *café au lait*. Here the road or track becomes very bad, and is in many places very steep and almost precipitous. And then we come to our first olive-grove, and note that each tree has a big excavation in the ground by its side, which is frequently filled with water, and so the roots are kept moist. At length we reach the village of Rūdbar. It is wonderfully picturesque, embosomed in olive-groves at the brink of the stream; and on every side of it are more olive-groves, and then the great forest, while the background is formed by thickly-wooded mountains.

We put up for the night at a small caravan-serai. We simply march in, choose a couple of rooms, and spread our carpets, no one saying us nay. And the cook lights a fire in the open air, and though his only utensils are three copper pots and a frying-pan, he manages somehow or other to send up a rather elaborate meal of four courses. There are fewer mosquitoes here, and the place is not so terribly hot as the last stage. We are so tired with our long march that we sleep soundly, and start the next morning at seven o'clock. We pass along several miles of a



Muleteer.

road from the first half to three yaks is taken out on the side of the road, there is often a steep leap of several hundred feet to the next river; the wind seems to blow down the valley so strong as to make it feel almost unbearable. Many of the descents are very steep indeed, and then we come to the great bridge of Munjil.

The bridge is a very solid structure, and yet so strong is the current of the vast mass of seething waters, particularly during the spring, when the melted snow comes down from the mountains, that one or more of the arches is frequently washed away. The bridge is new and well built; by its side, attached to its piers, is seen a small supplementary bridge, built of wooden spars. Nor is this curious structure unnecessary, for when one or more of the arches of the stone bridge are washed away, pending the rebuilding, there is still, by means of this ingenious device, a practicable thoroughfare for man and beast. For a Persian bridge, the bridge at Munjil is wonderfully level—in fact, as may be seen, it is nearly flat: the usual proportions for a Persian bridge are an ascent and descent at an angle of forty, merely the remains of a parapet, and generally two or three yawning chasms in the middle. But as the Shah comes this way to his hunting expeditions, the bridge at Munjil is always kept in good order.

Trees are now becoming less and less frequent: there are small undulating plains, with lofty mountains on every side, nameless villages, and large patches of cultivation; the whole stage is a gradual ascent

to the plateau, which rises a small, swift, and sudden. After this place, the climate undergoes changes, and becomes markedly colder. The ascent to the great central plateau of Persia is gradual but continuous, and the first we reach the village of M. Ghon, which is situated in a lovely grassy steppe. Munjil is the last halting-place; it consists of only a few huts, and, unfortunately, it is infested by sheep flies. The sheep are small insect which, when distended with blood, is the size of a split pea; when it bites, it leaves a round, dark mark the size of a pea, and the wound generally becomes inflamed and irritable, and the pain, inflammation, and tenderness will remain for over six weeks. Of course there is not a wing of these to be had, and we are glad to hurry on our early dawn towards the great city of Kashan.

It is seven good hours' march to the city of Kashan, over a turf plain with an undulating surface very similar to a Kentish down. There is a strong wind blowing, and it is a curious fact that, upon this particular point, whatever the season of the year, there is always a strong wind blowing, and it always blows towards the Caspian Sea. Upon the grassy plain are dotted about the innumerable tents of Persian nomads. The Persians themselves divide the population of their country into dwellers in cities (*shahr-nishinan*) and dwellers in tents (*shadras, nomads*); the dwellers in tents amount to two millions, and the whole population of Persia is only eight millions. These people live in different quarters according to the season. In the

heats of summer they take refuge in the cool recesses of mountainous valleys, in close proximity to a spring, and where the grazing is not entirely burnt up by the hot sun. During the winter they will come down to the warmer plains: but as a rule they avoid the immediate neighbourhood of great cities. A family will pitch its tents just outside the walls of a town, and winter in several generations. The manners and customs of the wandering tribes differ very much from those of the inhabitants of cities: the nomad women never veil their faces in the cities every



near Lenar.

and at length we reach Pih Chenar. At the foot of the plain tree. The rest of the journey is a gradual ascent to the very poorest, and at length we reach Pih Chenar. At the foot of the plain tree. The rest of the journey is a gradual ascent to the very poorest,

The first of these is the "Crown of Thorns" which is a crown of thorns made of the thorns of the rose of Sharon. It is said to have been placed on the head of Jesus Christ when he was crucified. The second is the "Crown of Stars" which is a crown of stars made of the stars of the constellation Orion. It is said to have been placed on the head of Jesus Christ when he was crucified. The third is the "Crown of Jewels" which is a crown of jewels made of the jewels of the constellation Orion. It is said to have been placed on the head of Jesus Christ when he was crucified.

THE FOLLOWING IS A SUMMARY OF THE
FINDINGS OF THE INVESTIGATION:
1. THE SUBJECTS WERE FOUND TO
BE IN CONTACT WITH EACH OTHER
AND WITH OTHER INDIVIDUALS
WHO WERE KNOWN TO THE
INVESTIGATOR. THE SUBJECTS
WERE FOUND TO BE IN CONTACT
WITH EACH OTHER AND WITH
OTHER INDIVIDUALS WHO WERE
KNOWN TO THE INVESTIGATOR.

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for transparency and accountability, particularly in financial matters.

2. The second part outlines the specific procedures for recording transactions. It details the steps involved in identifying, documenting, and verifying each transaction, ensuring that all relevant information is captured and stored securely.

3. The third part addresses the challenges associated with record-keeping, such as data loss, corruption, and unauthorized access. It provides strategies to mitigate these risks, including regular backups, secure storage solutions, and strict access controls.

4. The fourth part discusses the legal and regulatory requirements for record-keeping. It highlights the importance of complying with applicable laws and standards, which may vary depending on the industry and jurisdiction.

5. The fifth part explores the role of technology in enhancing record-keeping processes. It mentions the use of digital tools, databases, and automation to streamline data collection, storage, and retrieval, thereby improving efficiency and accuracy.

6. The sixth part concludes by emphasizing the ongoing nature of record-keeping. It stresses that records must be maintained and updated continuously to reflect current activities and ensure their long-term value and integrity.

The image displays a complex grid of mathematical symbols and formulas, organized into rows and columns. The symbols include various Greek letters (e.g., α , β , γ , δ , ϵ , ζ , η , θ , ι , κ , λ , μ , ν , ξ , \omicron , π , ρ , σ , τ , υ , ϕ , χ , ψ , ω), subscripts (e.g., i , j , k , l , m , n , p , q , r , s , t , u , v , w , x , y , z), and mathematical notations (e.g., $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{3}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{5}$, $\frac{1}{6}$, $\frac{1}{7}$, $\frac{1}{8}$, $\frac{1}{9}$, $\frac{1}{10}$, $\frac{1}{11}$, $\frac{1}{12}$, $\frac{1}{13}$, $\frac{1}{14}$, $\frac{1}{15}$, $\frac{1}{16}$, $\frac{1}{17}$, $\frac{1}{18}$, $\frac{1}{19}$, $\frac{1}{20}$, $\frac{1}{21}$, $\frac{1}{22}$, $\frac{1}{23}$, $\frac{1}{24}$, $\frac{1}{25}$, $\frac{1}{26}$, $\frac{1}{27}$, $\frac{1}{28}$, $\frac{1}{29}$, $\frac{1}{30}$, $\frac{1}{31}$, $\frac{1}{32}$, $\frac{1}{33}$, $\frac{1}{34}$, $\frac{1}{35}$, $\frac{1}{36}$, $\frac{1}{37}$, $\frac{1}{38}$, $\frac{1}{39}$, $\frac{1}{40}$, $\frac{1}{41}$, $\frac{1}{42}$, $\frac{1}{43}$, $\frac{1}{44}$, $\frac{1}{45}$, $\frac{1}{46}$, $\frac{1}{47}$, $\frac{1}{48}$, $\frac{1}{49}$, $\frac{1}{50}$, $\frac{1}{51}$, $\frac{1}{52}$, $\frac{1}{53}$, $\frac{1}{54}$, $\frac{1}{55}$, $\frac{1}{56}$, $\frac{1}{57}$, $\frac{1}{58}$, $\frac{1}{59}$, $\frac{1}{60}$, $\frac{1}{61}$, $\frac{1}{62}$, $\frac{1}{63}$, $\frac{1}{64}$, $\frac{1}{65}$, $\frac{1}{66}$, $\frac{1}{67}$, $\frac{1}{68}$, $\frac{1}{69}$, $\frac{1}{70}$, $\frac{1}{71}$, $\frac{1}{72}$, $\frac{1}{73}$, $\frac{1}{74}$, $\frac{1}{75}$, $\frac{1}{76}$, $\frac{1}{77}$, $\frac{1}{78}$, $\frac{1}{79}$, $\frac{1}{80}$, $\frac{1}{81}$, $\frac{1}{82}$, $\frac{1}{83}$, $\frac{1}{84}$, $\frac{1}{85}$, $\frac{1}{86}$, $\frac{1}{87}$, $\frac{1}{88}$, $\frac{1}{89}$, $\frac{1}{90}$, $\frac{1}{91}$, $\frac{1}{92}$, $\frac{1}{93}$, $\frac{1}{94}$, $\frac{1}{95}$, $\frac{1}{96}$, $\frac{1}{97}$, $\frac{1}{98}$, $\frac{1}{99}$, $\frac{1}{100}$). The symbols are arranged in a structured, grid-like pattern, with some symbols appearing more frequently than others. The overall appearance is that of a highly detailed and complex mathematical document.

[illegible]

1. 在“*中国文学史*”中，作者对“*中国文学史*”进行了系统的梳理和总结，认为“*中国文学史*”是中国文学发展的重要标志，也是研究中国文学的重要基础。

SOME COLLEGE AND CLERICAL REMINISCENCES.

By THE REV. HARRY JONES, M.A.

IV.

LET us get back from the fanatical Utah to the sober "Establishment" at home. My second curacy was in an agricultural parish in the quietest corner of England, which, however, illustrated the working of some forces which are now most conspicuously felt in Church and State. I saw, *e.g.*, one of the last enclosures of a village green, the only spot left being a small block opposite the beerhouse, but I do not recollect any complaint being made by the labourers, some of whom, if I mistake not, had a little slice in the shape of a better garden out of the public pudding. Indeed, the only echo of a remonstrance which I can recall arose from myself. But what an uproar such an attempted act would create now! My rustic sheep, whose houses fringed the common in irregular but picturesque and convenient sequence, now seem to have been folded about the fields in unmeaning caprice. The arable tide flowed past and left them as islets in a sea of corn-field which was once pasture land. Alas! if the conditions should ever come to be reversed, and grass alone be encouraged once more to grow instead of wheat. We are standing at some parting of the ways. But, as I have said, I don't remember that the human sheep bleated at all while the borders of their fold were being moved years ago. And that was not for lack of interest in their social position, for (on the occasion of some local labour dispute) we had a smart rustic strike which lasted several days; and the first public sign of this (by the way) was the flocking of a number of labourers into "church" one week-day forenoon, while I was holding some service with a congregation of a few old women and others past work. Let the political cynics smile as they will, the first impulse of these hardy peasants was to display an undefined, and perhaps unconsciously held, right in the "church," and a good feeling towards one who, in their minds, was an independent representative of justice. And such an officer, indeed, the parson properly is. Whenever he (or any one else for the matter of that) plainly speaks a word, or does a stroke for the poor and needy, he will find no lack of appreciation on their part. I could give, indeed, from my own personal experience, several instances in which a departure from conventionality and disregard of influential criticism, shown by

the clergyman in pursuit of what he believed to be legitimately desirable, is sure both to work for righteousness and meet with glad and immediate acknowledgment. A man might also be encouraged by the reflection that since virtue is its own reward, it is difficult to put an honest stumbling-block in Mrs. Grundy's way without some dainty recompense quite irrespective of public gratitude. There is a sense of legitimate offence, if not of righteous naughtiness, pleasantly associated with a deliberate rejection of routine. There are people so sunk in respectability that their discomfiture becomes a duty which is both meritorious and enjoyable.

After this flourish of high principles an illustration occurs to me which might serve to exhibit them on a small scale. I was once pressed by the inhabitants of a poor and despised region near some gas-works to exercise such influence as I had in mitigating an inevitable nuisance from which they suffered. Some unnecessary process, my complainants said, was occasionally gone through which diffused a needless and abominable odour. The local authorities were communicated with, and official noses were sent to smell the truth of the complaint. They reported in favour of the gas company. My poor friends stuck to it that the unwarrantable procedure against which a protest had been made, was still in operation. At length several sufferers (with better means than the poorest around them) brought an action against the company. The managers, in reply, relied for a clean bill upon the reports of officers of health and other experts, who had inspected the works at the hour originally complained of and found nothing. I was appealed to again, and assured that the obnoxious operation with the furnaces was still really performed, but now in the middle of the night. Desiring to test this statement I hid myself one dark evening on the roof of a public-house which overlooked the accused and malarious premises. The waiting was a long business and I had to avoid being seen. At last all was still. Weary complainants had apparently gone to bed, when in the small hours a gang of stokers silently made their appearance and did the evil deed. The yard was filled with white vapour and stench, and I returned to my house half suffocated, but fortified with testimony

concerning which I kept silence. The trial came on; I was subpoenaed. Jessel was the judge; Sir H. James and Chitty were counsel. All went in favour of the works. Officials swore that they had neither seen nor smelt anything objectionable. Then I was called, to the obvious surprise of divers gas "directors" and "proprietors" who were personal friends of my own and were present in court. What could they want with me? Your readers should have seen the judge's generally immovable face when he learnt that I, the parson, had squatted through midnight on the roof of the "public," seen iniquity with my eyes, and smelt it with my nose. The case collapsed. I shook hands with the discomfited directors (who plainly did not like me a bit the less for my solitary session on the house-top), and received not only a complimentary letter of thanks from the solicitors for the plaintiffs, but the warmest expressions of gratitude from my needy friends.

I forget the alleged offence which disturbed the labourers in the country parish which I have mentioned, and which led them to seek some sympathy from myself, but I recollect one employer being exceedingly angry with me. Of all authorities, though, in the place the most odd and obstinate was my rector. He was a man of large private means, and had spent much money in seeking to realise "perpetual motion."—Fact. Huge iron cranks and cylinders (the ponderous arrival of which must have astonished the rustics) lay about the yard of his house (he was non-resident) in which I lived. One monster made a capital rain tank. Besides a passion for insoluble problems in dynamics my rector was devoted to trees, which responded freely to his care, and which I found afterwards he could not bear any one to touch. One dull day I trimmed some laurel branches which darkened my window, and he never spoke to me again. His attitude, however, was too comical to provoke anger. But, looking back, I see a perhaps magnified church scandal (distance does not lend enchantment to this view) in the conduct of my chief, for his failings were not confined to personal and amusing offences against myself, but irritated others who had small sense of humour, and looked for kindly fruits upon an unconsciously eccentric tree. After his death an "old life" (who emptied the church) was appointed to the living in order that its sale might be more immediately productive, and a "meeting house" was, naturally enough, built in the parish. Things which are reckoned to be scandals

now were not merely winked at, but openly countenanced by worthy pastors and masters not so very long ago, and we are shocked at the blindness of their eyes, forgetting that some acts which we innocently defend to-day will of a surety be condemned by "all right-minded people" in a few years.

I am fortunate in knowing, and having known, men of very widely different "views," and though I keep my pen from straying into the names of any (and they are not a few) who are living and working now, I am tempted to recall the look of some who have left us. Divers of these have had their lives written by loving hands, but I am not quite sure whether the appreciative biographer of Charles Lowder fully realised the keen sense of humour which perhaps he sometimes thought himself conscientiously bound to repress. He and I did not look at all facts in the same light, but I can now see the twinkle in his eye when once being, with myself, engaged in some local inquiry, a noted evangelical who also was on the committee apologised for being late at one of our meetings. He arrived (we had reason to believe) hot from the delivery of a lecture against "ritualism," and wandered in excuses for his unpunctuality. Lowder exchanged a glance with myself which (if our iconoclast colleague could have understood it) ought to have tempered his wrath towards some holders of the opinions he had been attacking. Take another man who had the most kindly humour. There was a great tenderness about Bishop Paser which many who fancied they saw the predominance of a fighting mood in him hardly suspected. But his life, too, has been written, though I almost wish I had sent the author of it a letter which I received from the Bishop very shortly before his death. The record of Dean Stanley is not yet before the world. I shall not forget his look once when I was leaving England for a visit to the Desert and Palestine, and had a talk with him about my projected tour. "I suppose," he said, "you are going to Egypt first." And when I said "No," he replied, "What! see the land the Hebrews went to, without seeing where they went from?" I telegraphed to Cairo that afternoon for the making of arrangements to go up the Nile. Afterwards when I told him what I had done, he said, "If you should see my old servant, Mohammed of Ghizeh, give him a kind message from me." I chanced to meet him on the Nile bank, near Thebes, and when I said that I had lately seen Dean

Stanley, his dark face was suddenly lit up with smiles. Then he seized my hand and kissed it as the bringer of good tidings from the Dean, who, he said, sent him a letter or message every year.

While in the Desert I carried his "Sinai and Palestine" with me on my camel, and I noticed that his descriptions, though intensely vivid, were sometimes partially but curiously defective. It is well known that the Dean was singularly undiscerning in the matters of sound and taste. He could not tell one tune from another, and hardly knew what he ate. And this incompleteness of material perception betrayed itself in more passages than one as I read his book among the places which he visited. All have heard of his multiform and untiring interest in life, but I came on an unexpected phase of his energy while I was pausing at Mount Sinai, and realised the nature of the climbs he had made in its neighbourhood day after day. In one of the ascents, where the rocks below were baked in desert sun, but towards the summit slippery with ice, I, being then somewhat lame, was compelled to stop. My companion, a good climber, went up. When

he came down after five hours' sharp labour, and spoke of the view from the summit, he added, "And I have had, too, a new view of the Dean." He had made that ascent. We had not thought of him as an untiring cragsman, and yet the thought fitted his course and conversation. Few have faced the hills of difficulty in religion, through heat and cold, with more hopeful zeal than he.

Let me now note a curious coincidence. The memorial of the Dean which appeared in the *Times* the morning after he died began thus: "The Dean of Westminster is dead. *Quomodo ceciderunt robusti et perierunt arma bellica.*" So wrote the author of his obituary, not, probably, perceiving that this Latin line would be read in English in every English church on the Sunday immediately following the Dean's death. It forms the last sentence of the first lesson for that morning, and thus runs: "How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished." I doubt if the loss of any one in his generation and calling was more tenderly felt in our own and other lands, by men of many minds, than that of Dean Stanley.

THE RIVER: A REVERIE.

I.

THE wild bird sings to charm me, while the summer breeze is blowing,
 And I'm sitting by the river's bank alone,
 The sunbeam dances gaily on the water that is flowing,
 And I'm thinking of a lifetime that is gone.
 How my mem'ry is awakened, and my thoughts are set a-dreaming,
 As I think of that river and its source;
 How I see my life depicted in the water that is streaming,
 And its sorrows in the windings of its course!
 For life is but a river,
 With its current gliding ever,
 And its course runs smoothly never,
 As long years have shown to me.
 Our cares and trials binding
 Are but the river's winding,
 And many are the falls between its fountain and the sea.

II.

I'm thinking of the friends I've known, as I see the air-bells breaking,
 Bright emblems of true purity they seem,
 But soon, tho' sprung up side by side, each other they're forsaking,
 And, widely scattered, vanish on the stream.
 Alas! how like those air-bells pure, are friends once dearly cherished,
 Reard side by side in early happy years,
 Where are they now, those friends of youth? they one by one have perished,
 And the only tokens left of them are tears.

For life is but a river,
 With its current gliding ever,
 And its course runs smoothly never,
 As long years have shown to me.
 Though time commands its motion
 From fountain head to ocean,
 Vicissitudes beset its path in flowing to the sea.

III.

I'm thinking of the wealth I've seen, as I see the pebbles lying,
 Brightened by the river in its flow;
 They resist the stream that woos them, and despite its undermining,
 They're clinging to their gravel-bed below.
 Alas! how like those pebbles bright are treasures I've been wooing,
 And, like the stream, have tried to seize away;
 How fruitless have my efforts been, how Fate has kept undoing
 The struggles of a long and weary day!
 For life is but a river,
 With its current gliding ever,
 And its course runs smoothly never,
 As long years have shown to me.
 For down its channel moving,
 Fierce hate keeps pace with loving,
 So varied are the waifs it floats, in flowing to the sea.

IV.

I'm thinking of my grey-hair'd age, as I see the white foam sailing,
 In snowy atoms down the stream it creeps,
 Till, gather'd on the peaceful pool, the lively current failing,
 United in a shroud—there rests and sleeps.
 Alas! how like that snow-white foam, my silv'ry locks are floating,
 Nor pause they while life's troubled waters wave,
 But with a hoary diadem, they crown me, when I'm doating,
 On the brink of life's peaceful pool—the grave.
 For life is but a river,
 With its current gliding ever,
 And its course runs smoothly never,
 As long years have shown to me.
 How gladly now I'm creeping
 To where the foam lies sleeping,
 The grave—that pool between us and Eternity—the Sea.

J. T. R.

SAVED AS BY FIRE.

By E. M. MARSH, AUTHOR OF "MARAH," "EDELWEISS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.—SCEUR MADELEINE.

PHYLLIS started with a look of pleased surprise. "My kind protector," she said, as they shook hands.

"I assure you, Miss Trevylian, that if anything could enhance the satisfaction I had in being so, it would be that I have unwittingly done Maxwell a service; he was more grateful than if I had succoured himself. I hope he has prospered in his desire." He looked at her with a questioning, hopeful glance.

"In wishing me to return home with him, do you mean? No."

"I thought as much," interrupted St. Maur. "Why?" A slight smile fluttered over her face.

"You have determination. You would suffer nothing to interfere with what you thought a duty."

"But are you sure it is a duty?" asked Sir Bernard.

"Most decidedly," said his friend. "You are naturally jealous of anything that en-

grosses Miss Trevylian detrimental to yourself."

"Ah, my lord, if you could only help to make him see that there is no choice for me, until some assurance, even by the lapse of years, comes to tell me my search is useless!"

"Phyllis, I do not mean, of course, that you should leave her fate in obscurity, only you might let me help you. She actually insists upon my leaving her here alone and going home. What do you think of that, Geoffrey?"

"You see, Lord St. Maur, the sight of him might only frustrate the end in view."

"But I cannot bear the idea," persisted Sir Bernard, "of letting you run the chance of meeting with such insults as Geoffrey saved you from."

"That was only once in two months, Bernard; I am perfectly safe. I was foolish to have been walking in the evening, only I had a fancy to pass by the cafés chantants. I heard some one singing very well, and I thought perhaps"—she paused abruptly, a flush coming over her cheek, then hurriedly added, "I did not risk it again; I did not know I was an object of attraction to any one."

"I will tell you how we will arrange matters," said St. Maur pleasantly. "I like loafing about Paris when no one is in it, I'll stay and be dragon for you, old fellow."

Sir Bernard grasped his friend's hand. "You're a brick, Geof!"

"But, Lord St. Maur, I could not think of your making such a sacrifice; besides, I had hoped you would have gone home with Bernard to keep him from feeling dull."

"Do you never think of self, Miss Trevylian? Bernard will have his cousin and his duties. Really, if you will have me as protector, I will not intrude when not wanted; you have only to say you would rather be alone, and I will drop behind and do lackey. To make the obligation less one-sided, if you think it so, I am painting a picture of Spenser's 'Færie Queene,' I should be so glad if you would sit to me; you have unconsciously been the model, but I shall succeed better if I can study your face at my leisure."

Phyllis felt that these were merely excuses for carrying out his suggestions, but Sir Bernard looked so relieved that she could do no less than accept his guardianship. "How good you are!" was all she could say.

He put out his hand. "No thanks, Miss Trevylian, you have made me your debtor,

you have given me a subject for my brush and you have made Bernard here think his life worth living, which at one time he did not."

Phyllis glanced tenderly at her lover, then at St. Maur, "You are all and more he ever said you were."

"Ah! What has the rascal been saying about me?"

"Only the truth, Geof, that you were the best fellow going."

"Spare my blushes," said he laughingly, then rising, "I will relieve you of my presence, Miss Trevylian. I will see Bernard off to-morrow, and in the afternoon fetch you to my studio; you have an artist's soul, I am sure, and will not mind a little trouble in assisting me to perfect my picture, which I hope to make my *chef d'œuvre*." He bowed low over her hand as if she had been of royal blood, then took his departure.

He had not gone many steps before he met a black-veiled Sister of Charity; so engrossed was he in thinking of the "Færie Queene," that he did not remark the scrutinising glance she directed to his face. She passed on with swift, gliding steps, pausing to take breath occasionally, as if the fleetness lay in the will more than in the power. She left the aristocratic quarters behind her, the streets became narrower and dirtier, there was a pervading smell of garlic and rotten vegetables; cafés abounded where absinthe was the staple beverage, and where fearful-looking viragoes lounged at the doors, making one realise that the Commune was not an impossibility. Shrill voices screamed at the gamins in the gutters in anything but choice language. The Sister was so accustomed to the clamour that she took no notice, save to acknowledge the salutations of these same viragoes, who seemed to lower their tones when they addressed her. One huge woman who looked as if, like a boa constrictor, she could have swallowed Sœur Madeleine without inconvenience, beckoned to her, and in an undertone, as though not wishing to be overheard, said—

"Thomas, *le petit chou*, has told me that you cough, yes, cough very badly; so I have made a *tisane*, it is very good for the chest—my mother lived in the country and taught me—*la petite sœur* will take it, see, it is not disagreeable." She produced a sort of pipkin carefully covered over.

Sœur Madeleine thanked her with a smile that wonderfully altered her plain face. There was no denying its plainness. The skin, pitted in places, had that thick white

look produced by a severe attack of smallpox, the hair was grey, and the brown eyes, the only feature that possessed any beauty, had hollows under them from suffering and sorrow; but when she smiled the lips put on a sweet graceful curve, that made one wonder whether she had been good-looking before disease had touched her.

"Citoyenne," she knew she could not please the woman better than by addressing her thus, "I thank you. Your mother was a good woman, was she not?"

The virago's eyes perceptibly softened, but her tone and manner were affectedly indifferent. "*Hein!* Good in her way; she believed in the priests, and looked up to the noblesse, and lived in the little village and died there; she never saw the world. *Ma foi!* it would have opened her eyes to live in Paris."

"But don't you long sometimes for the little vine-covered cottage and the *fête* days, when every simple thing pleased you, and when the good *curé* laid his hand upon your head and prayed *la sainte Vierge* to bless you? Did you not feel happier than when you had the roar of cannon in your ears and the rattle of musketry, and you joined in the cry, '*A bas les prêtres?*' Were you not glad *la petite mère* was in her quiet grave? Do you not think of her at the barricades? *Citoyenne*, your *tisane* may not cure my cough, but I think the kindly action will bring you back a breath of fresh air from the slopes of your wild, lovely Vosges."

Seur Madeleine spoke in a voice that seemed like a caress, she could sway the vilest by its charm. What she said hardly reached the woman, but her way of saying it, and the look and half-sorrowful smile that accompanied her words, touched a long-forgotten chord. The woman patted a bristly-haired boy who stood beside her—

"It is nothing; you were good to the little one here and you are brave to live with us. Your livery," touching the sable gown, "is not a good passport, but you have conquered us, and we may revenge ourselves on the great.—Pah! you are greater than those who roll by in their carriages, for you try to help us. Frapin, there," she nodded across to where a cantankerous old shoemaker lived, "says he could almost believe in a God since *la petite sœur* nursed him; but I tell him he is a fool, for if there were one the world would be very different." The jerk of her shoulders was wonderfully suggestive, it seemed to comprehend the squalor around them and the splendour outside.

Seur Madeleine lifted her eyes to the sky, of which a peep could be obtained above the overhanging houses.

"Do you think the rich and noble to be envied, *citoyenne?*"

"To be envied! no, but to be destroyed!" The woman almost hissed the words.

"The same thing," murmured the Sister, with a touch of her old sarcasm; then, still gazing upwards with a dreary longing expression, she continued, "Would you like the sky to be always blue, no cloud or rain? There must be differences among men; if you have no tyrant from above, you would find one among yourselves."

"Robespierre, Danton, Marat were great," replied the woman; "but the people were greater. Seur Madeleine, the people, they are God. We know how to get rid of tyrants," she added significantly.

"There is no tyrant more exacting than the one who reigns *here*." The Sister laid her hand upon her heart. "We chafe against the tyranny, not so much of evil as of a goodness, that makes us bow our head and say '*mea culpa*' in spite of ourselves." She seemed to have forgotten to whom she was speaking, her hands folded over each other and her head sank; abruptly she turned away, without the *tisane*; but the woman who knew her moods told her boy to run after her with it. She stopped. "Ah, pardon! I had forgotten. Thank you." She spoke with that inbred courtesy that never failed to win. She went on with the same swift motion till she came to a shabby-looking house, on a par with all the rest. The stairs she mounted were dark, and smelt very foul; they always gave her a sickening shudder; but the room she entered was very neat and clean, barely furnished, with scarcely the common necessities; but the curtains were spotless, and a rose-tree flourished in the window. A girl was kneeling with her head against the sill, who started up when she heard Seur Madeleine's footstep. She was a pretty girl, with a fair, childish beauty, that even her rusty, patched dress could not neutralise.

"You have come back at last!" she cried in English.

"Have you been lonely, Jenny?" she was answered in the same language.

"Yes, dreadfully. I was so frightened, too; there was a street row, a lot of fearful-looking women screaming and tearing each other's hair, and the men only staring and laughing. I tried to stop my ears, but it seemed no use."

"Poor child! you will soon be back in the

green fields and woods. I have been to see the secretary of the Home. In a day or two there are several girls going back, when you can accompany them."

Jenny's face fell.

"And leave you, Sœur Madeleine! You saved me, and did not look down on me. At home, perhaps, they will think it is my own fault that I have not got on, and indeed, indeed I did try, only I was not strong enough."

The tears fell down her thin cheeks.

"Hush, dear. I know; I will write to your father and explain."

A look of terror came into the girl's eyes.

"Don't tell how you found me. I felt as if God and man had forsaken me, and the next day I should have been laid out in the Morgue. I should only have become that vile thing you saved me from, because I was half-starved and reckless, and when I came to my senses I would have drowned myself. *Petite Sœur*"—she clung to her friend—"you will not tell them! It was a temptation; but when you laid your hand on my shoulder, and I saw the sorrow and the pity, I knew what I was doing."

Then she covered her face with her hands, and cowered down at Sœur Madeleine's knees.

"My preserver, let me stay with you."

She was lifted gently up.

"Jenny, it is a question of right. You will be more sheltered from harm at home. You are pretty and simple. This city is not for such as you. No; go back to the little village, and work, even if it be household labour; it is better than trusting to your appearance. Beauty is a curse. Child, you would not think it, but I was beautiful once, and I trampled upon men's hearts, and mocked at them if they talked of love. Admiration and power were all I wanted; and when my money and my reputation went I would have traded upon the beauty and purity of another life, but I looked upon a girlish form, and the eyes that gazed on me brought back the smile in a baby face, and as the fingers brought out music that might have made the very demons weep, I felt the clasp of baby fingers, and I left her. She had saved her mother."

Jenny looked at the woman who stood before her, a self-acenser, awed by the sudden passion that woke beneath that calm exterior. She went on as if talking to herself.

"This syren city has attracted her too, and I must watch over her. She has friends, kind friends, I see, but there is an awful

sorrow in her face that I cannot fathom. I saw a man—a gentleman, one of God's making, whoever he be—come out of her lodgings. I have seen him somewhere before, but my memory seems to leave me sometimes." A wistful look came into her eyes. "He is fair, a noble Saxon; he will not deceive her, or his face belies him. She will be happy with him."

A smile of hope crossed her features; then, suddenly, her habitual reserve came back.

"Child, I have betrayed myself. Swear never to reveal that I have been other than Sœur Madeleine, who was once an inmate of the Convent of the *Sacré Cœur* in the Pyrenees."

The girl replied, reproachfully,

"Why should I do what you do not wish? Are you not my benefactress?"

"Forgive me, but I have striven these years to cut myself away from my past, and as I destroyed one life to save others, I would not be discovered yet."

There was triumph in her glance, as with uplifted face and hands, she exclaimed,

"The curse shall not fall!"

Then it changed to prayerful entreaty.

"But if it must, on me, O God, the penalty; not on my child."

A quick tremor seized her, and a spasm of coughing that shook her frail body, as if to dissolution.

The *Citoyenne's* *tisane* was not forgotten. Jenny proved a gentle little nurse, and soon Sœur Madeleine fell into a troubled slumber, murmuring when on the borderland between sleeping and waking, "At your feet, Marion, at your feet."

And the May days glided by. Sœur Madeleine saw the "*Faerie Queen*" almost daily. No one would have remarked that she watched her goings and comings, for she passed her as indifferently as if she were a mere item in the crowd, but the little Sister went home content if she had felt the mere contact of her dress.

Phyllis was rarely alone now, but either accompanied by her fair-haired cavalier or driving with some distinguished member of the French aristocracy. Lady Algernon had not forgotten her promise, and Phyllis, not so much from choice as from the feeling that the wider the circle of her acquaintance the greater chance of her hearing of her mother, had accepted her offer of introduction.

The *Faerie Queen* was becoming quite the fashion. Her simplicity of dress and unaffected manner, her smiles, rare yet so bewitching, the sweet gracious air with which

she received the somewhat high-flown compliments of the *jeunesse dorée*, not as if she believed them but as well-meant if mistaken endeavours to please her, all were commented on, and *la belle Anglaise* became the theme of versifiers, and artists strove to win her for a model, but she would sit to none but to St. Maur. His picture was nearly finished, and attracting a great deal of attention from the art critics. Then the Marquise d'Alva carried Phyllis off to Chantilly. She did not see much of the racing, for she was still ever seeking for that one face, but none save the Marquise herself in any way resembled the portrait graven on her heart. An intense weariness again crept over her, the sickness of hope deferred, and when the red June roses were waking there came across the silver streak a cry from Falkland,

"Come to me, Phyllis; the messenger is at the gate."

She started immediately, and to Sœur Madeleine Paris seemed suddenly empty. Her step grew more feeble, and her cough more frequent. Every night she counted her little hoard of savings, sadly diminished by the help she had rendered Jenny. Only two Napoleons left, and she could not charge her poor for nursing. It would take her some months to make up the sum she needed, but then—a smile of joy transformed her colourless features—"then," she muttered, "I may rest at last. If I only had strength to reach her feet, *he* even could not drive me thence, he will not deny me a grave."

* * * * *

"Oh, Sir Bernard, Phyllis is going to play the organ next Sunday."

The speaker stopped abruptly, for instead of Sir Bernard's well-known lineaments, a stranger turned and faced her. She looked shyly up from beneath the shade of her large straw hat decked with real crimson roses on the brim, and nestling in her curly brown hair, then took heart of grace, and said,

"I beg your pardon, I am Dot."

The stranger smiled, a smile that lit up his whole face like sunlight.

"May I ask what that hieroglyphic means in ordinary stenography?"

How his blue eyes took in and enjoyed the girl's pretty confusion! Half in and half out of the boudoir she stood, a brilliant June sun behind her, just touching the rounded cheek and well-shaped ear. The rest of the face that was nearest him was in shadow, but the sparkling eyes required no outside light. Her lips parted with an amused curve, revealing pearly teeth.

"It means Dorothy Markham, and you are——"

"Geoffrey St. Maur—writ large—I have no hieroglyphics that I know of."

In her mother's old way, she put her head on one side,

"Yes, I have seen you before. You are *Cœur de Lion*."

"What transmigration of souls have you gone through to have made the acquaintance of the minstrel monarch, Miss Dorothy?"

He said the name as if he liked it.

"I was a humming-bird then," she replied demurely.

"I must apologise for not offering you a perch. Will you not come in?"

He drew a chair forward. She posed herself on the arm. She was scarcely ever seen *in* a seat but *on* it. The attitude suited her tiny form and bird-like ways.

"I have no doubt you cheered him in prison, and perhaps led Blondel to the Castle of Dürrenstein."

"Humming-birds don't sing, do they?" remarked Dot doubtfully.

"Do you?"

"No, I only lilt, Miss Dallas says."

"Well, if not, the flutter of a bird's wing is cheering, and the humming-bird might twitter '*Suche treu so findest du*.' You know Blondel's song?"

Dot shook her head.

St. Maur lifted a guitar that was suspended by a blue ribbon from a long-backed Chippendale chair, and striking a few chords, commenced Schumann's version of the ballad. He had not a large voice, but a very pure, sweet tenor. He flung himself into the spirit of the old troubadours, as if the minstrel's life had something akin to his own wandering poetic existence. And Dot sat and listened, her brilliant brunette face answering to every change in the singer's mode of expression. She looked such a child that St. Maur scarcely gave her credit for her eighteen summers, especially when she said simply,

"I am almost sorry I called you *Cœur de Lion*."

"Why? I felt quite flattered."

"Yes, but you see I never knew him out of Madame Tussaud's. Besides, you have not a beard."

St. Maur's eyes danced with laughter at the comical anxiety she displayed to divest herself of the association, as if it were an insult to him. He interrupted her smilingly,

"You are beginning to discover I am not a man of wax?"

Dot looked relieved as he seemed in no way offended, and a spice of her own sauciness came back.

"In some things you are, aren't you?"

"What makes you think so?"

He threw himself back in his chair and surveyed her.

"You are impressionable. When you were singing, sunlight and shadow crossed your face as if it had been a mirror. You had quite forgotten I was in the room."

"You are a young lady of penetration; but that was hardly a troubadour's song; their subject was generally love."

"How tiresome they must have been!"

Dot shrugged her shoulders disdainfully. St. Maur's lips curved with a suppressed laugh. Dot sprang down from her elevated position,

"I am forgetting I came to see Miss Dallas and tell her Phyllis has promised to be organist on Sunday. Oh, it will be delicious to have her back!"

"Miss Dallas has gone to Falkland, Sir Bernard is off on a tour of inspection through the farms, and I am left alone."

"I hope I did not disturb you."

"No, I was only dreaming."

St. Maur gently insinuated the perch again, and Dot re-seated herself without the smallest *mauvaise honte*, looking at him frankly with her clear brown eyes, one elbow on her knee propping her chin, the other arm wound over the back of her chair dangling her hat, which she had taken off.

"What were you dreaming about, may I know?"

St. Maur studied the ceiling for an instant.

"Do you see that fly, Miss Dorothy?"

Dot looked up.

"Yes."

"I was thinking what a lot of time we waste over things that so insignificant a creature as a fly can spoil. You see it is tickling Cupid's nose and contemptuously washing its face on the doves' backs."

"But it does not spoil my enjoyment of the pretty design."

"Does it not? You have not yet found the fly in the apothecary's ointment; you are too young."

Dot drew herself up, she disliked being told she was young. St. Maur caught the sudden accession of dignity in her manner.

"That is always how it is, because I am so small," said she despairingly. "Nobody will give me credit for being anything more than a child. I am eighteen, and people treat me like a baby. The other day General

Mackintosh actually put his hand on my head and said to mother, 'She is quite growing up, Mrs. Markham? giving up dolls, I suppose.' Dolls!" repeated Dot. "Fancy that; isn't it dreadful?"

She looked so expectant of sympathy, that, though he would have given worlds to laugh, he tried to keep grave; but Dot saw the mirth in his eyes, and answering merriment coming into hers they went off into a fit of laughter like a couple of children.

"How refreshing it is!" exclaimed she when sufficiently recovered to speak. "We have been so dull of late. I don't think I have any right to be merry, even now. There's Nancy. But I can't talk about her. It is too pitiful—dear Nan! And Phyllis coming on a visit to Falkland instead of living here always as we had hoped; and Jack of no use to me, I might as well not have a brother; he lives at Falkland, poor old fellow, he has had a bad time of it lately, but he is a comfort to the Squire, who clings so to any one who loves Nan; he seems to think so many cords of love must bind her to this world."

"They often have the opposite effect; the best loved and most prized are taken first," said Lord St. Maur gravely.

Dot looked up sympathetically. He answered her unspoken thought.

"No, Miss Dorothy, I am not speaking from experience; perhaps I am not worthy to have a deep sorrow, it is the greatest and best who suffer most, I fancy. I am a Bohemian and find happiness in a splash of sunlight on a mossy slope, lying on my back in the middle of that same splash, my hat tilted over my eyes, or flung into an adjacent thicket if it incommoded me. My imagination brings me every delight necessary for existence. It has this merit, that never striving to possess what does not come of its own accord, I never have the pain of disappointment."

Dot gave herself a flutter.

"But are you all alone?"

"Quite. I possess a goodly number of relatives, but they are not to me what my friends are."

"I can't imagine the world without father, mother, and Jack."

"Can't you? Yes, you will one day when some one comes who will absorb 'father, mother, and Jack.'"

Dot looked at him with a serio-comic air.

"You don't know me yet; no one takes me seriously; they tease me and pet me but they are not likely to fall in love with me. I

am only a child, you see; it is all play. Fancy being in earnest! I am certain I should laugh."

"You are more of a laughing philosopher than I am then, for even I tremble before Cupid. I have a terror lest one of his darts should penetrate. You see I am not *Cœur de Lion* after all. I am a coward where a woman is concerned, they are too clever for me."

"Nonsense!" said Dot contemptuously, still swinging her hat pendulum-wise.

"Too true though," replied St. Maur. "A woman's mind is constituted very like a kaleidoscope, she sees hundreds of designs where I should only see one. I take things as they are, a woman as she thinks they are after passing through the medium of her intellect, which breaks them into little pieces; she has only to give them a shake and the original fact becomes a charming fiction changing at will. Now supposing she dissected me in the same way?"

"Would you not rather be a charming fiction than a disagreeable fact?" laughed Dot.

"Might I not be a pleasant fact, Miss Dorothy?"

Dorothy's eyes said she thought so, but her words did not admit it.

"Did you not say you liked your imagination to have its way? so might a lady. It would be very disappointing to take you for a fact and find out afterwards you were only fiction; so it might be better to pull you to pieces first, and then if it repaid her for the trouble, how delightful to join you all up again, piecing together all the pretty little things the light of her imagination had thrown upon what at first seemed only an opaque mass! Her eyes, looking through the glass of your character, twinkle, and bright colours and a variety of patterns appear. She takes you perhaps for what you are not, but what does it matter? it is a pleasant delusion."

"Miss Dorothy, I confess myself a fiction on the spot. Your eyes are twinkling, what lights are they throwing on me?"

Dot looked shy for a moment; she had allowed herself to chatter to this stranger, led on by his charm of manner, but he might be laughing at her she suddenly thought; so it was with downcast eyes and slight taps of her tiny foot on the carpet that she answered,

"I am not a kaleidoscope, I am only a hieroglyphic; that does not throw any light, does it?"

"It resembles a kaleidoscope inasmuch as

you can make what appears one mean a great deal."

"I should not be surprised after that to find myself called the Sphinx," said she, with a laughing pout of the rosy lips.

"Well, so you are; the penalty of your sex, I fear."

"I shall run away," she exclaimed gaily. "I never was called so many names before. A hieroglyphic, a kaleidoscope, and an enigma! I shan't know myself as little Dot any more, if you metamorphose me so."

"You confessed to having been a humming-bird once upon a time," replied St. Maur, looking at her as if he were taking a mental sketch.

"Yes; I fear I am only fit to flutter and flit about. Don't they say every one has a niche in this world? I don't think there's one small enough to hold me." A shadow rested on the bright face.

"Miss Dorothy." How gentle his voice was, and the glance of his sunny eyes seemed like a glimpse of heaven to the child-girl looking up. "What should we do without the birds? There are plenty of people in grooves and niches doing their work, some for others, some for themselves; but the birds, like the poor, are always with us, and the man who goes with downcast eyes fixed on this grovelling earth must look upwards if he follow the flight of even a sparrow; and who knows but that one uplifted glance may bring him a ray of sunlight, which he would have lost had it not been for the flash of a bird's wing across his path?"

Tears trembled in Dot's lashes and her eyelids drooped, so to change the subject St. Maur asked her if she would like to see "The Faerie Queene."

"Oh, yes!" she exclaimed eagerly. "I forgot you are a great artist."

"Great! No. Art seems to lose an element of greatness so long as one has to paint for money. I hope soon to be able to do it because I love it, looking for no return save what nature or a beautiful face gives me. Work done by a free man is surely worth more than that done by a slave. Art is beyond all market value. I long to feel that I am not doing so much for an equivalent in so many gold pieces, but am compelled by love to give the best I can in return for the talent bestowed. I, the debtor."

CHAPTER XXIV.—GOLD AND POMEGRANATES.

ST. MAUR opened the door of the music-room, inwardly wondering what possessed him to talk so freely to this child he had

never seen before; clever and sympathetic though she appeared, she might after all be only a butterfly skimming the surface of things. He was roused from this thought by Dot's face looking at Una and her Lion. Love and sorrow and delight chased each other across her features. In a half whisper she exclaimed, "It is Phyllis!"

The Faerie Queene was represented gazing out of the canvas, with a longing, weary, pathetic expression, yet with a lofty unfaltering resolve, calm even in its despair. She had apparently just emerged from the shade of some weird stunted gnome-like trees into a desert land; but a lingering sunset glow touched her as with a halo, giving a ray of hope to the desolation around.

"What is she saying?" asked Dot, still under her breath.

"He my lion and my noble lord,
How does he find in cruel heart to hate
Him that loved him, and ever most adored
As the god of my life! Why hath he me abhorred?"

repeated St. Maur. "Those lines suggested the picture to me, and in Miss Trevylian's face I saw exactly the expression I wanted. I felt I should never have such another model."

Dot's eyes glistened with a mingling of feelings.

"Ah, but you are great to paint like that, but it is terribly sad. Did it not hurt you to work at it? if it had only been imagination, but the suffering you were depicting was real."

"Yes, but the suffering was glorified by being vicarious, there are many noble souls to whom suffering purely physical is not needed to perfect them. While there is sin, there must be suffering, but the two are often not combined in the same person. One sins thoughtlessly or wilfully, but in either case the individual's life seems happy enough, but you may be sure there is some one suffering through, or for, that sin. It is the sacrifice that ennobles the suffering; it is the nearest approach we can make to the Christ."

"Yes, as you said just now, the best often have the greatest trials; they do not seem to need it to make them better."

"No," and St. Maur's eyes brightened with the light of an enthusiast in them. "I hate to hear people talk of suffering as if the divine liked to rack to the last turn of the screw to see how much one could bear without complaining. No doubt the suffering that might harden the sinner will only purify the saint, in that way perhaps

making them better; but those who bear uncomplainingly their griefs, yet wonder in their patient, faithful hearts why they are sent, might have their sorrow lightened if they could realise that like St. Paul they were filling up the measure of the sufferings of Christ, He permitting them, as it were, to lay their hands upon the cross, the cross of sacrifice, they being counted worthy to help in bearing the sin of the world. Miss Trevylian is bearing what her mother should have borne, if punishment were exactly meted out to the sinner."

"But don't you think Madame de Marcie has been sufficiently punished?" said Dot, still looking at the picture as if fascinated; then softly, "What does Sir Bernard think of it? does that face not haunt him? It seems to me it is *his* sin that Phyllis is suffering from; how can he bear it? It must be like a constant reproach."

"As such he looks upon it; he insisted upon having the painting. 'It cannot reproach me more than I reproach myself,' he said. Poor old Bernard, his love for Miss Trevylian must indeed be very great when her personality weighs more with him than his hatred of her mother."

"Is there no hope yet, no clue?" asked Dot.

"It seems not, Miss Dorothy. French detectives are very clever, but for once they seem off the scent. It is extraordinary how a woman so singularly beautiful and fascinating should have disappeared without a trace. I am beginning to think she is dead."

"Poor Phyllis!" sighed Dot, then added with a little vindictive glance, "I wish Sir Bernard had never come home, we were all so happy before, but everything seems to have gone wrong lately; we were like an Arcadian village—now," she gave her shoulders a little shrug, "the world has gone awry. But really I must fly away. Will you tell Miss Dallas what I came for? As she has gone to Falkland, she will know of the arrangement. Good-bye," she held out her small ungloved hand.

St. Maur held it a moment saying, "Will you allow me to walk with you?"

They had only descended the steps when the Castlemount carriage came in sight, for an instant Dot felt disappointed as it probably foretold the loss of her cavalier, but the next she had darted off to meet Miss Dallas and inquire after Nan. St. Maur arrived in time to assist the old lady out. She looked more careworn than of yore, but her face was as kindly as ever, and her figure still erect.

"I must apologise for leaving you so long alone, but once at Falkland, I could not tear myself away."

"I have been well entertained during your absence, Miss Dallas; a humming-bird had lost its way and fluttered into the boudoir, but finding I could talk the birds' language was induced to stay. I sang to it, and it put its head on one side and twittered a reply; the bird had most chameleon-like qualities."

"Oh dear! what next?" laughed Dot. "Miss Dallas, Lord St. Maur has been making fun at my expense by calling me the largest names as a contrast to my small person." Miss Dallas looked at the two before her, the small brown hazel-eyed girl and the powerful Saxon-hued man, they were the embodiment of youth and happiness and hope; how different from those she had left! Dot with her mother's intuitive sympathy put her arms round her old friend's neck, laying her soft red lips upon the other's wrinkled cheek. "Dearest Mamsell, forgive me for looking gay, but did Phyllis tell you she was going to be organist on Sunday? I was so delighted to hear it that I rushed up to tell you. I mistook Lord St. Maur for Sir Bernard."

"They are not much alike," said Miss Dallas smiling.

"No, but going into the shade of the boudoir after the sunlight outside, I only saw a man's head, and when he turned round I got quite a shock and fancied myself transported to Madame Tussaud's." With this parting shaft Dot darted off and flashed like a swallow swiftly across the Park, not waiting for her cavalier.

"What a wild child she is!" remarked the old lady.

St. Maur followed the retreating figure with his eyes.

"There's a good deal of the 'Heaven yeleft Euphrosyne' about her," he replied, "but she is like a delicately strung instrument that answers to the lightest touch of a master-hand. How wonderfully Miss Trevelyian has the power of attaching people to herself! Miss Markham spoke as if everything bore a new aspect since she had returned. How did you find your friends at Falkland?"

"Miss Greatorrex hopes to see you, my lord; she has heard so much of you from Phyllis, your chivalrous attentions to her; how can we thank you?"

"By forgetting them," he said gently. "I took a great interest in her when she was a

stranger, how much more so when I found she was Bernard's chosen wife; and besides she was a new type of womanhood to me, it was a delightful study, the more I saw of her, the more I realised how perfectly suited they were to each other. That restfulness of repose, not from any coldness of heart, but from an exquisite refinement of thought and action! Bernard never could have married a coquette, a woman who laid herself out to charm; like one who delights in a beautiful instrument but dislikes to see the mechanism, so Miss Trevelyian's utter unconsciousness of her charms was to him her great attraction. Now I must confess to have no objection to go behind the scenes. I admire Miss Trevelyian, none more so, but fortunately for myself I could have no stronger feeling, so I was a very safe guardian."

"But, Lord St. Maur, you surely don't approve of a flirt?"

"Not a heartless flirt, no; but I have no objection to a woman who knows her powers and uses them. If she takes the trouble to try and fascinate me, I am happy to be fascinated, so long as she does not expect me to fall in love with her."

St. Maur's sunny eyes laughed down at Miss Dallas, who looked uncertain whether to take his words in earnest or not.

"What if you find some day that you cannot break the chain?" she replied jestingly.

He looked quite grave as he said, "I shall wear it as a crown, the crown that a true wife is to her husband; but I can't afford to marry yet," he added laughingly, "a shabby title is hardly the thing I should like to offer."

"When does your lordship expect to come into your own again?"

"In a couple of years I hope that most of the property will be free, and then I shall celebrate my real coming of age. I am looking forward to it as if I were a boy. I trust you and Bernard, and perhaps his wife, will honour me by being present on the occasion."

St. Maur had been Phyllis's escort from Paris, he going to Castle-mont, she to Nancy. They arrived on a cloudless June day, unusually sultry for the time of year. The very insects seemed to hang suspended in the air, as if their volition had no power over their wings. Every sound was hushed to a gentle hum that the ear heard without any consciousness of listening; every sense seemed steeped in the dream of an opium-eater.

Phyllis felt like a somnambulist as all the familiar spots came into view, the hills and the Downs and the far-stretching woods, no change in aught save in herself. All her girlishness seemed to have left her, she felt quite old, as if she were looking back to joys that had been hers in the spring-time of her life. She had once or twice found herself start on looking into a mirror to see it was not the face of an elderly woman that met her gaze. She had lived half a lifetime within the last few months. St. Maur had not exaggerated his portrait. Sir Bernard met them at the station, and when he looked upon her face, he would fain have knelt once more at her feet and craved forgiveness; but his loving clasp of both her hands and whisper of "my St. Cecilia" brought back the old Phyllis for a moment. How could she despair utterly so long as she was his! and mayhap, through her, pardon would be found for her mother. This thought sustained her in her lonely drive to Falkland, tinged her "pale grief" with a flush of sweet hopefulness. Gloomy she would not go into Nancy's presence. The nearer she approached Falkland the more all sense of trouble left her. She felt like one who in the long flight of years has received a loving message from a far-distant home, but has forgotten the exact wording till in turning out the secret drawer of memory he has come upon it. To Nancy the message was "Come home!" to her, "Wait and hope!"

Whether in some busy haunt of men, or within an unknown grave, Gwendoline de Marcie was not beyond the message of love. What did it matter to whom it was entrusted? God knew the spot of earth that held her whom she sought. With this light from within, shining through the soul of her eyes, she entered Falkland.

Mr. Greatorex met her at the door. There was intense pathos in his whole bearing and expression. Phyllis instinctively thought of an uprooted tree whose branches are still green; the sap of hope had not dried up, the sun still shone, and the balmy wind still stirred—Nancy lived on; and though in his inmost heart he knew that Death was coming again to visit his hearth, he would not suffer the dread certainty to change his outward aspect. With an appearance of cheerfulness that made Phyllis shiver he led her to her friend's room. She paused a moment on the threshold, staying the old man with a gesture. Nancy lay reclined in an easy-chair, propped up with pillows; Jack, seated

at her feet, was reading aloud, while her hand, in which each delicate vein showed like the pencilled lines in a leaf, strayed through his thick black hair, her eyes gazing out on the old familiar objects—the velvet sward, the great cedar, beneath which most of her childish hours had been spent and her maiden thoughts suffered to wander in the fairyland of dreams. The stream which flowed at the end of the lawn sang a lullaby to the homeward-going bees, whose heavy drone told of satiety, for the flowers were laden with honey this sunny month of June. There was an exquisite stillness of warmth, that silence in which the pulses of nature seem to be beating close to one's heart, bringing with it sometimes "a throb of precious pain," but oftener the tender articulation of which the keynote is "We rest in Him, we are sunk, we are folded in Him." Folded, nothing abrupt or harsh, only the finite leaning on the bosom of infinitude. Nancy looked to be so leaning, enfolded with peace.

Phyllis gave a half sigh. She would fain change places with her friend, she thought, for then there would be no more uncertainty. She made a step forward and Nancy turned. With no word, only the greeting of tremulous, clinging lips and a warm hand pressure they met.

Nancy was the first to break the silence. "Let me look at you, Phyl." Very tenderly her slender fingers passed across the eyes, beneath which, like a bruise, the shadow of sorrow lay. Jack gave Phyllis an affectionate glance, then went out through the open window on to the lawn, wandering along to the bank which sloped to the Skene, made into a small artificial lake. He laid himself down, mechanically plucked a daisy, and began to scatter its leaves; but somehow it reminded him of Nancy and the day she had first spoken of the end, so he placed the tiny flower gently on the water and watched it slowly floating out where the current was swifter. Will it reach the ocean before her, he wondered, and a forlorn feeling crept over him. Jack was one to whom a woman was a necessary adjunct of his being. He had never been a general admirer of the fair sex, but one he must have to whom he could devote himself, feeling for the time being not merely friendship, but a certain tender intimacy which had little of passion in it, but yet might be called love; for the presence of the object of his devotion was essential to his happiness, yet all the while he knew it was only a temporary shrine he had set up. Yet in a still corner

of his heart there had ever been an image, not tricked out with any gewgaws or gay votive offerings, but an alabaster figure crowned with a chaplet of harebells, and into this chamber he entered only when his thoughts were purest and his life at its best, when heaven was nearest and the world out of sight. Now, with an aching sense of loneliness he knew the chamber would soon be emptied, the windows closed, the door shut fast, nothing left but a crypt and a grave.

A light footfall roused him, and Phyllis seated herself by his side. How entirely his love for her had subsided into a calm, steadfast friendship he had been hardly conscious of till now. With an almost pathetic feeling of self-pity he wondered if he were really Jack Markham, or if he had gone to sleep for ten years and woke up so much older, or whether he had stood still and the world had gone past him. Phyllis saw the look on his face, as of a child who is learning a lesson in a foreign tongue without the aid of a dictionary—the most exquisite thoughts might be clothed in the language before him, but he had not the key to the meaning—the ever-unanswered why and wherefore were barring the door.

Phyllis laid her hand on his arm.

"Dear Jack, she is only going from one room to another."

"But there is no chink in the door through which she will pass. Can you think of Harebell dead? It is all very well," he cried with a sort of despairing energy, "for one who is content with a spiritual essence to talk of union of souls; I am more earthly; I want to see Nancy's smile, to hear her tender voice, to feel the touch of her hand. What is it to me that she is there?"—he looked upwards—"that she sees me? What am I the gainer, though I know she is singing with the angels? It is not Nancy when you have closed her in and when the cold stone only tells her name and age and that she was well beloved."

"Ah, Jack, think of her father—his only child!"

"He is old; he has not long to wait; I am young. Think of it, Phyllis—perhaps fifty years to spend without Nancy! She would have been happy with me, if love could make her so, and yet she seems content to go. She gains heaven, it is true, while I—" He crushed the hand she held, then rose and strode off into the wood.

To a smaller mind there might have come a feeling of chagrin at being thus given a secondary place after having been first,

but Phyllis did not even think of Jack as fickle; she only watched his retreating figure, with the big tears running down her cheeks, filled with an intense pity for his dependent nature. She was bearing her sorrow bravely, insisting upon bearing it alone, and though heart and flesh might recoil, yet she knew she was capable of so bearing it to the end. Jack's shrieking from pain and craving for sympathy almost made a coward of her; the word *alone* seemed to have new terror; but suddenly a faint breeze fanned her cheek, nature's silence was broken up into little ripples of sound—each one different as they vibrated on the ear, yet all springing from the same source, and all resolved into one perfect harmony to her listening heart. And Phyllis was comforted, for she had laid her hand upon one of "the gold chains" by which "the earth is bound about the feet of God."

The sunlight streamed through the stained-glass windows of Castleton Church, colouring with prismatic hues the tessellated pavement of the altar steps, throwing a rainbow shaft of glory on the child-angel face of Charlie Bennet, where he sat in white surplice in the choir, and throwing an amber glow on the yellow-haired occupant of the Castlemount pew. He sat with folded arms listening to the organ that almost seemed to speak the words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and every gradation of colour that flecked the walls and stained the floor in red and green and purple and orange, were to St. Maur but another form of harmony, so many notes to form one perfect chord, so many shades to give the emblem of perfection—white, or what is the same thing, light. Suddenly the rainbow hues changed into one deep golden shaft, warm and soft. The small door had opened to admit a gold and brown bird. It seemed to bring the sunlight with it, as daintily it stepped by the old tombs of the Maxwells, down the side aisle, past the Castlemount pew to the rectory seat, which was at an angle. There it almost disappeared, then rose and glanced round the church, not as if seeking any particular face. But Geoffrey St. Maur waited patiently. He knew where the glance would fall eventually; nor was he disappointed, though it was but momentary. A flash of light, then the eyelids drooped and Dorothy Markham sat as if to look preternaturally grave in church were a penance for the prodigality of her smiles on secular occasions.

As there seemed no chance of her looking his way again, he had plenty of oppor-

tunity to survey her, which he did with an artistic sense of enjoyment. He had not the slightest idea what she had on; it seemed to be something in dead gold, shading into brown. He was mostly conscious of the yellow roses nestling at her throat and in her jaunty hat. They seemed a fitting contrast to the carmine which floated on the cheek of the "nut-browne maide." He would like to have stroked it as he remembered stroking his mother's satin gown. The contemplation did not distract his attention from the service, for Lord St. Maur was distinctly a religious man. Not of any particular sect, for dogmas were hateful to him, he only knew that if God were shut out from the world that world would be a blank to him. It was the divine in everything human that gave him a sense of brotherhood to all. To him the Christ was One to be looked up to with awe, through the perfection of His self-sacrifice; with confidence and self-abasement in the majesty of His suffering; with love, by the tenderness of His all-embracing sympathy. He did not trouble himself much about Biblical inspiration. If it were inspired to him, what matter what it was to the original writer? if it came to him as the voice of God, he took the message and left the dispute respecting time and sequence to speculative theorists.

He was very tolerant of all forms of belief that were striving after the divine, keeping his own simple faith, but not asking or expecting others to think like himself; but wherever he went people seemed to be the better for him. Mr. Markham's style of preaching suited him. He did not talk at you, nor theorise, nor dogmatise, but he talked to you simply, earnestly, affectionately, not careful to clothe his words in highly finished or polished sentences; his construction was often rugged, but always to the point, clear and incisive. He preached extempore, because, as he said, he had his message by heart; to have written it down would have been to narrow it and take away its spontaneity.

St. Maur often recalled that morning's service, when only memory could bring back the sunshine and the clustering June roses and the cool, shady church, with that up-turned glowing face, like a pomegranate on a grey stone wall. It was not till the congregation had dispersed and stood in cliques, as was their wont, or visited the graves of their dead, that St. Maur recognised saucy Dorothy Markham. She had looked the demurest little devotee inside the sacred

building; now she flashed in and out, accosting various acquaintances and friends, scolding this small boy for behaving badly, praising another, inquiring all about the pet dogs and cats in the village. At last she flitted round to "Cœur de Lion." After wishing him good morning, she gave a happy sigh, saying, "Isn't it delicious?"

"What?" he asked, though he looked as if he understood.

She made a comprehensive sweep with her tiny hand.

"Yes; I can't realise anything bad or ugly existing in the world. There are some days, Miss Dorothy, that seem God's days *par excellence*—as if all evil had been folded past in a napkin of forgetfulness, and He had laid His hand upon it and said, 'Rest from tormenting my children, let them have a foretaste of heaven.' Even those two look content."

He glanced at Sir Bernard and Phyllis, who were standing before the statue of Lady Maxwell. He had drawn her arm through his, as if to mark his right to her.

"I want every one to see who will be my wife," he had said, and she answered softly,

"Bernard, it seems wicked to think of it in *her* presence."

"Nay, will it not be a revenge sweeter to her? You said she deserved a purer vengeance; her enemy's daughter will reign in her place. If I have sinned, you are my expiation."

"Do you never regret that it should be so?"

Suddenly a strident voice was heard talking to Mr. Markham.

"Oh, Letitia is having a splendid time of it. She says Mr. Danby is beginning to weary and hints that he wants to come home, but, as she says, it is often only on one's wedding tour one has a chance of seeing anything. Gentlemen are afterwards not so obliging as to take their wives with them when they go away; she is determined to take her full swing now. George will want to stick at Dene all the winter for his hunting. She tried to make him give it up, but he rebelled, so she thought it wiser to give in now, as she will want him to take a house in town for the season."

How much longer Miss Mackintosh would have dilated upon her sister's travels and enjoyments, Sir Bernard did not wait to hear. With a muttered, "Poor Danby!" he took Phyllis off a short cut through the park, leaving her friend to escort Miss Dallas to the castle.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR SEPTEMBER.

By THE EDITOR.

FIRST SUNDAY.

REGENERATION.

Read John iii. 1-21.

THE doctrine of Regeneration is not popular nowadays, and its unpopularity probably arises from the half-ignorant, half-fanatical manner in which it is often enforced. Rightly understood it ought to be the brightest and most encouraging of truths. Its necessity should never be regarded as a terror, but as a glorious promise. And yet few persons ever speak of Regeneration in a tone of gladness. By many it is treated as foolishness; it provokes them; they will not hear of it. As it seems to discredit any good they may have already attained, they dismiss it as an offence. They can understand the religion which demands propriety of conduct, purity of thought, and a generous or honourable disposition; but that which begins by declaring the necessity for a new life quickened by the Spirit of God savours so much of what they term "cant," that they will have none of it. We fear that writers of tracts, preachers and revivalists, may be held blameworthy for this result. Our Lord represented the gift of the Holy Ghost, the new life which was to be poured upon the Church, as the crowning blessing of His sufferings, death, resurrection, and ascension. The apostles and believers spoke of it as "the unspeakable gift," for which they praised God. It is because of the possession of this life from above, of which Regeneration is the commencement, that the Church is the temple and continual dwelling-place of God. No one, therefore, should allow thoughtlessness or prejudice to turn him aside from the consideration of this lofty truth. It may be beset with difficulty, and in many of its aspects it is enshrouded in mystery; but in its general features and in its practical relationships, it lies not only at the foundation of our religion, but it is one of the most elevating and helpful thoughts which can be presented to our minds.

In the Readings for this month we will seek to view it in this light, caring less for the theological aspects of the question than for those that may be useful.

The circumstances under which Christ met Nicodemus and used the statement, "Except a man be born from above, he cannot see the kingdom of God," throw considerable light on the meaning of the doctrine. Nicodemus was

what we would now call a learned and influential ecclesiastic. His coming to Jesus by night to avoid the scandal which might be caused by a man in his position seeking instruction from the suspected Nazarene, and the hesitating manner in which he addressed the Lord, show that he was under impressions that he scarcely dared to avow even to himself. He could not understand Christ. Many things indicated His mission to be divine; much of what Jesus said and did at once attracted him and filled him with strange wonder as to His character. Could it be possible that He was a true prophet? or was He even the promised Messiah? This latter belief he might not entertain in view of the inconsistency of the position of this homeless Teacher with all the hopes which, as a student of prophecy, he had been led to attach to the Anointed One who was to sit on the throne of David and inaugurate a new epoch of liberty and joy and power for Zion. But if he could not accept His claims, he could not altogether reject them, and so he determined to go to Christ that he might, if possible, discover who and what He was. It was to a man in this state of mind that Christ, instead of directly answering his question, announced as a primary condition, "Except a man be born from above, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

Notice the situation. The kingdom of God was there before the very eyes of Nicodemus—that kingdom which is "righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost"—that eternal kingdom in which the will of the Father is perfectly done, and in which God is known and served and loved in the spirit of Spotless Sonship. That kingdom was visibly incarnated in Christ. His glory was the very glory of God. Nicodemus was gazing on this kingdom and hearing it expressed, but he did not appreciate it. No external sign of divine power, such as miracles afford, could have made him perceive it. A sign from heaven might have astonished him, but it would not have made the beauty of holiness more attractive. No series of texts, however cogent, could have brought him to realise the power of the eternal life that was with the Father, and was even then being manifested. There was but one way in which he could be brought to recognise it, and that was through a change in the spiritual eye with which he looked at the things of Christ. The light was shining, and no amount of argument

orevidence could help him like the change produced by having the gift of that inner sight which beholds the light for itself. The difficulty was not in Christ, but in Nicodemus; and so Jesus gave the truest answer to the questionings of this man's spirit, when He said, "If you would see the kingdom of God you must become a different man, and instead of the pride of the Pharisee you must get the life of a little child; you must have the spiritual perception if you would confess the power of the spiritual kingdom that is in Me." This teaching is the same in principle as that He gave to the rich young man who wished to know how he must inherit eternal life. As our Lord told Nicodemus that he must lay aside his pride and the mistakes engendered by pride, and become like a newborn babe, so in showing the young ruler that eternal life was to be found in love, Christ, by one vivid stroke, showed him how he had been fulfilling the law of love to God and man only so far as it suited the idolatry of his great possessions. The necessity which seemed so hard was, in both instances, founded in the very nature of things.

SECOND SUNDAY.

REGENERATION—ITS NATURE.

Read Joel ii. 21 to end, and Acts ii. 32 to end.

That which we term Regeneration is set forth in Scripture under many different forms of expression, but they all indicate a vital change in the moral and spiritual sympathies. Sometimes it is described as the imparting of a new life. "You hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins." "We know that we have passed from death unto life." It is the same idea which is involved in such phrases as being "born from above," "born of God." In harmony with the conception of a new spiritual life is that of an inward illumination, giving us new apprehensions of old truths, like the effect which light has in revealing things which were concealed before. "God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." "Ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord." Again this work of the Holy Ghost is set forth as inspiring new convictions, whereby sin and righteousness assume a meaning before unsuspected. It is thus that our Lord promises the Comforter to "convince the world of sin and righteousness and judgment." And lastly, it is

spoken of as the influx of a Divine Power, thrilling what had before been cold and passionless into vivid energy and irresistible force. "Ye shall receive power," was the promise of Christ to the disciples, and the nature of that power was seen at Pentecost to have been inward and spiritual. These various forms of expression all combine in presenting the single idea of a new life inspired by the Holy Ghost.

This change does not imply any alteration of our natural powers and faculties. We remain characterized by the same individuality. St. Paul was not a cleverer man after his conversion than he was before. His mental powers were marvellously quickened by the new motives that excited every natural activity into keenest effort, but the intellectual and moral framework of his being was the same as ever.

Nor does this change imply any direct instruction in truth. While it throws fresh meaning into old words and, like the sunshine which manifests the beauty lying in objects that had been unperceived though near us, it makes the Divine Word teem with a glory we never knew before, yet there is no new truth conveyed. It is the old truth that is perceived with new power. By duly considering this we will be saved from fanaticism. The fanatic appeals to inner voices and revelations, independent of the outward revelation, and confounds hysterical excitement and the creatures of his heated imagination with that enlightenment in the knowledge of Christ which is the blessed work of God's Spirit.

But when we have described Regeneration as essentially the gift of a new life, we reach a point where mystery must for ever rest. Life in every form is inexplicable. Physical life, whether in the flower or in the child, baffles our research. All life is in a sense supernatural, and "from above." We can name the conditions under which life is produced and mark the symptoms of its presence, but we cannot reach its origin or lay bare its essence. Neither anatomist nor chemist can catch that subtle power. And yet what marvellous consequences flow from it! The eye of him who died but a second ago has identically the same nerves and humours as that of the living man. Neither scalpel nor crucible can detect any physical loss or gain. The same scene may be shadowed on the retina of both, the splendour of the sunshine or the grandeur of the storm, but how vast is the difference produced by the presence or absence of this mysterious

gift of life! The one perceives and admires, the other is but callous flesh.

So is it in things spiritual. There may be no difference in the external circumstances of two men. Let the one be as intelligent as the other; let them be equally capable of intellectual effort, be possessed of similar educational advantages and both alike acquainted with the doctrine of Scripture and versed in text and evidence; let the only difference be that one is spiritually alive and the other spiritually dead, and the consequences that ensue will be as marked as between the eye of the physically dead and that of the living. Place them in the same church, present to them the same truth, yet the result in the one case is like passing a panorama before the face of the inanimate, while to the other it has a meaning and glory so engrossing that all else appears loss in comparison with its excellency.

The same fact can be illustrated by what occurs frequently in the life of the same individual. Many good men can recollect a time when they were as well acquainted with the words of the Gospel as they are now; but while understood, these expressions were powerless, and as much without interest as if they belonged to another world than their own. But they are now conscious of a change whereby the same ideas have become tremendous realities, and they know that the alteration has not arisen from any external teaching, but from a spiritual quickening in their apprehension of the old truths. They had once eyes, but they saw not; ears, but they heard not; hearts, but they felt not, until the breath of God's own life-giving spirit had inspired a new life within, which, like the electric spark that changes the cold iron into a thing of power, filled the former empty phrases with vital force. Then they entered the kingdom of God, which had ever been near them though hidden; then they possessed the unsearchable riches which had been beside them, but never enjoyed before; then they tasted for themselves "the heavenly gift," and knew the "powers of the world to come."

THIRD SUNDAY.

REGENERATION—ITS NECESSITY.

Read I-saiah vi. 1-10, and I Cor. ii.

The doctrine of a new spiritual life appears to many arbitrary and unreal. The necessity for possessing it, and for having a new range of perceptions and sympathies, seems so extraordinary a condition that they hesitate to believe in it. They deem it a

greater honouring of the Divine goodness to hope that God is too merciful to make such a demand on any of His creatures; and they ask what is to become of all those who never even heard of the Gospel, far less of this claim, and who have, nevertheless, been the moral guides of their generation and examples of virtue? These and other difficulties we will answer afterwards; in the meantime let us look at the inherent necessity which is involved in the doctrine of regeneration.

We must always remember that there can be nothing arbitrary in the demands made by God, for He governs by law and not by caprice; and if the condition, "ye must be born again," was an arbitrary condition, we would at once doubt its authority. But it is not so. Christ did not make the law when He spoke to Nicodemus. He was but revealing a law which must always be binding. It is not true because He said it, but He said it because it was true.

The necessity for such a change is involved in the call to repentance, which meets us at the very threshold of the Gospel, and it is implied in the very nature of things. The kingdom of God is not a place which can be entered or left as we enter or leave a room; nor is heaven a privileged locality, reserved as a reward for faithful services rendered to God on earth. When Christ said "the kingdom of God is within you," and when St. Paul described it as consisting "in righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost," we learn that it is essentially a question of character, or, in other words, the enjoyment of God in consequence of His being known and loved. There are other kingdoms whose entrance is similarly dependent on personal fitness. The kingdom of Science, for example, with its special interests and rewards, can be entered only by those who understand scientific methods and calculations. The uneducated are excluded from the inheritance of intellectual joy which is the portion of a Newton or La Place. The kingdom of Art is guarded by similar conditions; and if entering the kingdom of God means the opening not of an outward door into a place called heaven, but of an inner and spiritual appreciation of the things of God, then it becomes no longer a question of external reward, but involves a connection as vital as the true ear is to the pleasure of the musician. To be within the kingdom of God is verily to have that kingdom within us, to love and obey God, as Jesus Christ loved and

obeyed Him, and to be in sympathy with His good and perfect will, even as St. Paul or St. John or every saint in every age has been in sympathy with it.

It needs little evidence to show that all men have not this fellowship with God. The words of Scripture which distinguish so sharply between what "the natural man" and "the spiritual man" perceives, are uncompromising and yet hold absolutely true in experience. The question is not whether all men may not attain to the higher life, but whether all men do, in point of fact, attain to it. The possibilities which belong to every child of man through the redemption that is in Christ are unbounded, but the difference is not thereby affected which separates things "natural" from things "spiritual." A brief acquaintance with actual life is sufficient to convince the most sceptical that while, for example, every man ought not merely to know doctrinally the evil of sin, but to be so convinced of its evil as to be delivered from all sympathy with it, yet the number of persons who are affected by a just sense of its nature is comparatively small. We would, in like manner, expect that to love God would, of all things, be the most natural for men endowed with the moral perception of goodness, yet knowledge of the world teaches us that this is not the case. Men do not apparently love God and seek holiness as instinctively as St. Paul or St. Augustine loved Him after they were avowedly baptized with the new life of the Spirit. What ought to be most natural is very far from being the usual fruit of "nature," and the most superficial observer of society must confess that to put the men we ordinarily meet into full sympathy with a heaven composed of beings who are in harmony with God's thoughts, and who rejoice in Him as their highest good, would undoubtedly require a change in character as decided as that implied in the term Regeneration. Common sense forbids the belief that such a condition is "natural" to man. If it were natural why do they not all possess it as naturally as they possess filial affection towards their worldly parents? If they acknowledge that to be made like Christ is the highest possible life for them, why do they not always choose it? How account for this strange perversion which in presence of the true light, ever turns aside to the darkness? Nay, I am certain that there is no man who honestly searches his own heart who will not confess that for him to see, and to be influenced by, spiritual

things as he knows he ought to be influenced, does imply such a revolution in his ordinary sentiments, the inspiration of such a new mind, that he must verily be "born from above" before he can have the moral sensitiveness and possess the appreciative insight into "the things of God" which so many Christian men in every age have enjoyed.

FOURTH SUNDAY.

REGENERATION—"HOW CAN THESE THINGS BE?"

Read Jeremiah i. 1-10, and St. John xvii. 15-26.

There are undoubtedly many difficulties connected with the doctrine of Regeneration. A chief difficulty in the case of many persons is its relationship to human responsibility. If the new life is the gift of God the question at once arises, How, then, can any man be held blamable for not possessing it?

Many answers can be suggested, but the one which commends itself to my own mind is of a practical character.

As we before remarked, all life is surrounded by mystery, and there is a sense in which the gift of life is in every case supernatural and beyond the power of man. But there are conditions on which life depends both in its commencement and its growth, and these conditions are usually within our control. Our conduct in reference to these conditions is accordingly that for which we are justly held responsible. The farmer who scatters the seed in spring has no power of himself to quicken the grain. His duty is to submit the seed to those influences under which he knows life is developed, and having put it into the proper soil, exposed to light, and warmth, and moisture, he leaves it in the faith that his hopes will not be disappointed. It is in a measure not otherwise in things spiritual. There must always be a certain difference between the semi-mechanical principles on which physical life depends and those which affect spiritual or moral processes; but the analogy is sufficiently close to establish such a parallel as may aid us to understand from the former the nature of the latter. A consideration of how life is developed in the plant may make us see, for example, that we will never get spiritual life by discussing theological theories regarding it, or by our own unaided efforts. In spiritual life we must be as completely fellow-labourers with God as the farmer is in the culture of the seed. There are conditions under which spiritual life is promised to us, and it is our duty to bring ourselves under these conditions.

This principle received a suggestive illustration in the manner in which Christ dealt with Nicodemus. When the inquirer, filled with astonishment at the strange demand made upon him, asked our Lord "How can these things be?" instead of entering on a discussion of the problem of life, Jesus answered by a glorious declaration of the good tidings of the love of God. He assumed the impossibility of Nicodemus, or of any other man, rising into an understanding of the divine side of life. "If I have told you earthly things and ye believe not, how can ye believe if I tell you of heavenly things?" "The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth, so is every one that is born of the Spirit." In neither case is the origin manifest, but the effects are plain. He then preached the Gospel to him—"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life. For God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. He that believeth on Him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God." In other words, Christ put Nicodemus within those influences under which spiritual life is imparted and grows. The seed was placed in the true soil. He acted towards him on the assumption that if he but opened his being to the love of God, and abode in the light, not turning again to his own darkness, he would find the practical answer to his question, "How can these things be?" For we never can obtain spiritual life by merely preaching about the necessity of it, or by examining the doctrines involved, or by searching our own hearts, just as the farmer can never reap a crop by merely discussing theories or by dissecting the grain. The higher life can only come from our yielding to those influences under which it is produced.

It is assuredly not necessary to know, as some persons imagine it of vital consequence to know, the date and circumstances under which the vital change occurred which is described in Scripture as a passing from death unto life; but it is of importance to know whether we are now spiritually alive or dead. A man may be fully aware that he is physically alive, although ignorant of the place and time when he was born; and

we may also tell whether we are spiritually alive to God, to the evil of sin, and to the grace of the Lord Jesus, no matter when or how that life commenced. If I believe in the possibility of sudden conversion, I have even a firmer belief in the reality of many a life whose beginnings have been so gradual as to have been imperceptible. It would be a denial of the promise and grace of baptism, if we supposed that every man is heathen and without God who has not experienced some spiritual crisis which he may regard as his conversion. Far from it. Many of the noblest and richest spiritual lives in the history of the Church have been the gradual result of continued influences, and of a faithful training "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

Lastly, and in reply to those who imagine that our doctrine denies all hope for the nations who have never even heard of the Holy Ghost, we may boldly say that the work of God's Spirit is not confined to Christian lands. "The light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world" is not restricted within Church walls. Obedience to whatever light God gives is the principle which defines human responsibility, and we may not limit the guidance or the inspiration whereby true men are elevated into a higher life, because their religious creed may be terribly erroneous or lamentably defective. "Verily, I have not found such faith; no, not in Israel," may be the testimony of Christ regarding many an one whom we should term heretic, or even idolater.

FIFTH SUNDAY.

REGENERATION—THE GREAT PROMISE TO HUMANITY.

Read St. John xvi, 5-15, and St. Luke xi, 5-13.

Many persons may be disposed to object to the view we have been urging, on the ground that it takes too low an estimate of human nature; and that to draw marked distinctions between the "natural man" and "the spiritual," presents too harsh a picture of the "fair humanities." In some respects we recognise the force of this objection, for we are very far from sympathising with the teaching which was once far more common than it happily is now, and which deemed it was doing God a service by denying the beauty and goodness that so often adorn men who are even avowed unbelievers in Christ. Nothing can be gained by such denials. We have no hesitation in asserting that we have frequently seen a nearer approach to the Christian spirit in persons who, under the constraints of insuperable doubt, have re-

fused to confess Christ, than in others who, under the name of orthodoxy and zeal for Bible truth, display such narrowness and fierceness of passion as to bring dishonour on the religion they profess. We are also too painfully aware that the doctrine of Regeneration is sometimes set forth in a manner calculated to repel thoughtful men. Instead of being presented as the most glorious possibility and hope, it is hurled as a fearful threat and a dreadful necessity.

But the demand, "ye must be born from above," is one of the most joyful and encouraging statements in the Word of God, as well as one of the most ennobling testimonies to the grandeur of human nature. It would be a lowering of our humanity had it been otherwise. Had Christ said, "God has no higher purpose for you than that you should continue as you are; your destiny is sufficiently wide within the limits of your present sympathies and aspirations; increased culture of these powers and further advancement in the same line of advance as you are now following are all that you can hope for; be happy within your horizon and congratulate yourselves on the high platform on which you stand in the scale of being, for there is nothing attainable by you beyond it," He would have crushed humanity instead of exalting it. What He does say is infinitely more hopeful and honouring to man—"Ye must be born of God; you must enter into the very life of the Highest; you must pass from this narrow range of sympathies into perfect fellowship with the holiest and best; you must not remain as you are; I insist on your becoming like Myself, sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, for it is the purpose of God that you should be perfect as He is perfect, and for this end He will give you His own Holy Spirit to quicken that divine life in you which may make all things possible." Nay, further, the phrase, "ye must be," involves the promise "ye may be;" and it is our great ignorance and sinful unbelief which prevent us from thankfully praising Him that He has made it not only possible but the law of our being, that we can reach fulness of joy only by sharing His own life and love and holiness. Methinks our ignorant shrinking from the demand of Jesus, "ye must be born from above," can appear to those who have entered deeply into the divine life, but as the shrinking of the barbarian from social elevation, or as the cowering of the diseased from the touch which is to cause a stream of health to flow with invigorating current through the frame.

Let us so regard it. The kingdom of God, which consists in the reign of God over our hearts and lives, arising from sympathy with His thoughts and ways, or, in other words, the possession of God through love—that is the great blessing of the Gospel of Christ. He came that we might have this kind of life. "To as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believed in His name; which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." He came to impart that spiritual life which was in Himself and which, in the history of humanity, has never yet been attained without Christ. When He insists on our possessing it, He reveals the most sublime hope which can gladden man. Let us then lift our hearts to the loving purpose of God and come into the light that our deeds may be made manifest, in order that all that is unbelieving, unloving, and imperfect, may be made clear in the light of the perfect purity and goodness of God. Let us fall back on Him who is the true vine and the source of all life, willing to be dependent wholly on Him, even as the branch is dependent on the root; let us rest on Him in childlike faith; and we may be assured that He will "perfect that which concerns us." It may not be in the way we expect, nor suddenly, nor with the signs which our unbelief would dictate, but in His own time and manner that He will convince us of "sin and righteousness and judgment," and "lead us into all the truth." Christ tells us in most touching words that if we, "being evil, know how to give good gifts to our children, how much more will our heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him." The analogy He draws in that passage is suggestive; for if the earthly Father does not withhold bread from his child because he knows it is necessary for his bodily health, how much more must our heavenly Father, Who knows that His great gift is requisite for our spiritual well-being, grant the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him? When we ask Him as the hungry child asks bread; when we ask Him with the seeking of a life willing to yield itself to Him, and with the striving of a will which endeavours after obedience as its highest good, He will give the grace we long for. The very seeking is a sign of its presence, and it is "according to that very power which now works in us" that "He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we either ask or think."



"THE MUSLIM'S PRAYER."

By GEORGE F. STAMPER.

THE WEAKER VESSEL.

By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "JOSEPH'S COAT," "RAINBOW GOLD," "AUNT RACHEL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

I WALKED up and down the court for an hour after Dr. Mason's departure, an object of interest to all the boyhood of the neighbourhood, and all the slatternly little girls who nursed babies. These thronged the narrow entrance of the court, scattering with screams whenever I walked towards them, and gathering compactly together again whenever I walked away, until at last long immunity gave them courage and they stood in rapt wonder at the apparition of gloves, a new hat, and clean linen in that unexpected quarter. Mary appeared in the doorway, and I hastened to meet her. To a casual and unobservant eye there would have been no sign of excitement in her aspect, but I who knew what strange reason she had for amazement and emotion could see that she had not yet recovered.

"Have these people," she asked, "or has the doctor told you anything of the sick woman's identity?" I answered with a mere motion of the head. "She is asleep," Mary continued, in a half-whisper, as if there had been already need for caution. "You may see her. You will know her?" I signified assent again. "Come this way. Tread softly."

The air in the court itself was foul and heavy, but it was free and pure by comparison with that which crawled about the staircase. The gloom there seemed a natural part of the air's weight and closeness. The wretched stair creaked and complained beneath our footsteps. We mounted to the third story, and there Mary slowly pushed open a door which jarred and shrieked upon its hinges in spite of all her caution, and motioned me to enter. I went in on tiptoe, and took in the squalor of the chamber at a glance, the smoky time-stained walls, green in places with some bygone winter's rains, the cracked, uneven floor, the broken plaster of the ceiling, where the bare laths showed like a desert map of unknown countries; the single window, with a shattered pane stuffed with rag, the grate, with the dead ashes of an old fire in it. There was no bed in the room, but on the floor a huddled heap of sacking, with wood shavings thickly spread below it. A cloak that had once been elegant covered the form of a woman sleeping on this

miserable couch. The face was hidden, but a mass of disorderly black hair streamed across the impoverished coverlid, with a small ear shining in ghastly and exaggerated whiteness amongst its disordered coils. Between the couch and the door was a small table, drawn a little to one side, so that it did not intercept the view. I advanced, still on tiptoe, and laying my hands on this, bent forward, and surveyed the sleeping woman's face. It was strangely changed from the face I had seen when I had last parted from her, but I knew it instantly. By what wild recklessness or what disaster she had so far stripped herself of the means of livelihood as to have fallen to such a refuge as this in so short a space of time I could not guess, but there was no doubt as to her identity.

Once assured, I turned away, and cautiously retraced my steps. Mary stood in the half gloom of the landing, and when she saw me her eyes asked a question. Mine answered it, and with a swift and nervous gesture she took both my hands, and held them tightly.

"You are sure?" she whispered.

"Sure," I whispered back again.

She motioned me down-stairs, and I obeyed her, she following in my footsteps. Half-way down she laid a hand upon my shoulder and arrested me.

"I must not leave her," she said. "I must not leave her for a moment. She is so nearly exhausted that nothing but the most constant care can save her. Tell Clara that I shall not be able to get home to-night."

She spoke even now in a guarded tone, and I instinctively answered her in the same fashion.

"You must have help," I said. "You must not be allowed to wear yourself away. I shall call at the nurses' institute, and send you an assistant. Then when your relief arrives, you must come home."

"I do not think," she answered, "that I shall dare to leave her, for a time. You forget: I have had experience lately. I shall be glad of assistance. It was thoughtful, and like you, to think about it. Go now, and be sure that Clara is not alarmed."

I was half-way down the remainder of the stairs when I heard the rustle of her dress again behind me. When I turned I could see dimly a pained and confused look upon:

her face, and I fancied she was blushing, though I was uncertain in the gloom.

"I have no money, John. Things will be wanted. Lord Worborough will repay you."

So far as I knew that was the only mention of his name she had made since she had learned of my discovery of Pole's wife in Paris. I gave her my purse, and told her to spare nothing that was needful, and she went up-stairs again. For an instant, before the first turning took her out of sight, her beautiful pale face hung in the gloom like the pictured head of a saint. The black robe melted into the surrounding shadows, and only the face, with the band of white across the forehead, was half visible. Then this floated away, and I went down the steps and out of the court alone.

It had never entered my mind to believe that the miserable woman I had just left behind would have pushed her resolution not to accept the allowance her husband offered her to such a point as this. I had supposed, as almost anybody would have done in my place, that we had but to wait until she felt the first touch of necessity, to receive her capitulation in form. We knew perfectly well that her desire for vengeance on Pole weighed far more heavily with her than any sense that she was being defrauded of her rights. At the time of her marriage with Pole, if she had ever contemplated a separation from him, a fifth part of the income I had offered in her husband's behalf would have seemed an actually munificent allowance.

I wondered how Pole would take the news of this victorious obstinacy, and on my way homeward I called at a telegraph station and sent off two despatches, each addressed to him, the one through his steward, and the other through his solicitor, requesting his immediate presence in London. I had just loose silver enough to pay for the messages. It was quite uncertain when I should hear from Pole, for he had closed his house in Paris, and was wandering again, I knew not where. It might even be weeks before he would communicate with either of his men of business, and it was possible that even the most serious events might happen without his knowledge. It is curious to notice how even in one's thoughts one shrinks from the actual confession of certain things. I know now, and I knew then, that the most serious events meant nothing more or less than the one great serious event of all. Brought face to face with a problem which happily but few people can ever have to look at seriously, I felt a something strange and dreadful in

the sense that it was the bounden duty of every creature concerned to strain every intelligence and every effort to conserve a life which cursed its owner and spread a blight on all who knew her. Not the best loved, not the most useful and most highly honoured, not the very centre of benevolence and wisdom, would lay a greater claim upon skill, patience, tenderness, than this self-scouring centre of unhappiness. The very knowledge of her own poor deserving would have to be a spur to conscience, lest there should be even an inward self-accusing whisper of neglect.

Clara was disturbed by the news I had to give her, chiefly on Mary's account.

"I know what will happen," she said. "She will take this as a case of conscience, a thousand times more even than any other, and if she is not taken care of she will watch herself to death. Where is this place, John? You must find a professional nurse and get Mary away."

This reminded me of my own undertaking, and I told Clara of it.

"See to it at once," she said. "You will find a nurse immediately. Take her with you in a cab, and bring Mary back with you."

It was easy to give orders in this impetuous manner; "But what," I asked, "if Mary will not come?"

"Tell her," Clara answered, "that I myself will go and compel her to come home and take her natural night's rest. I know, John; it's very angelic, but it isn't common-sense. I'm not going to have the life of that darling girl, who sweetens the world for everybody who knows her, thrown away, or even risked, for a worthless creature who only lives to make herself and other people miserable. If the poor woman is in such a den as you describe, we must take her out of it as soon as the doctor will allow her to be moved. If more than one nurse is necessary we must get more than one, and if it's safe to go, Mary can superintend them. Anything more than that I will not listen to."

"My dear," I ventured to respond, "you are the very genius of good sense."

"Don't be sarcastic, John," she answered.

"I am sure I am right. Go at once and find a nurse, and take her with you. And above all, don't fail to bring Mary back again. Tell her that if she refuses I will come and stay with her. Tell her that you can't stop me—you know you can't stop me, John—and that you will hold her responsible. She knows how delicate I am."

Thus armed, I borrowed money from my wife, and set out again. Dr. Mason gave me the address of an institute for nurses, where I was almost certain immediately to find a trained and trustworthy woman. I drove thither, without delay, was introduced to the presence of the matron, explained to her as far as was necessary the circumstances of the case, and in a quarter of an hour was bowling away towards Green Hill Court, in company with a professional nurse, so bounteously proportioned that she nearly filled the cab. She was a calm-looking woman of obviously amiable temperament, and had a mother-of-a-family air about her which was eminently assuring. When we arrived at the court together, and I had paid the cabman, I caught her looking at her surroundings with an air of surprise and almost of dismay, so that I felt constrained to take her partly into confidence.

"The poor lady who lies here," I said, "has been in hiding from her friends. She was discovered by a providential accident this afternoon, and we shall remove her as soon as the doctor thinks it safe to do so."

"Well, sir," she answered, with an air of philosophy, "the greater the need, the better the deed. It looks needy enough hereabouts."

With that she seized a small black portmanteau with which she had come provided, and waddled resolutely into the court and up the stairway. It was pitch dark there by this time, though it was still light outside, and I had to illuminate the way by striking wax vestas one after the other, so that we had two pauses on our upward passage. The light revealed the excessive squalor of the building. The stairs were encrusted with old filth, and the painted walls were deep in a sort of half-dry mire which came off, friable and clammy, at the touch of the fingers. The cracked door, ill-fitting and warped from its original shape, guided us by a score of glittering crevices to the room we sought, and it was somewhat surprising to find, when I had knocked and we had been called upon to enter, that this brilliant illumination proceeded from a single candle. One would have thought, from the intensity with which the light streamed out upon the darkness through the cracks and crevices of the door, that the whole chamber was alive with light. As we entered Mary rose with her finger on her lips, and recognising me with a glance of some astonishment, looked inquiringly at my companion. I advanced stealthily, and the nurse, in spite

of her ponderous proportions, slid upon the crazy floor like a list-slipped silence.

"I have found a nurse," I whispered, "who will take your place. Clara insists upon your coming home at once, and declares that if you will not do so, she will share your watch. You know what a resolute young person it is, and you know that she will keep her word."

The nurse had already, with a systematic air, taken off her tidy bonnet and handsome mantle, which was ornamented by a profusion of black glass beads, had laid them neatly on the table, and now slid into the chair which had been occupied by Mary before our entrance. She took the black portmanteau upon her knees, opened it by a spring, and, drawing from its depths a roll of worsted stocking with knitting-needles thrust through it, set the portmanteau on the floor again, and began at once to knit, with a silence and rapidity astonishing to contemplate. She had not been there a minute, and contrived to look as if she had been born and lived there.

"Dr. Mason," said Mary, speaking in the same careful tones I myself had used, "promised to bring a local practitioner to watch the case, and said that he would be here to meet him at nine o'clock. I must stay till then."

"You will come away then?" I asked.

"Certainly," she answered. "I will come away then."

The nurse, hearing this conversation, rose from the place she had assumed, but there was no other chair in the chamber, and I had to stumble down-stairs in search of one.

"And now," said Mary, "go home and tell Clara that she need have no anxiety on my account. When we have Dr. Mason's further instructions nurse will know what is to be done, and I will leave at once."

"I will be here at nine o'clock," I answered. "If the doctor will allow it we will move her in the morning to some decent place where she can have good air and quiet."

The rickety place swarmed with life and noises.

"Are you quite fresh and strong, nurse?" Mary asked the comfortable woman at her side. "It will not be pleasant watching here. Do you think we might get an arm-chair for the nurse, John?"

I answered "Certainly," and set out in pursuit of that necessary. I found it in the neighbouring street, a great, roomy, cushioned thing, fit for the nurse's generous proportions, and modestly priced at seven-

and-sixpence. I came back again, bearing this trophy in my arms at considerable inconvenience; but I excited no man's attention, or woman's either, and it would have seemed as if it were not at all a startling or unusual thing in that neighbourhood to find a man cumbersomely embracing his household goods in the public thoroughfare.

This duty discharged, I had still ample time to search for a new hansom, drive home with the news of Mary's consent to Clara, snatch a hurried apology for dinner, and get back to Green Hill Court by nine o'clock. Dr. Mason had arrived a moment before me, and what with the certainty that the sick woman's apparently wild stories of herself were true, and with the advent of so many well-dressed strangers, the court was in a turmoil. The crippled Italian swung rapidly forward at the sound of my approaching cabwheels, and intercepted me whether I would or no. He had been certain all along that the patient was a *gran dama*, and the other people had scoffed at him. Yet now—aha! Why did people of consideration come from the four quarters of the winds to visit her, unless his thoughts were true? Who but people of the first consideration were visited by two doctors at a time? He hovered round me on his restless crutches with a surprising agility, and I was obliged to be excessively gingerly in my movements, lest I should overthrow him in the dark as I walked towards the bottom of the court. I made one or two observations in answer to his rapid, broken chatter, and the English contingent of the court's inhabitants made a chorus to us, chiefly inspired by wonder that anybody out of poverty's kingdom should be able to understand his language. I know it will seem an absurd statement to many, but I know for a fact that the very poor of London suppose all inhabitants of foreign countries to be poor and helpless, and regard a foreign tongue as the last badge of poverty.

I escaped him at last, and found my way up the desolate and broken stairs once more. There was a low murmur of voices in the room, and when in answer to my faint and scarcely audible knock I was admitted, Dr. Mason was giving instructions to the nurse. The humbler practitioner, who was a man of three or four-and-twenty only, and had a face of keen intelligence, listened respectfully, and accepted the great man's dicta with as evident a worship as a student of painting might have for the President of the Royal Academy, or a subaltern for the directions of a Field Marshal. The patient was

awake, but very feeble. Her illness and her prolonged half-wilful abstinence from food had peaked her features and brightened her great black eyes unnaturally. She looked all eyes, and the eyes looked a sad complaining nothing, as if she had fallen away from all sense of feeling and emotion.

The doctors left with Mary and myself, and we walked together into the nearest respectable thoroughfare. Talking of the case, at present, Dr. Mason said, he would not authorise the unhappy creature's removal. Perhaps it might be possible to-morrow. It would, of course, be well to secure cleanliness, pure air, and quiet, but her condition was for the moment so critical that he could only leave her where she lay.

"You have seen her now," he said. "What do you think? Is she the woman she pretends to be?"

"Yes," I answered. "She is Lord Worborough's wife."

"Ah well," rejoined the doctor; "she'll be no great loss if she goes, though we've got to do our best for her. Have you communicated with Lord Worborough? He ought to know."

I told him that I had already despatched two telegrams, but that I was uncertain of the time they would take to reach their destination. He drew me farther back, and allowed Mary and the young doctor to walk at some distance ahead of us.

"Sister Constance is Miss Delamere, isn't she?" And when I had answered in the affirmative, he nodded several times, and said that it was a curious conjunction of circumstances, when you came to think of it. "Between ourselves, you know," he added, "I'm a little bit uncertain. We'll do what we can for her, but I don't think she'll pull through it. I don't *think* she'll pull through it."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

In two days' time the patient, under the influence of warmth and nourishment, so far rallied that we were able to transport her to a clean and comfortable lodging. She gained more in wilfulness than she gained in strength, and the nurse so far confided in me as to tell me that she had never before encountered so intractable a subject. For four or five days I went regularly to see her once a day, to ascertain for myself what progress she was making, and she seemed at first to regard my presence as being quite natural and in the common order of things. I dare say she had been too weak to wonder

much, or to take interest in her own surroundings. On the fourth or fifth day she had recovered something of her habitual scorn, and asked me point-blank what business her condition was of mine. I tried to let this query go by unanswered, but she grew angry at my silence, and fearing lest in her weakened state she should do herself a mischief by an outburst of temper, I did my best to soothe her. I told her in what way I had learned of her accident and her whereabouts, and I added that I had wired to her husband. She lay looking at me with her grieved eyes for a time, and then with a faint motion of her head upon the pillow, as if she would have nodded to emphasise her words, she said—

"I am not so easily conquered as you fancied. I shall have my way."

A little later the nurse offered to do some small service for her, and was rejected angrily. She took no notice of this, but went tranquilly on, and the patient broke into a rage, which, though feebly expressed, was so intense and unassuageable that the woman was compelled to desist.

At this moment, Mary, whom I had accompanied to the house, entered the room with a cup of beef-tea, which she at once proceeded to administer. Lady Worborough still cast glances of anger and aversion at the nurse, and muttered angrily about her, but she accepted Mary's attentions, though with a sufficiently ill grace. From that time forward she seemed to do her best to make the hired nurse's position unbearable. That excellent woman bore with the vagaries of sickness and ill-temper with a phlegmatic good-humour which irritated the patient more than I think any other reception of her angry and contemptuous ways could have done. One of the purposely irritating devices Lady Worborough adopted was to beg Mary, in a tone of amiability, to reperform for her any little office the nurse might already have done.

"I dare say she means well," she would say, "or might mean well if she did not give way to temper, but she is a clumsy creature, and quite out of place in a sick-room."

The nurse was not to be persuaded into any show of anger, whatever devices her ladyship might adopt, and the patient being one of those people who above all things loathe defeat in this direction, the good woman became utterly hateful and unbearable to her. If she could but have been persuaded to retort, the two might have got on together. Even if she had handled a tea-

cup with unnecessary emphasis, or have poked the fire with more than needful vigour, the sick woman would have found some solace. But to lie there and spend the weary, painful hours in the vain attempt to irritate that placid, irresponsible, obstinately good-humoured person was to aggravate her own native ill-humour beyond endurance.

One day, when she had been installed in her new lodgings for about a week, I called to make my customary inquiry. I had been received with so little grace, as was only natural in the circumstances, that for a day or two I had not intruded upon her ladyship's presence, but had simply made my inquiries at the door, where I had had a momentary interview with Mary. On this occasion I learned, a little to my astonishment, that Lady Worborough missed me, and desired me to be shown to her room.

"You are very regular in your inquiries, it appears, Mr. Denham," she said, when in answer to this invitation I presented myself, "but you should come in person to see what progress I make. It will be so much more satisfactory to your friend if you can tell him at first hand how sure I am to live and be a comfort to him."

She was quite helpless below the waist, and I am inclined to think from one or two phrases she had let fall already, that she believed this terrible affliction likely to last her lifetime. She did not seem at all quelled by the prospect, or even in any marked degree to rebel at it, but my own reflections upon it helped me to be patient with her bitter temper.

"His lordship takes his time in coming," she said a moment later, with a feeble mockery. "You and he, Mr. Denham, have rather a poor opinion of a woman's strength of mind, I think. I have heard so often that a little resolution, a little firmness, a little judicious patience, would work wonders. But, you see, I have not given in. I should have died if I had not been found. No doubt. But dying is not giving in. It is not even being beaten."

"If you could have been persuaded," I answered, "that your husband had no wish to enter into any warfare with you it would certainly have been happier. If you could be persuaded now to arrive at any compromise, I am sure that he will be willing to do anything in reason."

"I do not mean," she responded, "to accept any compromise whatever."

Feeble and wasted as she was, there was a kind of triumph in her manner.

"You think that because I am paralysed you have me in your power, but the fact is completely the reverse of that. I accept what you offer me at present, and I will continue to accept it for a reasonable time. I wanted to see you, Mr. Denham, chiefly in order that I might tell you this. When the reasonable time has expired, I shall refuse to take anything further from you, and will either have my rights or nothing. We will see whether or not my husband is villain and brute enough to allow a paralytic wife to starve."

"Can you fairly speak of your husband as allowing you to starve when he offers you five thousand pounds a year?" I asked. I was in sore dread lest this question should excite her, but on the whole it seemed very reasonable to put it, and I ventured the experiment. It was a relief to find that she could answer it tranquilly.

"You observe, Mr. Denham, that when a thing is offered to you on such terms that you would rather die than take it, it might almost as well not be offered at all. I will have my right or nothing."

There was a flash of fire in the last phrase, and I had already had too clear an indication of what her temper could be to dare to push her farther.

The young doctor came in a little later, and she welcomed him, as she had welcomed me, with a graciousness of manner very unusual in her. I was not long in being allowed to understand the meaning of this changed manner.

"You will find a seat upon this side of the bed, doctor," she said, indicating the position by a slight motion of the hand. "Pray come and tell Mr. Denham how much better I am. He will hardly believe me when I tell him. He is inclined to be a little out of spirits about me, and it will cheer him to know that I am really getting stronger. Mr. Denham is a great friend of Lord Worborough's, doctor. He will be able to convey the news to my husband, and to ease his mind."

Neither her tone nor her manner gave any indication of the real meaning of this speech. It was spoken smilingly, and even with a kind of coquetry. If I had not known the truth so well already, I should have supposed the words to have meant neither more nor less than they expressed in themselves. The young doctor felt her pulse, and made several commonplace inquiries about her condition, to all of which she answered with the same amiable calm.

"Lady Worborough certainly gains in strength, Mr. Denham," he said, looking up

at me. "Gains considerably in strength. If you could contrive now," he added, looking down at his patient, "to preserve your present spirits, your advance might be much more rapid."

"Oh," she answered, smiling at him, "I shall not lose my spirits. You must know, doctor, that I am a most unconquerable person, when I choose." Then she turned to me, "You will let his lordship know how I progress, Mr. Denham. You must write quite a flourishing account of me. I should so like to see his dear face when he reads your letter. It would be a comfort to me. I am a little tired now, Mr. Denham. I have talked too much. Good day. Send Sister Constance to me."

I thought at the time that this request was made with no other object than to prevent me from inquiring further into her condition. I obeyed it nevertheless, and went my way, wondering at the woman's implacability and bitterness. So far, as I devoutly believe until this moment, the wrong which had separated her husband and herself was wholly on her side. I have often thought that this may partly have accounted for her hatred, for there is unhappily no philosophy truer than that which teaches that you have to hate to justify yourself from the victim of your own ill-doing.

Clara and I naturally thought the matter over pretty often, and she, with her usual directness of statement, declared Lady Worborough to be altogether a horrible and hateful person. I recounted this particular conversation to her faithfully, and she was moved to great anger by it.

"Do you wonder," she demanded, "at your friend refusing to spend his life with a woman of that character? She would rather die than take the allowance he offers her? I think if I were in his place I should be inclined to put that to the test. I would engage a man to wait upon her every day with the money and the necessary document. She would yield if she had the chance to yield."

I represented that she seemed fairly well to have accepted the test already. Even before her accident rendered her helpless, she had sunk so low as to live voluntarily in one of the vilest slums in London, and now her helplessness gave her a new strength, and she knew it.

Clara turned upon me with flashing eyes.

"Do you mean to tell me, John, that you will counsel your friend to yield to that woman's demands?"

I answered that I should so counsel him if he asked my advice. It would be ignominious not to yield in such a case.

"Well," my wife declared, with a kind of despairing resignation, "it would be of no use for us to quarrel about other people's quarrels, but men don't seem to see things as women do. Suppose it were a man who chose to act in this way. Suppose a man did all that lay in his power to make his wife's life a burden to her. Suppose outside that expressed intention he drank, and had a hideous temper. Suppose the wife offered him five thousand pounds a year—he having not a penny in the world—to go away and merely cease to be a torment to her, whose side would you take then? Would you advise the wife to yield?"

I thought not, but then, as I pointed out to her, I had never been one of the advocates of equal rights between the sexes. In such a case as she chose to imagine my opinion was that a stout horsewhip might be employed with great advantage; though, even if the husband had been the sinner and not the wife, it would have been difficult to deal with him, when he became physically helpless, if he insisted seriously on dying or on having what he conceived to be his rights.

In the case of this hypothetical personage of her own creation Clara felt herself at liberty to be altogether resolute and unbending.

"I would allow him to insist upon dying," she declared. "I would tell him with absolute plainness, 'If you choose, out of your own wicked obstinacy, to die in the midst of plenty, you must do it. There is your money. Take it and use it, or leave it and starve, as seems good to you?' Is the world to be turned into an asylum for spoiled children who have gone mad with the indulgence of their own selfish passions? If Lady Worborough had *me* to deal with she——" She paused there, so fired by that prospect that she was afraid of saying too much, I fancy. When she had walked up and down the room for a minute or two she stopped short before me and opened up a new attack. "The fact is, John," she said, "that your absurd yielding to this wicked woman is part and parcel of the enormous injustice your sex perpetually heaps on ours."

This statement astonished me so much that I could find no reply to it, but she gave me no time for wonder. Her next sentences enlightened me.

"You propose," she went on, "to give way to this woman's monstrous claim. You

admit that if the cases were reversed, and it was a man who made it, he would deserve to be horsewhipped. That is, you admit that her conduct is utterly base and despicable. But you don't resent it; you don't fight against it. And why? It is beneath your dignity to fight with her because she is a woman. Your *mélis* of women is so profound that it seems beneath you to meet them on equal ground—the equal ground of justice, and honour, and common-sense."

"My darling Clara," I urged, "the dear creatures wouldn't endure it for a moment. And besides, they don't deserve to be treated in that way. A woman is not made for the rough-and-tumble of the world. It is no part of a man's duty to treat women as if they were men, any more than to treat men as if they were women. You think our honest worship degrades you? You think that, because even a bad woman carries about with her something of the sacredness with which we look at her happier sisters, men scorn your sex? That is poor logic."

"I don't care," protested Clara. "I would never yield to that woman's monstrous claim. I shall think it very unmanly in you if you advise Lord Worborough to take that line."

This proclamation alarmed me very little, for even thus early in my married life I had made one golden discovery. I commend it here to all young husbands who may find themselves in need of advice upon this point. Follow thy conscience, O young husband! Be just, and fear not, and the wife of thy bosom shall respect thee more a thousand times, and love thee the more honestly, and think the better of thine understanding, than if, seeking to please her, thou shouldst depart from the law of thine own soul. For the just man, who does that and that only which seems good to him, is a pillar of strength for a woman's heart to lean on, and she would rather him who can resist her for the sake of honest judgment than a thousand noodles who will melt at her tears or flutter away at her sighs in any direction in which it may please her to blow them. So that, whether I were right or wrong in respect of this matter, I was at least persuaded that I was right, and could do no less than hold to my own persuasion. Clara and I had many a battle about it, but neither could shake the other's conviction. The one point I was profoundly convinced upon was the one thing she refused to believe, and that alone was surely enough to keep two reasonable people from agreeing with each other. I knew of a certainty that Lady Worborough

employed no figure of speech when she said that she would rather die than give way. She would have found a savage satisfaction in seeming to die of her husband's neglect, and to have fixed on him the stigma of an actual brutality would have been a solace to her last hours. Whoever else gave way, she would not.

The time went by and brought no news of Pole. I wrote to his steward at Worborough, and called upon his lawyer in London, but neither of them had any tidings of him since he had given instructions for the sale of his hotel and effects in Paris. At the expiration of a fortnight Mary brought home a message from Lady Worborough to the effect that she would be obliged if I would call upon her on the following day. I complied with this invitation with no light heart, for I guessed what was coming, and it happened that I guessed rightly.

When I reached her room she was sitting propped up with pillows in bed, and her face wore all its old expression.

"I have sent for you, Mr. Denham," she began, "to tell you that this must come to an end. I have waited a reasonable time; I shall wait no longer. After noon to-day I will take neither bite nor sup at the hands of any pretended charity which aims at holding me from the possession of my rights."

I told her that there was no pretence in the matter, and since, in anticipation of this resolve of hers, I had carried the letter from the steward with me, I was able to place it at once in her hands. She glanced over it with a disdainful face, and let it fall contemptuously upon the coverlet.

"What is that to me?" she asked. "It is easy to concoct a story of that kind, and might be easy to keep me waiting here for ever, if you had a fool to deal with."

"Madam," I responded, "you must take what course you please. I give you my word of honour as a gentleman that all reasonable means have been employed to ascertain your husband's whereabouts."

"Understand me," she said, "I have not a word to add."

"Understand me also," I replied, as I rose to go. "You may do whatever reckless and foolish thing you may decide upon. But I will at least take care that my friend suffers no blame from your conduct. I have no fear that you will be allowed to do yourself a real damage. The doctors and the nurses will see to that. I am certain that when Lord Worborough returns he will give way to your unjust demands rather than continue

so undignified a struggle. In the meantime I have consulted Dr. Mason, and if you will allow me, I will report his judgment in his own words." I paused there for a moment, and she lifted her eyes, with the old menace and contempt I had had so many opportunities of reading, but she made no verbal answer. "I am sorry," I went on, "if I seem to be brutal, but you force me to absolute plainness. Dr. Mason's statement was given me in the words I give you now: 'If Lady Worborough chooses to behave like a mad woman she must be treated like a mad woman. She will not be allowed to hurt herself.' So soon as your husband receives my communication he will return. Until then you may safely reserve your forces. Until he comes there is nobody to coerce."

This time she did not so much as answer me by a look. She had closed her eyes, and though I waited for a considerable length of time in silence she continued to ignore my presence. I left her there and went home, deciding in my own mind to say nothing of our interview to Clara. It would only have strengthened her opinion, as much as it strengthened mine; and since we were far enough removed upon that point already, it was wisest to keep silence. If I had been in Pole's place, and had had a woman of that sort to deal with, I would at this pass have surrendered everything, rather than continue a strife so completely ignominious. The woman was vulgar to the core, and if, as the poet tells us, the gods themselves fight in vain against stupidity, what shall it be said they hope for against a vulgar heart, which is stupidity in essence, plus greed in essence?

I was sitting in my study, revolving these things in a mood more than sufficiently embittered, when a knock came to the front door, and a servant brought me a telegram. It came from Pole, and was dated "Geneva," and its contents ran, "Telegram received. With you in forty-eight hours.—Worborough."

I carried this at once to Pole's wife, and having gained admission to her room, handed it to her, telling her that it had just arrived. She read it with a smile of mockery.

"Do you think," she asked, "that I am a child or a fool that you play this comedy with me? I win, you see. You may bring me my beef-tea, nurse. Not you! How often am I to tell you that I will take nothing at your hands. Where is Sister Constance? Let Sister Constance bring it. I tell you I will not take anything except from Sister Constance."

Mary, hearing her impatient patient's voice raised in this feeble anger, entered from the adjoining room.

"Send that creature away," screamed the sick woman. "I will not have her about me."

I left Mary standing over her, quiet and persuasive, and the shrill, feeble, denouncing scream followed me down-stairs.

CHAPTER XXXV.

WHEN Mary returned home that night Clara happened to be absent, and she and I sat alone. She was sewing at some coarse garment for one of her poor, and I revolving in my own mind how best to approach the theme I had in my thoughts, sat for awhile pretending to read. At last I set my book on one side and announced, in as commonplace a voice as I could command, that I had received a telegram from Lord Worborough who would be in England the day after the morrow. It was not easy to mention his name in her presence, mainly because of the facts themselves, but partly because there had been a conspiracy of silence amongst us, and we had all grown used to the avoidance of that topic in her presence. She trembled ever so little, and the motion of the needle grew unsteady and inaccurate. She was more accustomed to controlling her feelings than to concealing them, and was by nature curiously frank for a woman, and almost at once she laid down her sewing and looked up at me with nothing but a slight pallor to indicate the emotion this news had caused her.

"Yes?" she said simply. "Your message seems to have taken some time in reaching him."

"He was not far afield," I answered; "no farther away than Geneva."

"Does he know," she asked, "your reasons for calling him home?"

"Not yet," I told her. But I supposed that he would have guessed that it related to Lady Worborough.

"Do you think," she asked, "that he will grant the claim she intends to make upon him?" I dare say I looked somewhat surprised at this, for she added in a voice of explanation, "Lady Worborough talks a great deal to me of her own affairs."

"I think he will do anything," I responded, "anything within the bounds of reason, to put an end to the struggle which is going on between them."

I heard a faint sigh as she took up her

work and bent over it anew. It seemed to indicate relief, and I asked if such a course on his part would be approved by her?

"I do not know," she said. "I think that Lord Worborough will try to act for the best."

She was so tranquil and self-controlled that I began to feel safe in discussing the subject with her.

"Of course," I told her, "I should not think of pressing my advice upon him if it were not asked for, but he and I are such close friends, and he has so invariably consulted my judgment in this matter, that I have no doubt it will be asked again."

"And if it should be," she asked me, dropping her sewing to her lap and looking up at me anew, "you would advise him to surrender?"

"I should advise him," I answered, "to end a quarrel with an opponent who has neither generosity nor decency. It is impossible to conduct a dignified warfare with such a woman as Lady Worborough."

"She is a woman of a strange temper," Mary said.

"Strange indeed!" I echoed, and then we were both silent for a considerable time.

Mary took up her sewing, but did not go on with her work. I could see that she had fallen into a reverie, and the stuff dropped back to her knees with both hands clasping it. I made a pretence of reading, and in a while she awoke from her own thoughts and arose.

"I would rather not meet Lord Worborough," she said quietly. "If he should resolve to see his wife will you let me know of it?"

I promised, and she left the room. The subject was not renewed between us until Pole actually reached England. He sent a telegram from Dover, and I met him at the London terminus. We drove at once to his old chambers, where we found a fire already lit, a table spread, and a Swiss servant, who appeared to have been despatched in advance, in attendance. I had told Pole the story whilst driving homeward, and the man being dismissed, we sat down together to consider it and to decide upon the course to be taken.

"I must acknowledge," I said, "that the present condition of things is partly due to the advice I gave you. Without that advice Lady Worborough would not have fallen into the condition in which she was discovered."

"You blame yourself?" he asked me in a voice of surprise.

I did not blame myself, but I accepted the responsibility of the advice I had offered.

"She has herself to blame," said Pole, "and herself only. For my part I disclaim all responsibility. I took your advice before, and if you will give it now I will take it again. I am sick of the whole business and only anxious to end it."

I represented that there was no way of ending it, except by acceding to his wife's demand.

"And you advise that?" he asked me, standing before me with his hands clasped behind him.

"This is rather a hard matter," I said in answer. "It looks a thought too easy for one man to be generous with another's fortune, but I see no other way to end it, and I do see very clearly that it ought to be ended."

"You advise me to give her what she asks?"

"I advise you to give her what she asks."

He walked up and down the room abruptly once or twice before he spoke again.

"There is nothing to be gained," he said, "by discussing with her. If I make up my mind to do this I shall do it without bargaining or haggling." He sat down thoughtfully, and consulting some memoranda in a pocket-book made a few pencilled notes. "I shall strike," he said then, looking up at me in the act of returning the book to his pocket, "whilst the iron is hot. I will see her to-night, and I hope with all my heart that it may be for the last time."

"To-night?" I asked him. "Will it not be better to think so serious a matter over?"

"No," he answered; "it will be time enough to consult the lawyers when the business comes to be arranged. Give me the address, and I will go at once."

Now, both for Mary's sake and for his own I was anxious that he should not go at once, because I knew how painful to both of them a meeting would be, and if he should reach his wife's chamber before I had time to give warning an encounter was inevitable. I had of set purpose withheld her name from the narrative I had given him.

He threw off his coat and walked into the bedroom, where he began to wash his hands, looking round the doorway at me meanwhile.

"Give me the address," he said, "and I will go and get it over."

"I will leave you then for a time," I

answered. "I have business which I must see to immediately."

I scrawled the address upon an envelope which lay on a side table, called his attention to it, and seized my hat. He called to me to meet him there again in an hour's time, if I were free, and throwing back a hasty affirmative I hurried away. Before I left his chambers I was guilty of another mean expedient. There was a catch upon the outer door which could be liberated, as I knew from old experience, by a mere touch of the finger, but gave considerable trouble and demanded considerable patience for its re-adjustment. I let this slip, and having slammed the door behind me, ran swiftly down the stairs, along the court, and into Holborn. There, as chance would have it, I found a cab waiting by the kerb, and leaping in, gave the cabman the address, and bade him drive his hardest. Like most people, I have tried Time's different paces, and have known him at one time or another to gallop and amble and crawl. But he never crawled with me as he did in the course of that wretched twenty minutes' drive. If I had painstakingly gone about to discover the worst-horsed hansom at that hour in London I could hardly have found anything to excel in badness the mournful brute I sat behind. A hundred times I was on the point of leaping from the vehicle, but the cabman had made a turning into a neighbourhood where I was extremely unlikely to find another conveyance, and I was uncertain of the shortest route between the point I was at and the one I desired to reach. I bullied and implored the driver, and the man responded by thrashing the miserable steed until I was ashamed of myself for abetting the cruelty. Even thus we achieved only the wretchedest pace, and by the time we had reached the house I was burning with a feverish impatience.

Even when I had rung and knocked the misfortune of delay pursued me. The servants of the house might have been deaf, or dead, or miles away. I was in the act of ringing the third or fourth distracted peal when the door was opened by the landlady in person, who regarded me with a frozen air of hauteur, as if I had been guilty of a personal impropriety. I hurried past her without explanation or apology, and mounting the stairs knocked at the door of the antechamber. The nurse answered here expeditiously enough, and I demanded Sister Constance. I was in the very act of speaking when the knocker on the street-door

came into play again, and this time the call was responded to without delay. I had been so pressing in my speech to the nurse that she ran to the door of the sick chamber. She opened it slightly, and threw in a hasty and expressive whisper.

"Sister Constance, Mr. Denham must speak to you at once."

It is very commonly said that one cannot listen to two things at the same time. But after the experience of that moment I knew this to be a fallacy. I heard Mary's response, even the rustle of her dress as she approached me from the next room, whilst I listened for, heard, and understood, Pole's voice below.

"I believe Lady Worborough is here?"

"Yes, sir," said the landlady.

"I am her husband. I must see her, if you please."

"This way, your lordship," said the landlady. "Mind the mat, my lord. You will find the poor lady very ill, my lord."

Mary Delamere and I stood face to face, both hearing this. She was white and trembling, and looked about her as if searching a way of escape from the inevitable encounter. The room opened flush upon the landing at the top of the stair, and there was no exit from it save that which led into the bedroom. The bedroom and the ante-room were isolated, and to retreat was but to defer the meeting for a moment.

"I came to warn you," I said. I could say no more before Pole, still my lord by the landlady, entered the room. The gas-light shone full upon Mary's face, and in spite of the change in her attire, he recognised her at the very instant when he crossed the threshold. They stood, pale and palpitating, for a moment, looking at each other, but the common surprise and emotion lasted but for an instant. They were lovers confessed, and bound to each other by all ties of mutual respect and tenderness, and severed in this strange and tragic fashion, but they were English lady and gentleman, and whatever either or both might feel, they would have no scene for unsympathetic eyes to make a feast of. Pole was, I think, the first to recover, though his surprise was the swifter and more astonishing. He came forward with outstretched hand.

"I had not expected," he said, "to find you here. It is like your goodness. I am very grateful."

Mary took the hand he proffered her. Probably she divined with native feminine tact that I had told my share in the discovery without mention of her. She shot a swift

glance at me, and answered him with apparent perfect self-possession,

"Mr. Denham and I were together when I heard of your wife's illness."

She made a motion to release her hand, and that I thought was the first intimation he had that he still held it. The landlady and the nurse looking on could have gathered nothing from this interview, but the fact that they were old acquaintances.

"It is like your goodness to be here," Pole said again. "I am very grateful."

"Lady Worborough," said Mary, "does not know that you are yet in England. You wish to see her?" He nodded gravely. "Shall I tell her of your arrival, or would you prefer to announce yourself?"

"It will be best, perhaps," he responded, "that she should be prepared."

Mary passed into the bedroom, and Pole sat down in a chair by the table which stood in the centre of the room. The landlady withdrew lingeringly, and the nurse followed and closed the door behind her. Pole had not until now seemed to be aware of my presence, but as the door closed he looked round upon me with an odd smile, and laid a hand upon my shoulder.

"I spent two minutes over the latch, Jack," he said. "Was that your work?" I answered nothing, but I suppose I looked somewhat embarrassed. "Well," he continued, giving my shoulder a light grip before he dropped his hand, "you are good people, and I don't know why such a worthless pair should trouble you."

I made no answer to this, but one thought which demanded instant expression flashed into my mind.

"You must give no hint," I told him, "that your wife's nurse is Miss Delamere. She is known here simply as Sister Constance."

I had scarcely spoken when Mary stole back from the sick woman's chamber.

"She knows that you are here," she whispered.

Pole walked into the bedroom, and Mary closed the door behind him. We who stayed behind rested in silence and could hear the deep tones of his voice and the shriller notes of hers, though the words spoken by each were alike inaudible. When we had stood thus for a mere moment Mary made a motion towards the outer door, and I, obeying that indication of her wish, opened the door for her, and accompanied her into the street. We walked for some distance without any exchange of words, and when I had found a

cab and had directed the driver homewards, I walked back to Pole's chambers, and awaited his coming there. He arrived sooner than I had expected.

"I have surrendered all along the line," he said.

I asked him how his wife had accepted the surrender.

"Triumphantly," he answered. "She is a good deal changed. I have had no experience in such matters, but she looked to me as though she had a sort of fatal mark upon her. I don't think she'll last long, the poor Adelaide. She wasn't always like that, Jack. I remember her—it isn't so very long ago, when she was bright and handsome, and only prettily wilful. I feel as if it were a thousand years ago."

He walked up and down the room very much in his habitual fashion, with his hands in his pockets, and pausing now and then to loiter against a bookcase or a door jamb, but it was easy to see that these airs of nonchalance were half an affair of habit, and half assumed.

"You have done everything for the best, of course," he said. "Who is attending her?"

I mentioned Dr. Mason, and he, recognising the name, nodded approval. A little later, he asked the doctor's opinion, and I gave it him as well as I was able. The case was doubtful, and might drag on for a year or two, or might have an early termination.

"Poor girl!" said Pole. "I wish that something or somebody would kill that mocking devil she nurses and seems so fond of. She lay there to-night, and told me so quietly that at first I thought she was in earnest, that this was a judgment upon her for her plot against me. The woman she

personated was knocked down by a passing cab, and was taken to the same hospital."

"She jested about that?" I asked him.

"Yes," he answered, "she jested about it. She has a great deal of humour—of a sort."

Then again he was silent, and went wandering up and down.

"And this is what she has brought her life to. And this is what I have brought my life to. Here I am at thirty, where I never hoped to be or expected to be, without a use in the world or much of a hope in it." His voice began to tremble, and, as I could see clearly enough, he ceased to speak for fear of breaking down. By-and-by, when he had controlled himself, he began to talk again.

"There are all sorts in the world, good, bad, and indifferent. That girl's an angel, Denham," he cried, almost wildly. "I think of her goodness, her loneliness, her patience, the unselfish, tender charity of her heart—"

He could go no further. His voice broke, and he walked into the bedroom, leaving me alone. When he came back he was master of himself again.

"I shall see my lawyer to-morrow. My wife wants that fellow Goldsmith to see to her affairs, and since she wants him she must have him, I suppose. I have an undertaking that there is to be no more scandal or trouble, and I shall settle down in London here, and try to find work of some sort. I don't care much about politics, but they're better than nothing, and by-and-by I shall find something to hammer at. *Sursus corda*. Eh, Jack? We set out thinking that it is easy to beat the world, and when we find ourselves beaten we console ourselves with the reflection that we might have had a much worse licking after all."

THE MUSLIM'S PRAYER.

ABOUT two months after the disastrous defeat of Baker Pasha's Egyptian soldiers in 1884, the battle-field was visited by some officers from the transport ship *Utopia*, lying at Trinkitat. For about a quarter of a mile square the ground was found thickly covered with bodies of the still unburied dead. The Egyptians had been formed in a square; but when the enemy charged down upon them, it is said they fired in the air and commenced praying, and so were slaughtered where they stood. One was seen lying at some distance apart, as if he had fallen in

flight; and beside him was a leaf of Arabic manuscript, which a young engineer, Mr. Lawson, picked up and brought away as they hastily quitted the sickening scene. The paper may have been the last thing the dying soldier's eyes rested upon, and both in appearance and contents it is in every way in keeping with the situation in which it was found. It is written in a very rude, unskilful hand, and has formed part of a devotional manual for a time of danger, consisting for the most part of portions of the Koran with directions how often to

repeat them, and various prayers with instructions as to the manner of saying them. The first words are from a verse of the Koran. . . "dumb, blind, therefore they understand not," and then the reader is to repeat three times "Confounded be their faces!" the famous exclamation of Mohammed when he threw the dust towards his enemies at his first victory at Bedr. After other two verses from the Koran, the reader is told to repeat seven times two letters from the heading of a certain Sura, looking first before him, then behind him, then to the right, then to the left, then up and then down, and finally to all the six sides, and to say in conclusion: "I have committed my affair to God against every evil, He will defend me from these six sides." Then follows a prayer: "O God, slay me not in Thy wrath, and make me not perish under Thy chastisement, but grant me forgiveness before that event. O God, punish me not for my iniquity, and set not over me him that will have no mercy upon me, and restrain the hand of man from me." It proceeds: "Then you must say, 'The matter is done, and victory is come, and over us they will not prevail.'" After other quotations certain letters of mystical meaning are to be pronounced, and the finger is to be pressed on the hand and raised at the utterance of each letter, "for in these things there are wonderful secrets;" and then follow more verses from the Koran and more prayers. Three times the reader is to say: "God will suffice thee against them, for He is the hearer, the knower," and then he is to pray: "O God, O Light, O Truth, O Revealer, of Thy knowledge make me to know, cover me with light of Thy light, instruct me concerning Thyself, and give me victory in Thee, for over all things Thou art powerful." And then, "if there is thought of danger from the enemy" he is to repeat seventy times the verse, "Repeat the gaze [to heaven], seest thou a single flaw? Then twice more repeat the gaze; thy gaze returns to thee dull and wearied," and to say at the close: "God's eye is upon us, by God's strength he will not prevail against us." And in a similar strain the paper proceeds for another page, breaking off in the middle of a stereotyped invocation of blessing upon Mohammed and his family.

In this curious mixture of superstition and devotion we see the attempt of modern Mohammedanism to maintain itself at the high level of primitive Islam. There have not been wanting proofs in recent years that

the modern Muslim is not deficient in courage on the field of battle; but it is noteworthy that he exhibits a far higher degree of daring when fighting, so to speak, for his own hand, like the early Arabs, than when placed in the ranks of an army organized after Western methods, and under a government which affects European models. We can easily understand the impetuous rush and contempt of death shown by the wild Soudani, who has persuaded himself that he has a mission to exterminate the enemies of his faith, and regards himself as the heir of all the traditions of early Islam. But the Turkish or Egyptian soldier who knows that he is moved about in the game of worldly statecraft, and whose victory even may turn out to be a doubtful advantage to his religion, is deprived of this direct stimulus to his courage, and so his faith runs into superstition. Arabi tried to arouse the old enthusiasm, but his appeal was felt to be a matter of policy more than of principle, and the spasm of zeal was followed by speedy collapse. The unsophisticated warriors of the Mahdi were far more serious opponents than Arabi's drilled soldiers.

In the early days of Islam there was no question of pressing the fingers in a certain way while repeating mystical formulæ, or of turning the face in this way or that to avert danger. "It is not righteousness," it is written in the Book, "that ye turn your faces towards the East and the West, but righteousness is of him who believeth in God and the last day." And the prophet is reported to have said: "The best armour to bring into battle is good works, as almsgiving and fasting, restitution of the wrong, deeds of mercy and sincere prayer, the encouragement of well-doing, and the discountenance of evil." By inculcating such principles on their followers, and observing an austere life themselves, the first leaders of Islam obtained armies of consecrated heroes. War was "the path of God;" he who fell was a witness or martyr; the planting of the religion was the prize of every battle, and the very act of fighting was an act of devotion. Abu Bekr wrote to Khaled-ibn-el-Walid: "Know that God's eye is upon thee; and when thou meetest the enemy, court death which will bring thee salvation; and wash not the martyrs from their blood, for the blood of the martyr will be to him a covering of light in the day of the resurrection." So it was that one of the prophet's contemporaries was inconsolable because he had not been present at Bedr, where "the

apostle of God gave his first testimony," till the day of Ohad came, when he exclaimed "Aha! for the breath of Paradise," and rushed into the thickest of the fight. His body was found pierced with about eighty wounds; and his sister declared that it was only by the points of his fingers that his friend's recognised him. Another, at a later time, having been assured that the apostle of God had been heard to declare that Paradise was under the shadow of swords, went immediately to his companions and gave them his parting salutation, then broke the scabbard of his sword and fought till he was killed.

The prophet is reported to have said that any one who asks God for the honour of dying as a martyr will obtain the merit of it, even should he die in his bed. Undoubtedly the Mohammedan world still has its martyrs of this class. What we call Moslem fanaticism is liable to break forth very suddenly and in very unexpected quarters, because the fire which blazed in the ancient fervour burns on in the quiet corners of many hearts. And what keeps it alive more than anything else is the observance of the daily prayers, which breathe the spirit of the old Islam, and remind the worshipper of the past ages of which he is the heir. The *Tekbir*—*Allahu Akbar* (God is most great)—was the war-cry that nerved the Muslims to their greatest victories: it is also the sentence with which, as he raises his hands to the sides of his face, the worshipper begins his ordinary prayer. Mohammed linked the two things together when he said: "No drop is dearer to God than the blood-drop shed in His cause, and the tear-drop of His reverent worshipper in the dead of night." The whole of the Mohammedan worship may be said to be summed up in his daily prayers. The public worship in the mosque on Friday is but a variation of it; the sermon occupies quite a subordinate place and is not compulsory, and when the service is ended the worshipper returns to his business. But he does not consider that he has thus performed his religious service for the week. Daily before sunrise the muezzin's voice is heard in the still air proclaiming, "God is most great. . . . Come to prayer; come to security; prayer is better than sleep. God is most great:" and the steps of tottering old men and eager youths may be heard in the gloom treading the lones that lead to the mosque. At noon, at mid-afternoon, just after sunset, and when night has closed in, there is a similar call; and at the mosque, or in the shop, or in the

seclusion of his home, the devout believer performs the ablution and offers his devotions. Many observe all the times; not a few pray even at additional hours; and a Muslim that does not habitually go to prayer is considered an unbeliever. Omar wrote to his officials, "The most important of your duties, in my opinion, is prayer; whose observes it and watches thereunto preserves his religion; whose misses it makes of all else the greatest loss."

It may seem to us that there is very little of a devotional character in the phrases which the Muslim repeats, in an apparently mechanical way, every time he prays. But on this point it is but fair that the Muslim should be allowed to speak for himself; and the duty of prayer is enforced in such terms, and the examples of the devout are so striking, that it is clearly regarded not only as a duty, but as a delight of the highest kind. One says, "I omitted the public prayer on one occasion, and only one man came to condole with me. Had I lost a child, ten thousand persons would have come to comfort me." The men of long ago, it is said, used to mourn three days if they omitted the first *Tekbir*, and seven days if they omitted the public prayer. And, as showing how much devotion may be expressed in the simplest forms, we have this incident related of one who was noted for his piety: "I was praying behind him on one occasion, and when he came to pronounce the *Tekbir*, he lifted up his hands and said 'Allah!' Then he stood astonished, and remained as a body without life for veneration of his Lord. Then he said, 'Allahu Akbar!' and I thought my heart would break for dread of his *Tekbir*."

Superficial observers may think that a Muslim praying in his shop must be distracted by what is going on around him; and travellers, who often see the worst side of Eastern life, have remarked that a man will stop in the middle of his prayers to engage in conversation. As to the latter point it ought to be known that at a certain place in his prayers it is lawful for the Muslim to make a pause; and, as to the former, they plume themselves on being able to rise above distraction. There is a tradition of the prophet, on the authority of Ayesha, that he would be talking familiarly with his family on ordinary subjects, but suddenly, when he began to pray, he was as if he heard them not. Of another it is related that, when he wished to pray, he told his family to converse freely, for he heard nothing. Another continued in his

devotions, and was not aware of a fire that had broken out beside him. And there are stories of men who stood so still in prayer that pigeons and birds alighted upon them, taking them for pillars or trunks of trees. The prophet, and also his daughter Fatima, are related to have stood praying till their feet swelled. And one man divided the night into three watches of prayer, one for himself, another for his mother, and the third for his sister. When his mother died, his sister and he divided the night between them; and when his sister died, he prayed the whole night long himself.

But the prayer of the Muslim does not depend for its value on its length. "Better," said Ibn Abbas, "are two *rek'ahs* with fixed attention, than a whole night's standing with a wandering heart." Nor is the worshipper confined to the use of certain prescribed forms, but he may at a certain point offer up any prayer in his own words; which he does, holding his hands before him like a book; and many examples might be given of original prayer of this kind. Thus an author tells us he heard an Arab of the Desert pray as follows: "O God, I ask of Thee the deeds of those that fear, and the fear of those that do, so that I may take pleasure in forsaking pleasure, from desire of what Thou hast

promised and dread of what Thou hast threatened. Defend me against Thy fury, and deliver me from Thy wrath. Iniquities prevent me; but Thou forgivest those that sin against Thee. Therefore I draw near; I flee from Thee to Thyself." Making all allowance for formalism here as elsewhere, it must be admitted that the ordinary Muslim is a man of devout mind, with "the fear of God before his eyes." My friend, Dr. Wortabet, of Beyrout, once told me that he was walking alone, as he thought, in a narrow sandy lane near the city, and, in meditative mood, ejaculated "Ya Allah!" (O God) when, quick as an echo came the response from a water-carrier whom he had not noticed: "Ei-w-Allah! Ya Allah!" (Yea verily! O God!). No doubt many a sincere prayer is thus offered up when it is thought that none but the Hearer of prayer is listening. But, in all his devotions, the good Muslim does not forget what is given in "old books" as the declaration of the Almighty Himself: "Not every one that prays has his prayer accepted; but I receive the prayer of him who humbles himself before My majesty, and does not exalt himself above My creatures, and who feeds the hungry poor for My sake."

JAS. ROBERTSON.

BISHOP KEN.

By FREDERIC W. FARRAR, D.D., ARCHDEACON AND CANON OF WESTMINSTER, ETC.

A CHURCH and a nation can never afford to lose "the *viaticum* of great examples." The goodness of men and of communities is supported by the contemplation of those who have lived bravely and self-denyingly, and who like the great prophet of the wilderness, have made it their duty "constantly to speak the truth, boldly rebuke vice, and patiently suffer for the truth's sake." The world often seems to darken round the path of holy men, and as they lift up their eyes for strength and consolation to the heavens above them, luminous with the glory of the saints, they cannot afford to lose the lustre of a single star. It is therefore a subject for sincere rejoicing that in late years the memory of Thomas Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, has been raised from comparative obscurity to its true position in the love and gratitude of the Christian Church. For a long period he was but faintly remembered as the author of the Morning and Evening Hymns. But the first

founders of the Oxford movement dwelt with loving reverence on the records of his biography; and the splendid narrative of Macaulay placed one memorable event of his life in a blaze of publicity. On June 25, 1885, the bicentenary of his consecration, and of the Trial of the Seven Bishops, was commemorated by a festival in his own cathedral, by the unveiling of a window erected in his honour, and by a sermon worthy of the occasion preached by a brother bishop and a brother poet like-minded with himself, the Bishop of Derry and Raphoe. In a short time a Life of Bishop Ken, fuller and more worthy than any which has yet appeared, will be published by my learned and eloquent friend, Dr. Plumptre, Dean of Wells. I shall rejoice if the few words which I shall here say about the saintly bishop prepare the reader to turn with deeper interest to a biography which will set before him a perfect picture of this great and good man.

Ken was a man who loved the shady path

of humility and retirement. From his earliest days he had endeavoured to subdue every impulse of worldly ambition, and had chosen for his favourite motto the words which he often wrote in Latin on the fly-leaves of his books, "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not, saith the Lord." Yet he was called upon by the providence which overruled his life to play a prominent part on the stage of contemporary history. From his childhood he was thrown into the society of refined and eminent men. As a boy he won the friendship of school-fellows and college companions who grew up like himself to fill distinguished places in Church and State. He stood before kings, not before mean men. Charles II. respected him, though the young preacher told him plainly of his faults. James II. regarded him with warm esteem. William III. honoured his saintliness, but they bore testimony to his sincerity and his many gifts. John Evelyn and Lord Weymouth knew the supreme value of his influence in an unrighteous age. Dryden thought of him when he modernized Chaucer's immortal

the light of charity; who thought much but spoke little; who was himself a living sermon, and who as a prelate despised the pomp of prelacy and lived in the spirit of his Saviour. His celebrity as a preacher began early, and when he preached at Whitehall or St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, vast congregations thronged to listen to his rapt and unwritten eloquence. During the best years of his life all England rang with the fame of his goodness.

But like other men he had his trials, and they were very severe. He was not suffered to spend all his days in the sunlight of prosperity. Dark and evil times came upon him. He was suspected of Romish tendencies. Because he was always moderate, he was attacked by the extreme men of every party. The tongue of shameful slander did not wholly spare his name. As one of the Seven Bishops he had to oppose one king; as one of the five non-juring bishops, he incurred the displeasure of another. Yet though he had sacrificed all for the sake of conscience, the more fanatical and irreconcilable non-jurors talked of his "wheedling ways," insultingly hinted that there was something also besides conscience at the bottom of his conduct, and could not forgive the charity and good sense which made

him steadfastly refuse to countenance the guilt of perpetuating a needless schism. He faced poverty and solitude and homelessness, rather than make even "a little nick" on his own conscience, while many others were ready to inflict "a great gash" on theirs. A high churchman, he was yet glad to be on the friendliest terms with worthy nonconformists, and only replied to the taunt of those who reproached



Winchester College.

pictures of the "poore Persone of religioun." He furnished the poet with a living prototype of a priest "whose soul was rich, though his attire was poor;" in whose face shone

his conduct, "The Church of England teaches me charity for those who differ from her."

We cannot but gain by dwelling for a

few moments on the stainless integrity and life-long self-crucifixion of this "God-enamoured soul."

Ken was born at Berkhamstead, in July, 1637. He lost his mother at the age of four, and the death of his father in 1651 left him an orphan at the age of fourteen. His parents were persons of godly character and fair position, and he says of them—

"Ever since I hung
upon my mother's
breast
Thy love, my God,
has me sustained
and blest,
My virtuous parents
tender of their
child,
My education careful, pious, mild."

His orphanhood was rendered less disastrous than it might otherwise have

been, by the fact that his sister Anne, who was twenty-seven years older than himself, had married Izaak Walton, the beloved author of "The Complete Angler," who testifies to her worth in the epitaph over her tomb in Worcester Cathedral. The house of Izaak Walton became Ken's house, during his school holidays and college vacations. Walton became a sort of foster-father to the boy. In that peaceful and pleasant household he was trained in the love of nature; was constantly reminded of those beautiful ideals of character, which Walton has immortalized in his "Lives"; and probably met many of the worthies of an elder generation. The signet-ring which Ken habitually used in latter years was a blood-stone, on which was carved Christ crucified, not on a cross but on an anchor, which Donne had bequeathed to Walton, and which Walton gave to Ken.

Among Walton's friends was Sir Henry Wotton, and it was, perhaps, through his influence, that Winchester was selected for his school-training. Of his school-life from 1651 to 1656, in the wholesome roughness

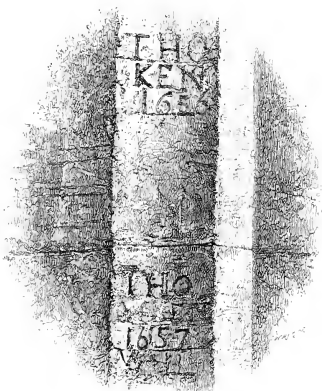
of that famous school, very little is recorded, but it evidently left a deep impres-

sion both on his imagination and his character. It was there that he formed a life-long friendship with Francis Turner, afterwards Bishop of Ely, with whom he shared the two chief crises of his career; with John Nicholas, afterwards Warden of New College and Winchester; and with Edward Young, afterwards Dean of Salisbury, father of the author of "Night Thoughts." In 1656, he was elected to New College, but went to Hart Hall, now Hert-

ford College, until an actual vacancy occurred. His school days had been studious and blameless, he had caught the best spirit of his school, and did his utmost to perpetuate its holiest traditions. The name, "Tho. Ken, 1656," carved by his own youthful hand, is still one of the objects of interest in the cloisters, and he conferred on the school an immortal benefit in one of his earliest works, the "Manual for Winchester Scholars."

The Winchester Students of New College were then called Fellows, and Ken was admitted to the Fellowship in 1657, when he was twenty years old.

Oxford was passing through the stormy period which lasted with brief intermission from the beginning of the Civil War till the Revolution of 1688. The Parliamentary Visitors between 1647 and 1660 had done their best to fill the University in general, and New College in particular, with rigid Calvinists. Cromwell was Chancellor; the learned Puritan, John Owen, was Dean of Christchurch and Vice-Chancellor. The rule



Ken's name in the Cloisters at Winchester.

of the Puritans was far from being the un-mixed evil which it is sometimes represented to have been. If the old refinements of scholarship suffered, the tone of piety was far deeper and more general than it became after the Restoration. Owen allowed the Church of England services to be continued and the Holy Communion to be administered in private rooms. Francis Turner, George Hooper, afterwards Ken's successor at Bath and Wells, and Thomas Thynne, afterwards Lord Weymouth, were his chief friends; but among his illustrious college contemporaries he may have met John Loeke and Robert Boyle, Wilkins (afterwards Bishop of Chester), Seth Ward (afterwards Bishop of Salisbury), Sprat (afterwards Bishop of Rochester), Sir Christopher Wren, and others who had a share in the subsequent founding of the Royal Society. Almost the only anecdote which has been preserved of his Oxford life was his habit of filling his pocket with small cash before he went a walk, that he might give it to the poor in casual alms.

In 1658 Cromwell died; in 1660 Charles II. was restored. Then followed that orgy of reaction against the stern morality of Puritanism which constitutes the most shameful chapter in English history. The Stuarts, like the Bourbons, had learnt nothing and forgotten nothing. All society was infused and infected with the taint of godlessness. No sneer was regarded as more deadly than to call a man "a saint." Harlots toyed with the crown of the Confessor in the galleries of Whitehall. Poetry and the drama abdicated their high functions to become "procuresses to the Lords of Hell." Innocence and purity were popularly treated in the current literature as unmanly and Pharisaic. The University, so far from making a stand against the growing ungodliness, went "stark staring mad," and alike the undergraduates and the seniors who should have set them an example plunged headlong into profanity and vice. Such was the state of things when Ken was ordained in 1662; and although he loved the Church of England with an absolute affection, he must have confessed with a sigh that the restoration of her power and of her services had failed to arrest the decadence of spiritual life. How deep was the shame which he felt for the condition of the religious life of the Church is strikingly shown if he were the author of the book which, under the varying titles of "Expositulatoria," "Ichabod," and "Lachrymæ Ecclesiarum," has been attributed to him, and

which speaks with indignant sorrow of ordination bestowed on "the young, the unlearned, the debauched, and the profane;" of scandalous indifference, of unconscionable simony, of encroaching pluralities, of non-residence, and of other scandals.

If his "Hymnotheo" be a thinly-veiled autobiography, as is the opinion of his new and accomplished biographer, Ken seems himself to have felt that the tide of reactionary license was so violent as almost to carry him off his feet, to weaken his sense of belief in the Unseen Presence, and even to make him linger on the verge of serious temptation. If so, however, it is certain that the crisis of spiritual conflict was very short, and the victory decisive. In 1663 Ken was appointed, at the age of twenty-six, to the Rectory of Little Easton, in Essex, and before he took possession of his living he devoted himself by silent resolve to a life of asceticism, celibacy, and religious meditation.

Both at Easton and in every pastoral charge which he served, he seems to have set before his eye the high ideal which he himself has painted in his forgotten and posthumous epic, "Edmund," and to have held that the best argument for Christianity is always a holy life. He says—

"Give me the Priest these Graces shall possess
Of an Ambassador the just Address,
A Father's Tenderness, a Shepherd's Care,
A Leader's Courage, which the Cross can bear,
A Ruler's Arm, a Watchman's wakeful Eye,
A Pilot's Skill the Helm in Storms to ply,
A Fisher's Patience and a Lab'rer's Toil,
A Guide's Dexterity to disemboil,
A Prophet's Inspiration from Above,
A Teacher's Knowledge, and a Saviour's Love.
Give me the Priest, a Light upon a Hill,
Whose Rays his whole Circumference can fill;
In God's own Word, and sacred Learning vers'd,
Deep in the Study of the Heart immers'd,
Who in such Souls can the Disease decay,
And wisely fit Restoratives apply."

In other respects, his two brief years at Easton are remarkable for the friendship which he formed with Lady Maynard, one of the devout ladies of that undevout age, of whom Lady Rachel Russell furnishes us with another lovely type. Ken, like other divines of the same type of mind, exercised a powerful influence over the minds of holy women, and was refreshed by female friendship. In later years his enemies aimed at him the scornful calumny that he was skilled chiefly in "persuading silly old women to tell down their dust."

In 1665 he resigned the living of Little Easton, perhaps as Dean Plumptre conjectures, to become chaplain to Morley, Bishop of Winchester, and in 1666 he became a Fellow

of Winchester, and thus returned to the home of his boyhood. His relations with the wise and fatherly Bishop were all the closer, because Morley in 1660 had taken Izaak Walton and his son to be inmates of his palace. Ken used his leisure to serve gratuitously the poor and neglected parish church of St. John in the Soke; but in 1667 he was presented with the rectory of Brightstone, in the Isle of Wight—a valuable living which has been held by more than one eminent man. It was presented to Bishop Morley when he retired from the headmastership of Winchester, and it was under a pear-tree in the garden that another rector, Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, wrote his *Agathos*.

In 1669, Ken gave up this living to make room for another chaplain of Bishop Morley, and was then appointed a prebendary of Winchester, resuming his pastoral work at St. John in the

Soke. He also wrote his manual for the Winchester boys, spending his days in work and study, and finding his happy recreation in music and the writing of hymns.

In 1675, his nephew, the younger Izaak Walton, had attained the age of twenty-four, and it was desirable that he should complete his education by the usual "grand tour." Ken accompanied him, and was doubtlessly actuated by the desire to see the workings of religious life in other countries. He visited Paris and Lyons, and the Grande Chartreuse, and, above all, Rome. The visit to the Eternal City produced on his mind the same effect of disenchantment that it had produced a century earlier on the mind of Luther. On his return he found himself suspected more than ever of Papal

leanings; but when James II. complimented him on the "Catholic" character of some passages in his writings, Ken plainly told him that whatever might once have been his leanings towards Romanism, they had been cured by the New Testament, and by his visit to Rome in 1675. At Rome too he must have become acquainted with the Quietism of Molinos, who published his "Spiritual Guide" that very year. Ken has

been called the Fénelon of the English Church. He had many points of sympathy with the views of Molinos, as was shown by his "Practice of Divine Love." His feelings towards the Church of Rome would be entirely alienated by the cruel manner in which the Quietists and Molinos himself were treated by the Jesuits and the Inquisition.

Returning in 1676 he resumed his quiet life at Winchester as a pastor, an ascetic, a total

abstainer. But he was not allowed a long period of calm. The condition of the times was frightful, but happily his seclusion kept him from contact with the horrible madness and iniquity which disgraced the nation during the so-called Popish Plot. Several of his friends had by this time come in contact with the Court circle, and through their influence, together with his own rising fame as a preacher, he was appointed, in 1679, as Chaplain at the Hague, in succession to his friend Hooper. He was there thrown into close intercourse with William, Prince of Orange, and Mary, and he discharged his duties with characteristic faithfulness and courage. There was nothing which attracted him in the sullen and saturnine aspect which William pre-



Lady Maynard.

mented to all except his closest friends. He watched with indignation the coldness and harshness of the Prince towards his wife, as well as his attempts to prejudice

and thinks that he is not kind to his wife; he resolved to speak with him, though he kicks him out of doors." He did speak to him, probably both on this subject and

on his notorious unfaithfulness, and when through his reproaches he had induced Count Zulestein to marry a maid-of-honour whom he had wronged, William rudely threatened to dismiss him. Ken, "resenting his threats," refused to be dismissed by him, but said that he would at once ask leave of the Princess Mary to leave her service. William, however, saw that it would be a very impolitic step on his part to offend public opinion in England by breaking with Ken, and he was always magnanimous enough to admire courage and consistency. Ken consented to remain a

her against the Church of England and its great divines. "Dr. Ken," says Henry Sidney, who was envoy at the Hague in 1680, "is horribly unsatisfied with the Prince,

year longer, and employed his time in a manner that redounded to his own honour.

We will reserve the remainder of his fortunes for a second paper.



Brightstone Church, Isle of Wight.
From a Photograph by Mr. J. M. Brown.

HOLIDAYS.

A KINDLY bark of house-dog at a door,
A sense of sweetness bred of summer weather,
A whirr of birds among the purple heather,
A dream of road and mountain, loch and moor,
Of wind-swept castle and of rock-bound shore :
—The lightsome mirth which small occasion sends,
A little pleasant talk of absent friends,
A silent thought of others gone before,
A consciousness of something left unsaid,—
These are the threads whereof our rest is made,
And when our fleeting holidays go past,
And we descend to days of patient toil,
To petty cares (which wear, though need not soil),
They serve to draw us to our Rest at last.

ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

THE VEILING OF MOSES.

By T. VINCENT TYMMS.

FROM his cradling on the Nile to his dying on Mount Nebo by the kiss of God, the life of Moses teems with marvels, but none are more mysterious than the veiling of his face. The incidents of Sinai are all passing strange, the long seclusion of a great king and law-giver while his people lodge in tents as men detained on a journey, his converse with One who is eternal light yet veils Himself with thick darkness out of mercy to mankind, his down-coming, bright with the unconscious beauty of reflected glory—these are all surprising, but are rather sublime than perplexing; they excel the highest efforts of human imagination as nature transcends art; but when told that Moses wore a veil on account of his shining countenance, and when Paul seems to call in question his motive for so doing, our thoughts are troubled. The popular impression, fostered by a mis-translation of Exodus xxxiv. 33, is that Moses covered his face out of consideration for the people who shrank from his presence, and that the veil was only required once. But a careful reading of the story must convince us that the veiling was habitual, that the covering assumed at Sinai was only removed when Moses went from time to time into the Tabernacle, and that it was adopted, not to screen the lustre from timid and weak-eyed beholders, but to prevent the people from seeing that the brightness was only transient. The difficulty is not lessened by Paul's symbolic use of the narrative. He finds in this veiling a type of the manner in which Moses dealt with the religious system of which he was the mediator. He gives us to understand that while imparting the law, Moses knew that it was only a temporal dispensation, which having served for an appointed season must give place to something better, but that he did not explain this to Israel. It is not easy to escape the conclusion that the apostle meant to censure this reticence. At any rate he repudiates the idea of any similar economy of truth on his own part, by saying "we use great boldness of speech, and are not as Moses, who put a veil upon his face that the children of Israel should not look steadfastly on to the end of that which was passing away."

Paul's language is susceptible of a softer interpretation. He may not have intended to blame Moses, but simply to insist that

there was no need for such a policy of concealment under the Christian system, because there is no future waning of its glory to be feared. He may have regarded the ancient expedient as a necessary precaution, because of the hardness of men's hearts. We at any rate can see that Moses had strong reasons for his course. He justly feared that if the people knew from the first that their institutions were such as God would presently find fault with, they would be ready to despise them and demand the better thing at once. Men love finality, they hate suspense and grow restless when required to work out plans which are confessedly provisional. It is idle to say to them, "You are not ready for the perfect thing yet. The perfect law, the ideal constitution, the heavenly city are beyond your present powers, you must of necessity plod slowly onwards towards these ends, and meanwhile be content with such social forms and divine ordinances as human nature is adapted to fulfil." Moses could not fail to know this, and must have reasoned that his influence over the Hebrews for good depended on their conviction that he was giving them the best possible dispensation. He was indeed most truly giving them the best which even divine wisdom could appoint for that day, and few will blame him for not imperilling their belief of the fact by gratuitously revealing that another system more glorious still would one day take its place. With our partial knowledge of the conditions under which he worked, we should be presumptuous to pass judgment on one of the chiefest benefactors and noblest models of mankind. A cloud of mystery must still enshroud his motives, but we cannot err in the conclusion that Paul shows us a more excellent way, and his treatment of this old-world tale may furnish some practical suggestions for our modern daily life.

As lifted by the Apostle into the realm of spiritual things, the veiling of Moses becomes a symbol of what all leaders of men are tempted to do for the furtherance of their public influence. In proportion as a man appears worthy of personal veneration, people listen to his words, accept his counsel, and follow his standard; any display of moral weakness, any symptoms of fear or confessions of mistake lower him, whereas every fresh show of power, sagacity, or

goodness uplifts him in popular esteem. How great then is the inducement to wear a veil of large assumption, to cover up mistakes, to hide degrees of ignorance, to keep up appearances at any cost. When the history and meaning of royal pomp have been searched out it is found that they mainly originated in the instinctive desire of rulers to wrap up their infirmities as ordinary mortals. The robes and insignia of civic offices are not traceable merely to the love of finery, strong as that is in mankind, but to a prudential instinct which declares that a judge must look judicial, and a dignitary must seem dignified.

We are more concerned, however, to consider how this temptation touches us within the sphere of religion. One has stood upon the mount with God, has been raised to speak with the Eternal face to face, and coming out from the secret place of communion has brought to light some deep truth, has revealed some fairness in his own life, and so impressed upon others a conviction of his ability to be their teacher in things pertaining to God. As Moses wist not that his face shone, so this man scarcely knew his own gifts until men praised them, and only became conscious of great spiritual power as he saw it working upon others. At first the discovery elated him, but soon there came a renewed sense of unfitness. The thought arose, "I am not a sham, I have made no false pretence, but these people think of me more highly than they ought." Happy is he who at this stage acts after the pattern of Paul, who stripped off all the false honours with which his admirers invested him, and openly declared his limitations of knowledge, talent, and office. He insisted upon coming down from every artificial pedestal to stand as a brother, confessedly foolish, apt to err, ready to faint, and liable to fall under the weight of his temptation. But how prone are far inferior teachers to let the fumes of flattery be freely scattered in the air, and to wear men's praises as a veil upon defects, as one of the Cæsars wore a crown of ivy to conceal the baldness of his head. It must not be supposed that only those who are technically called ministers are thus beset. Many readers of this Magazine are Sunday School teachers, and they well know how painful it is when asked for information to confess their inability to give it, or to own that some problem which they are suddenly expected to solve happens to be one they have never thought out for themselves.

How natural, and for the sake of keeping up his position, how advisable it seems for a teacher under such circumstances to evade the difficulty without betraying his inability to deal with it at once, to put a veil over the fading brightness of superior knowledge. Yet surely it is much holier, braver, and in the end more prudent, to step down from the slippery pedestal of a mistaken estimation and avow one's self as Paul did a fellow learner only a few weeks or at best a few fleet years in advance of his youngest disciples. Teachers who adopt this course may have tingling faces now and then, but they will gain the growing honour and ever strengthening trust of those they lead.

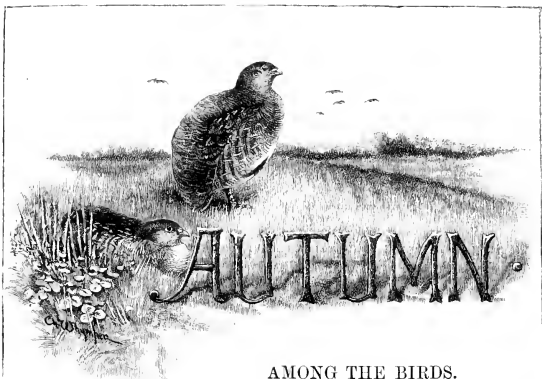
The same temptation comes in a thousand ways to parents. While their children are very young parents live in their eyes as the chiefest persons on earth. In matters of religious truth little ones come to a father or mother with as much confidence as the most ignorant Romanist in Italy might approach the Papal chair. Pope means papa, the father of the Christian family; and the father of each family is at first a pope to his children, an infallibility, an eminence, an oracle, whose word is final. It cannot last many years like this, for Popes of all sorts are found out by degrees. But many parents foster the illusion and maintain it as long as possible. It is painful to find one's self going down in the scale of a child's veneration. It is humiliating to say to an expectant inquirer, "I do not know." Not only would pride conceal ignorance, but prudence whispers how desirable it is to remain an oracle to those we wish to guide, and how perilous to appear an agnostic, and so suggest doubts about the foundations of religion. We cannot imagine that Moses was unduly anxious to retain the reverence of the people for his own gratification, his device must have been practised for the sake of his power over them for good. So right-minded parents prize filial honour not as incense to the vanity, but as an instrument to be used for highest ends. But alas! for such influence when once a veil has been detected, and glimpses have been caught of imperfections which it was manifestly intended to conceal! It must be better for all after life that we early accustom our children to the fact that we also are infants in the measures of eternal time, and are not like Him who descended out of heaven to tell of things He had seen, but like the least of all believers in His testimony, and that we only aspire to be regarded as reverent listeners to His words. They

must learn in time that all men have to walk by faith and not by sight, or else lie down in darkness and do nothing, and we shall best prepare them to follow in the footsteps of our faith by gently declining all exaggerated trust in ourselves, and drawing them to share our cheerful dependence on the unseen Lord to whom with childlike hearts we pray. Many of the worst agonies, and most calamitous wrecks of religious life in youth are, at least, partly due to the shock of finding that things once accepted on the authority of parents, who spoke of them as certainties within their personal knowledge, are really things not known or knowable in a scientific sense, but are purely matters of belief. In the present state of thought this discovery comes at a very early age, and the generation to come after us can only be prepared for a safe and happy passage of their inevitable intellectual ordeal by a wise and courageous initiation in their tenderest years. A veil upon the limitations of our religious knowledge may be worn for a season without any actual untruth, and with apparently beneficial results, but all veils must presently be lifted, and, alas! for those who see a plain dull skin where they fancied there was radiance—an ignorant, doubting, seeking, or at best a hoping, trusting spirit, where they imagined a calm possession of such knowledge as belongs to no son of man save Christ.

The veiling of Moses has thus furnished sundry wholesome thoughts for elders and teachers; it has also some suggestions for the young. It often happens that a youth is drawn to seek God's care. He has learned his need of a Father who seeth in secret. Sin has marred his inward peace, sorrow has made his soul exceeding heavy, mystery has closed around him like a cold, murky night. In solitude he has sought the Lord, and in an ordinary room of a modern city house has found the Presence Moses entered amid the storm-clouds of Sinai. From that Presence he comes forth to the world, he shrinks from it, but it cannot be avoided. The little world of home with all its wholesome power of banter and fun is round about him, and the larger and less kindly, though not more dreaded, world of mere associates awaits him outside. There is a new light in his soul. God has shined upon him, and he is truer, purer, wiser than a few hours since. His instinct is to let that light shine before men, to let all know that he has seen God, and now views all things in a fresh light, and means to live a new life. Perhaps he is not

quite free from a nervous dread of having his good intentions mildly mocked, and his solemn thoughts made the subject of a jest. But his worst fear is that his present feelings may really only deserve such treatment. Are they not passing spasms of emotion? Will they abide? Will not the new light wane, and vanish like the lustre from Moses's face? He does not think of the ancient story, but his thought may find language in its imagery. If his goodness is only to be a transient shimmer of Divine brightness he will keep it to himself. It is better, he reasons, for himself, for the honour of Christ, and for all his friends, that this anticipated failure should have no witnesses. Hence he covers his new light of heaven-touched desires and purposes under a veil of assumed indifference, and beneath this veil the heavenly radiance dies away, and his fears fulfil themselves in sorrow.

Where then is his mistake? Does he err in supposing that such spiritual glory from the face of God is transient? On the contrary, he would fall into a disastrous error if he expected it to remain undimmed. We are such fital beings that we swiftly lose whatever good we gain. The continuity of human life is dependent upon a ceaseless series of renewals. We eat food and are strengthened, but the strength soon fails. We wash and are clean, but the dust at once begins to settle on our flesh. So we see Divine beauty, but the vision pales. We imbibe love, but our hearts run dry. We are imbued with holy purposes, but our efforts falter. We resolve to do good, yet never do it as we would. We determine to refrain from evil but are overcome. Thus we need in every sense to be supplied with daily bread. Our hope lies not in personal constancy, but in never-ending renewal from above. Moses had but to go into the cloudy tabernacle and stand before the Lord and his countenance again glistened as before. And when we follow his example all that has been taken away by the world is restored, expended energies revived, fainting hopes spring up again within the breast, and the light of godliness comes as naturally as the daily dawn to our revolving earth. Thus in spite of all our tendencies to fade and wither there may be fulfilled in our experience the law of everlasting progress unfolded by the apostle. "We all with unveiled faces, reflecting as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Lord the Spirit."



AMONG THE BIRDS.

BY CHARLES DIXON, AUTHOR OF "RURAL BIRD-LIFE," ETC.

IV.—IN AUTUMN.

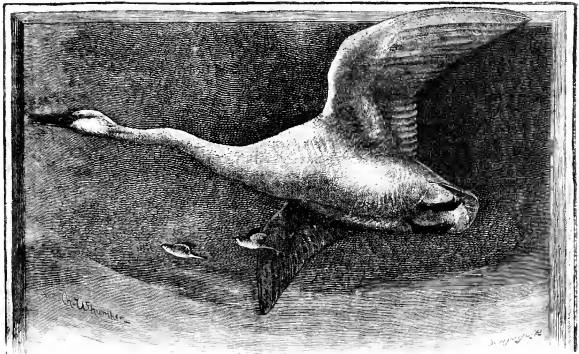
THE last days of summer and the first of autumn are marked by a striking quietness amongst bird-life. The music of nearly every species is hushed; most birds are more skulking than usual; many disappear to all but the keenest scrutiny; and only an occasional chirp betrays their whereabouts. Birds are now moulting; but as the autumn days come on apace we gradually see the apparently deserted woods and fields filled once more with their feathered inhabitants—songless, to remain so until the following spring. To this rule, however, there are one or two exceptions. Undoubtedly the homely little robin is the most prominent songster in autumn. His sweet strains lend life to the woods and hedgerows, and the shrubberies and gardens are made glad by his music, just as the Michaelmas daisies and chrysanthemums give a last touch of welcome colour to the flower-beds. Every one knows the robin, almost every one is familiar with his rich, sweet melody. There is something plaintive about the robin's song—a melancholy sadness that seems in harmony with falling leaves, damp, decaying vegetation and bare boughs. As an autumn songster the wren is sure to attract constant notice, his song being renewed after the moult, and attaining all its loud and varied beauty as the mellow days

of the Indian summer gild the waning year. The song thrush may sing a little now and then in autumn, and the blackbird warble even less frequently still; but the mellow voice of the "stormcock," or missel-thrush, is now at its best. The starling and hedge-sparrow are also autumn songsters, and contribute no mean share to the scanty concert of the woods and fields at this season. Another bird that regains its song directly after the moult is the skylark. There is something delightfully English about the song of this bird—no other music seems so thoroughly in harmony with our peaceful meadows and breezy uplands. It speaks eloquently of freedom, and is one long musical declamation against restraint. His delightful trills are as well known as they are indescribable, and though they seem more in place above the buttercups and daisies, prim-roses and daffodils of spring, they are none the less welcome when carolled forth in the fresh autumn air over the browns and yellows and purples of the dying year.

Throughout the autumn months birds are constantly shifting their ground—seeking out suitable retreats for the coming winter. The moorlands and the mountains are almost deserted; the birds which have bred on these high grounds during the summer retire to

the coasts, the more sheltered country, and the lower valleys. The meadow pipits now leave the moors and visit the fields and manure heaps of the cultivated districts; the linnets, the twites, and the grey wagtails forsake the gorse, the heather, and the mountain trout-streams, and frequent the fields and lower reaches of the rivers. The curlews, the plovers, and other water fowl have sped to the coasts. The ring-ouzel and the cuckoo have gone to Africa; the merlins have retired to the lower grounds; the wheat-eaters and whinchats have commenced their long southern journey; and the red grouse,

the ptarmigan, and the eagle are almost the only birds left upon the highest uplands. Autumn is the time for many birds to gather into flocks for the winter; solitary birds become gregarious, and most species now display an amount of sociability they never indulge in at any other season. These large flocks are composed principally of the young birds hatched the previous season, and their parents. Another marked and important feature of bird-life in autumn is the gathering together of many of our migratory birds previous to taking their departure. In the early September days we see the swal-



Wild Swan flying to his winter home.

lows and martins congregating in vast companies at certain well-recognised points of meeting. The air is full of the fluttering little birds as they course to and fro, noisily twittering to each other, as if discussing the long journey before them. Rows of tired birds perch on the roofs of buildings, on fences, the tops or "rigs" of stacks, and on telegraph wires. Many of these are young birds, and their parents may frequently be seen conveying food to them. One of our illustrations represents a scene often to be witnessed in autumn, when the birds seem particularly fond of resting on the wires. From end to end of the long span the birds cluster in a dense, noisy throng, and the slender wires

look like thick cables when seen from a distance.

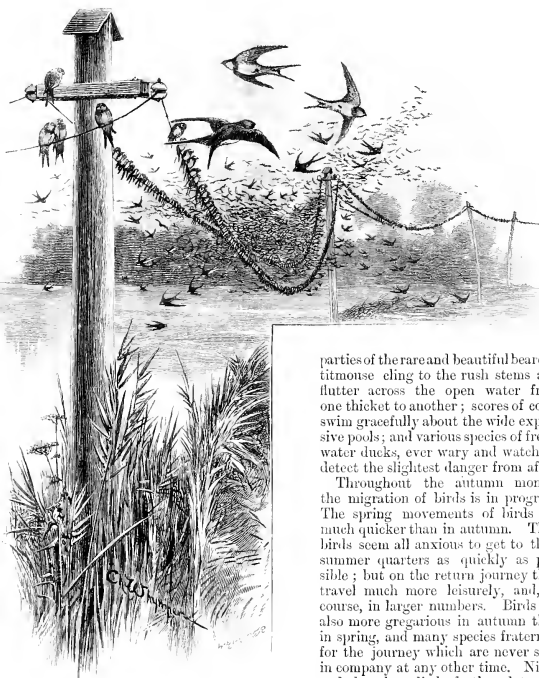
As soon as the grain has been cut and harvested we find the broad, brown stubbles the chosen haunts of many kinds of birds. One of the most familiar birds of the stubble is the partridge, now in coveys of varying size. We often flush these skulking, timid birds from our very feet, and the whirl of their wings is quite startling as they hurry away. Large flocks of sparrows and greenfinches also frequent these places to feed on the scattered grain, and where the stubbles have been sown down with clover we are sure to meet with the skylark in abundance. The yellow bunting and the chaffinch may

often be seen on the hedges, especially near the gateways and in the lanes where the bushes on either side almost meet overhead. Here great numbers of straws become lodged, brushed from the waggons as the corn is carted through them; and these little finches are busy picking out the grain, sometimes fluttering for a moment before a full ear, then bearing it to the ground. The wood-pigeons and stock-doves, wild geese and ducks also come to the stubbles for their share of the corn. The turnip-fields are now replete with bird-life. In early morning, as we wander knee-deep among the broad green leaves, all wet with dew, we flush great numbers of song thrushes and "stormcocks," which visit these places for the slugs and worms; whilst nearer the hedges the blackbird rises up with noisy clamour, and the hedge-sparrow flits off to the nearest cover. Where the turnips have partly failed and a bare patch of ground occurs, especially if it be at all swampy, we are sure to meet with the meadow pipit, which flits about and perches on the leaves, uttering its plaintive note; and in places where the crop is thickest we may by chance flush a short-eared owl, a stray woodcock, or a land-rail which has not yet left its summer haunts.

The woods in autumn contain much of interest. When October paints the birch coppices in tints of brightest yellow the charming little gold-crest is busy amongst them. Parties of these delicate birds (the smallest British species) linger in them a few days on their southern journey, and every now and then the males burst out into sweetest song. They freely fraternise with the coal-tit and blue-tit, but frequent the slender twigs where the seed pods hang rather than the thick branches and trunks which the tits search for insect food. In the oak woods where the acorns chance to be the thickest we shall be sure to meet with the shy pheasants who wander up and down beneath the trees in quest of them, whilst in the branches overhead the jays and rooks are pulling them off. The rook may often be seen clinging to a large acorn at the extremity of a slender twig breaking it off by his own weight. Our rambles reveal the departure of the summer migrants. No longer does the little grey flycatcher moodily sit on the long branches that droop over the wall into the adjoining field, he has sped away to the oases in Algeria; no longer do we hear the trembling notes of the wood wren in the treetops, or the chiffchaff's monotonous cry from the lower branches; the nightingale, the redstart, and the turtle-

dove have gone; and by the end of October the redwings and the bramblings are back again from Swedish woods, frequenting the fields during the day, retiring to the evergreens at dusk.

Changes rapid and continuous are also taking place among the birds of the coast. At all the summer stations of the sea birds as soon as the young can fly a grand breaking up takes place. The long winter vacation has commenced, and the birds of these rocks and islets and cliffs disperse over the surrounding sea, many species, such as the terns, going southwards to the tropics. The low flat mud banks and salt marshes of the eastern counties, which in summer were almost deserted by birds, now become thronged with feathered visitors from all parts of the north. One of the first birds to make its appearance on these mud flats is the knot. In thousands this little arctic stranger frequents the coast, many lingering through the winter, but the great majority gradually passing on to the west African coast. Dunlins in countless hordes rest on these muds, and may often be seen in compact flocks wheeling and turning with marvellous precision just above the shallow water or the wet shining beach. Another bird which comes a little later on in autumn to these places is the hooded crow. It visits us from northern Europe and picks up a rich living on the coasts and adjoining meadows, often following the course of tidal rivers to more inland districts. The shores of the Wash in autumn are perhaps the most interesting haunt of birds in this country. Miles of mud flat and salt marsh form a safe retreat for almost every species of British shore bird, from the big lumbering gulls and geese, to the shy ducks, wild curlews and dainty dunlins. The fishermen profit by such an abundance of birds, and thousands are netted or shot every year in this one district alone. Miles of netting are stretched across the mud in most parts of the Wash, and with a suitable tide and favourable weather vast quantities of birds are caught. From this interesting district it is but a short distance to the Broads; and here we meet with many birds in autumn which prefer an inland to a littoral haunt. Some of the most charming vignettes of bird-life may here be seen by the observer who is careful not to alarm his feathered favourites. Our artist has given us a graphic peep at fen-land in the evening's dusk. The big white banks of autumnal fog hang low over the Broads, and the sighing of the wind through the dead bending reeds is fit-



Swallows on Telegraph Wires.

parties of the rare and beautiful bearded titmouse cling to the rush stems and flutter across the open water from one thicket to another; scores of coots swim gracefully about the wide expansive pools; and various species of freshwater ducks, ever wary and watchful, detect the slightest danger from afar.

Throughout the autumn months the migration of birds is in progress. The spring movements of birds are much quicker than in autumn. Then birds seem all anxious to get to their summer quarters as quickly as possible; but on the return journey they travel much more leisurely, and, of course, in larger numbers. Birds are also more gregarious in autumn than in spring, and many species fraternise for the journey which are never seen in company at any other time. Night and day these little feathered travellers are hastening southward—following summer in one vast fluttering

thrang. In the still autumn nights we may often hear the cries of these migratory birds as they pass over high in air above us. Sometimes the harsh notes of a heron will be heard, or the shrill call of a curlew or godwit; and now and then the loud trumpet-like scream of the wild swan, rendered musical by distance, sounds clearly from the sky. This magnificent bird is shown

ting music to such a wild, even solemn scene. The shy wild ducks are swimming about in the half light, all unconscious of danger, whilst a big grey heron in moody contemplation of all things piscatorial stands like a statue on an old wrecked fen boat. Timid rails and moorhens swim in and out amongst the reeds, and on rare occasions a bittern or a wild swan will fly startled away. Little

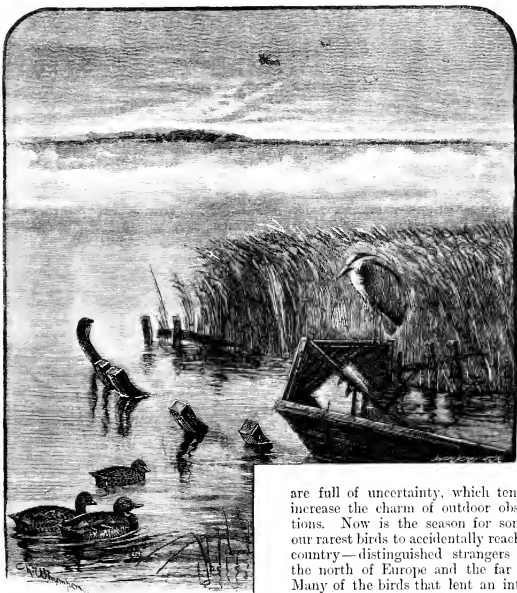
in one of our engravings flying swiftly along to his winter home. He is fresh from the solitudes of the arctic regions, and is seeking some extensive pool or quiet part of the coast. Two willow wrens are flying in his company, but their destination is much farther to the south.

The migration of birds is beset with many perils and many difficulties. Birds often lose their way; a contrary wind or a spell of dark cloudy weather appears to disorganize their movements, and, like mariners without a compass, they are at a loss which direction to take. Many wonderful scenes are witnessed at the lighthouses on some parts of the British coasts during the season of migration. Sometimes when the moon is suddenly hidden by a bank of clouds the lanterns of the lighthouses are the point to which the stream of migrants hasten, and where in a confused fluttering throng they beat against the glass like moths round a candle, and fly to and fro, utterly bewildered and completely lost. They seem to have no idea of their true course, and fly aimlessly about, many killing themselves against the glass, others falling into the water below. The light-men are alert on these occasions, and capture numbers of the poor lost travellers with hand-nets. Many of the birds are too tired or too dazed to move, and allow themselves to be taken by the hand as they sit on the balcony. Our largest picture vividly portrays a lighthouse on one of these migration nights. The tide of migration is at its height. The night is dark, and the lanterns are the central point of attraction for the countless hosts of birds that were crossing the sea when the sky became overcast. Birds of many different species are flying together, or are attracted from all points of the compass by the brilliant light. Ducks and geese are travelling with gold-crests and swallows. Starlings and finches are flying side by side with gulls and waders. Warblers and herons scatter scientific classification to the winds, and fraternise with swans and goatsuckers and larks. Falcons and owls appear to lose all propensity for preying on their helpless fellow-voyagers, and fly harmlessly to and fro amongst their companions in misfortune. As soon as the weather clears, and the moon shines forth once more, the birds appear to get on their right track again, and the feathered hosts are gone as suddenly as they came. These migratory movements lend bird-life its greatest charm in autumn. Wherever and whenever we wander out into the woods or by the shore signs of the great

feathered exodus now in progress are to be seen on every side. In the highest air the V-shaped lines taken by the migrating geese, or in the lower atmosphere the fluttering throng of martins and swallows, proclaim the movements of some of our feathered friends. Almost every wood, and field, and lane, and highway are tenanted by birds bent on their annual pilgrimage; and bird after bird departs as the autumn draws to its close, their places being taken by others from more northern lands.

There is also a beautiful and indescribable charm about the woods and groves in autumn which they possess at no other time of the year. How delightful are the clear, fresh autumn mornings, when we wander out into the fields, and down the lanes, and through the woods! What a wealth and variety of bewitching colours adorn them now, and how delicately beautiful the lace-like network of gossamer, laden and spangled with dew, which yokes together every leaf and twig and grass-blade! How eagerly the birds are engaged in feeding on the various fruits and berries of the season! Many birds subsist almost entirely on these fruits and berries in autumn. The bilberries and cranberries are the chief food of the grouse; the thrushes and starlings feed eagerly on blackberries and the red, wax-like fruit of the mountain-ash.

Again, there is something ineffably sweet about the robin's song at this season, especially as we listen to it at nightfall, when the evening mists are rising from the woodlands and the setting sun reflects a refulgent light over the brightly painted trees. Then how busy are the siskins and the titmice in the alder-trees by the stream, and how engaging the redpoles and goldfinches on the wild weedy wastes as these little birds cling to the tall prickly thistle-stems, and scatter the downy seeds to the wind! Nut-brown October is one of the pleasantest months in the whole year for the naturalist, and from the beginning to the end of this delightful period bird-life is for ever on the change. As the painted leaves fall to the earth and accumulate in big brown and yellow drifts by the tree-trunks and in the hollows, we are enabled to observe the actions of many birds that all the summer have been hidden by the foliage. We can now watch the woodpeckers pursue their erratic way up the gnarled and rugged trunks in quest of insects, and scan every movement of the tits and ring-doves high up in the slender branches. Then on the ground how the various birds betray their whereabouts as they hop



Autumn Evening on the Broads.

amongst the dead, fallen leaves! The thrushes and blackbirds particularly love to frequent the ground at this season, and hop along under the dense cover with surprising quickness. In our wanderings through the plantations and quiet corners of the coppices we may now flush the woodcock from its retreat amongst the dead leaves; and to the swampy districts the jack-snipe has once more returned for the winter. In autumn great numbers of young herons wander far from their birthplace and stray up the rivers and brooks in quest of fish; and now and then the rough legged buzzard may be met with on migration across the inland heaths. Our wanderings among the birds in autumn

are full of uncertainty, which tends to increase the charm of outdoor observations. Now is the season for some of our rarest birds to accidentally reach this country—distinguished strangers from the north of Europe and the far East. Many of the birds that lent an interest to the woods and fields in spring and summer have gone; but to compensate us for their absence others have come, and are constantly arriving, to take their place, whilst the element of uncertainty as to what species we may chance to meet with in our rambles is a grand inducement to spend as much as possible of the delicious dreamy autumn out of doors “among the birds.”

But the limits of our space are already reached, and in bidding the readers who may have followed us through these brief and imperfect sketches of bird-life adieu, we may be allowed to express the sincere hope that some of them may be led by their perusal to the study of a science which abounds with the highest and the deepest interest.

SLAVERY IN AFRICA.

By COMMANDER V. L. CAMERON, R.N., C.B., D.C.L., AUTHOR OF "ACROSS AFRICA," ETC.

DO any of us realise what these words mean? I venture to think that very few do, or such a storm of indignation and horror would sweep from one end of the country to the other as had never before been equalled.

I do not only mean, are we cognisant of what happens in Africa, but do we actually bring home to our hearts and minds what occurs: what crimes of arson, murder, and rapine the slavers commit, and what widespread misery their deeds entail? I pray that we do not, or I would expect the punishment of heaven to be meted out to us for our apathy.

I trust that I am right in differing from Lord Granville when, in introducing Cardinal Lavigerie to the audience assembled at Prince's Hall, he assumed that all present would understand spoken French. I prefer to believe my fellow countrywomen and men ignorant of spoken French to believing them guilty of callousness and indifference to the appeal made to them on behalf of the suffering people of Africa by Cardinal Lavigerie.

Do the people of Great Britain realise that every minute a fresh victim is seized on by the slave-stealers, that not an hour passes without more than fifty being killed or torn from their homes, and that during this month of August, in which I write, and when most of us are enjoying a holiday, forty-five thousand more victims are being added to the number of those who, through Cardinal Lavigerie and others, appeal to us for aid and protection from some of the foulest criminals that ever disgraced the earth?*

Some people may answer, "Why do you ask us for help now? This has been going on always, and it has been generally allowed that it is useless to take any active means to put an end to it. It is very horrible, but what can we do?"

We ask for help now because the horrible condition of affairs obtaining in Central Africa is daily growing worse, because much of the evil is of recent date, and because our improved knowledge of the country and climate, and of how to treat malarial fevers, has rendered it possible for active steps to be taken to put an end to this horrible traffic,

and the crimes and sufferings entailed by it, with every prospect of success.

Others, again, say: "Oh, the extension of legitimate commerce and of missionary enterprise are going on apace, and to them we must look as the proper and effectual means to put an end to slavery."

They are useful and powerful factors, and their beneficial influence is not to be denied; but the progress caused by them is slow, and before they can do much large districts of Africa will be depopulated.

Lieutenant Wissmann, in a paper read before the Royal Geographical Society* on the 25th of June last, and to which I shall refer again, concludes by saying:—

"But let us turn aside from such mournful episodes and ask ourselves, how can these regions be made participators in the blessings of civilisation?"

"Self-sacrificing Christian missionaries have proved blessings to some of the coast districts; but it is clear that natives who are not sure for a single day of their lives and property, are not in a condition to open their hearts to higher and nobler religious ideas. The civilisatory mission needed is one which will free these tribes from the cancerous evil which poisons their very life-blood and must inevitably lead to their total extinction. This is a work requiring large means, but it is one of the noblest. It must be undertaken quickly too, for the disease is spreading rapidly, and the influence of the Arabs grows visibly from day to day."

This is pretty plain speaking, and following, as it did, upon the description of atrocities which have never been surpassed, even if they have been equalled, in the history of the world, would, one should have thought, have evoked some more evidence of feeling and sympathy from his audience than the concluding sentence of the President, in moving a vote of thanks to the lecturer:—

"It was not for him to say to what extent England and other civilised countries could co-operate to put an end to the atrocities which were still perpetrated in Africa, but that result would doubtless in the long run be accomplished by more complete exploration and subsequent occupation of the country by a superior race."

Probably General Strachey, in his position as president of a scientific society, could say little else; but we are not all presidents of scientific societies, and trammelled by official responsibilities, and we need not acquiesce in the feeling "that doubtless in the long run," &c. . . .

* I am using the estimate I made in Africa. Cardinal Lavigerie quadruples these numbers.

* Published in the August number of the Society's "Proceedings."

Wissmann tells us that the work must be done quickly. We cannot afford to wait for exploration or occupation; what has to be done must be done at once, or the question of slavery will solve itself by the extinction of the races from which the carriers of ivory and the slave marts are supplied.

I suppose that for every slave carried off by the slave-hunters fifteen more are murdered, burned alive in their villages, or die of starvation in the jungle. The loss in the slave caravans before they reach their destinations is at least fifty per cent., often more, so that for each slave sold to a permanent owner thirty human beings have been destroyed. If for each pair of tusks a hundred elephants were known to be destroyed, ivory-merchants would at once take steps to put an end to the unnecessary waste. Shall we do nothing to save the thousands and thousands of men, women, and children whose fate is worse than that of the elephants', and whose only crime is that they are not able to help themselves?

I know myself that I have urged the development of legitimate commerce and the extension of missionary enterprise as palliatives of the slave trade, but though much has been done in this way it has not been enough, and the disease has reached such an acute stage that more drastic remedies are now necessary.

Cardinal Lavigerie told us how Captain Joubert, settling in the centre of Africa and organizing a small force of three hundred men from the people of the country, by their means keeps the stealers of human beings at a distance; and now in Brussels he is advocating the formation of a corps of a hundred Belgians to proceed to the neighbourhood of the Tanganyika—"our Tanganyika" as Sir R. Burton called it in a letter to me the other day—there to fight against the slave-dealers.

This is accentuating an important fact which we can no longer blink, viz., that the time has come when it must be decided whether the destinies of tropical Africa are to remain in the hands of the slave-traders from the north, east, and west, or whether they are to pass into those of Christian and civilised nations.

Even if we palter and delay, the crisis must one day come, for constantly the number of the slavers from Zanzibar and Arabia who are settling themselves in Africa is increasing, and they are gathering round them greater numbers of the most savage and barbarous of the native tribes.

People must not think that slavery in Central Africa is a stationary evil, and that what is now happening has always been happening, as Sir James Fergusson seemed to believe, when in reply to Mr. M'Neil in the House of Commons he said, "No doubt the slave trade is active in the interior of Africa, and attended with immense suffering, but it is probably not more prevalent than formerly, while its chief seats have been shifted, and we are better informed of it than formerly through the settlers on the lakes."

If this part of his answer were absolutely correct it would be no reason for us to refrain from endeavouring to put a stop to the atrocities that are daily being committed; but though the centres where slave-hunting is now carried on are not the same as they were fifty years ago, and therefore it may be correct to say that they have shifted, this shifting means that countries that not long ago were unknown to and unvisited by slave-traders are now being rapidly depopulated, while the number of victims is increasing, and the barbarous manner of carrying on the slave-hunts is growing more reckless and cruel every day.

About fifty years ago the Zanzibar traders did not penetrate more than two hundred miles into the interior, and were contented to find their supply of slaves in that area and to purchase ivory from the Wanyamwesi who brought it down either to the coast or to the advanced posts of the Indian and Wasuahili traders.

An Indian merchant named Musa Mzuri pushed on to Unyanyembe, crossing Ugogo, which had previously been a bar to the advance of the coast people, and founded the settlement there, which is now so well known as one of the centres of Arab influence and trade in tropical Africa. For ten years this was practically their farthest point, and then they reached the Tanganyika and established themselves on its shores at Kavele in Ujiji.

They were not long content with their position here and soon crossed the lake and made their way, some to the country of the Kazembe and others into Manyema, and ultimately to Nyangwe.

Shortly before the expedition led by Captain (now Sir Richard) Burton passed through Unyanyembe, the traders from that place had made their way to the Victoria Nyanza. The extension of the slave trade southwards from Egypt has occurred in the same space of time, for the ruffians met by Speke and Grant on their journey from Zanzibar to Cairo, and those with whom Baker had to

deal in his first expedition, were among the earliest who had made their way south of Gondokoro. Gondokoro, indeed, only sprang into being after the passage of the Sudd by the Egyptian expedition in 1839, for previous to that the whole country south of the barrier was a *terra incognita* to slave-hunter and ivory-merchant alike.

The atrocious slave raids of Abu Saoud and Zobeir which spread out into the country of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, and which there can be little doubt were winked at by Nubar Pasha, were of even a later date; but to what an extent this slave trade in the Egyptian Soudan had grown may be to some extent guessed at by the fact that in 1880 Gessi had forty thousand liberated slaves on his hands.

But while Gordon and his lieutenants were struggling against this evil and doing marvels, the import of slaves into Egypt proper still went on, and though slaves could not openly come down the Nile past Khartoum, they were marched by the desert route, called the *Arbat* (from its requiring forty days to traverse), into Dongola, whence they were distributed to their consumers.

Since the English occupation of Egypt, the importation of slaves into that country has ceased, and the liberation of slaves already imported is going on apace under the direction of my old friend and companion, Colonel Schaefer Bey. But if Egypt is no longer a mart for slaves, another Mahommedan State has been found to purchase them, and those who would, if the same conditions still obtained, have been sent to Egypt, are now driven to Tripoli, and for the painful and dangerous passage of the *Arbat*, the still more painful and dangerous march across the Sahara has been substituted. No relation of any traveller in the Southern Egyptian Soudan, whether of Schweinfurth, Junker, Felkin, or no matter whom, fails in telling us how the "Toorkis" were spreading their devastations far and wide; and now that north of the little spot of light at Wadelai, where Emin Pasha so gallantly maintains himself, all European influence has been swept away, there can be but small doubt that horrors equal to any of which we have ever heard are still being perpetrated.

From the Egyptian Soudan westwards to the waters of the Niger, lie the band of Mussulman states peopled by Semitic negroes, whose infusion of Semitic blood and adoption of El Islam has enabled them to put on a veneer of spurious civilisation, and all these States, Wadai, Baghirmi, Bornu,

and the rest, are consumers of slaves, and draw their supplies from the yet unexplored regions between the Niger and the Congo. They are in communication with their co-religionists to the north of the Sahara, and find a ready sale for those of their human chattels that they do not keep for their own purposes, in Fezzan, Tuat, and the southern fringes of Algeria where French influence does not extend, while farther west the markets of Morocco are supplied by the Touaregs and other Semiticised and nomad tribes.

The West Coast export trade has ceased, having been finally put an end to by the energetic measures adopted by Commodore A. P. E. Wilmot between 1862—1865, since which, and owing to which, legitimate commerce has progressed by leaps and bounds. The extension of legitimate commerce in this instance has been due to the extinction of the slave trade, and not the extinction of the slave trade to the extension of legitimate commerce, as was urged by Sir James Fergusson.

But though the West Coast slave trade has ceased—the "*volumes*"* now consisting of coffee, oil, ivory, and other products instead of human beings—the slave trade behind Angola and Benguela still exists, and the traders of Kassanci and Bihé are pushing farther and farther into the interior, and the mobs by whom they are accompanied are paid for such services as they render by being permitted to prey on the natives, to murder, rob, burn, steal, and carry into slavery.

I myself saw that East-Coast traders had met people from Bihé, in Urua, and was an unwilling witness of the vile behaviour of these brutes, who were led by a man who called himself a Christian.

Now we hear that the Angolan slave-dealers have even reached Nyangwe, and Dr. Summers tells of the horrors he witnessed when they passed by his station on their return march with eight hundred wretched victims.

The Arabs are jealous of the appearance of Europeans near their slave-hunting grounds; but they appear to have shown no jealousy or fear of these their co-partners in crime. The slave caravan from Urua, with which I had to travel, consisted mainly of women and children, the men having been mostly slaughtered, only a few being retained

* Bales; the Portuguese used to invoice their slaves thus. See fac-simile of part of a bill of lading in "Across Africa," p. 329, new edition.



"The tide of Migration is at its height."

as porters, as they would not have been easily disposed of in the countries on the Upper Zambesi, which their captors intended visiting after I left Bihé, while women and children, especially girls, commanded a good price in cattle and ivory.

I have for a time said nothing about the extension of their slave-trading operations by the Zanzibar people; but it is because I consider them the worst of all that I have reserved them until now.

When I passed through Manyuema, on my way to Nyangwe, Manyuema was practically untouched by the slavers, who then were not sufficiently powerful to dare to stir up the people against them, and those who had gone northwards from Nyangwe had been driven back with heavy losses. Tipu-tipo had never crossed the Lomami, and Jumaa Merikani's camp in Urua represented the farthest advance of the East Coast people in that latitude.* Now almost, if not quite, up to the Aruwimi the country has been devastated, Manyuema is being rapidly reduced to a howling wilderness, and lately, as we are told by Lieutenant Wissmann in the same paper that I have already quoted from, Sayol, a lieutenant of Tipu-tipo's, has crossed the Lomami, and the consequences are best told in the gallant German's own words.

He first describes the fertile and beautiful country through which he passed, its large towns shaded by palm-groves, whose age attested how long they had afforded shelter to the descendants of those who had planted them.

He then goes on to tell us of the peaceful agricultural race dwelling in savage plenty, who were the happy owners of these sylvan towns, of their children and their toys, of their goats and fowls—in short, he paints a picture of a primitive race undisturbed by war's alarms, knowing nothing of slave raids, except by dim and distant rumours, and willing to welcome kindly the strangers whose zeal for knowledge had brought them to their doors.

That was in 1881. A country more populous than almost any that had yet been seen in Africa, a people already well advanced in the peaceful arts, every man living in security under the shade of his own palm in the midst of his own farm, their few and simple wants easily supplied by the bounty of the soil.

Wissmann and his followers had no difficulty in maintaining amicable relations with

these "gentle savages," and when they parted it was with the kindest feelings on either side. I will now quote Lieutenant Wissmann verbatim:—

"Four years had gone when I once more found myself in the centre of Africa. . . . Once more we camped near the large town of the Bagna Perih. Early on the following morning we approached its palm groves. The paths are no longer clean as they used to be. A dense growth of grass covers them, and as we approach the skirt of the groves we are struck by the dead silence which reigns. No laughter is to be heard, no sign of welcome from our old friends. The silence of death breathes over the lofty crowns of the palms waving in the wind. We enter and it is in vain we look to the right and left for the happy homesteads and happy old scenes. Tall grass covers everything, a charred pole here and there, a few banana-trees, are the only evidences that man once dwelt here. Bleached skulls by the road-side, and the skeletons of human hands attached to poles, tell the story of what has happened since our last visit.

"The Bakalanga, in the long white garments and with cloths wound round their heads, had been here, so we were told subsequently.

"The hordes of a powerful chief, said to live to the east of the Lomami, known indifferently as Tupa Tupa, Manchipula, or Tipu-Tib had been here to trade. Many women had been carried off, all who offered resistance had been killed, the fields, gardens and banana groves had been wasted, and the palms only had escaped the fury of these visitors. Twice more, at intervals of three moons, these destroyers had returned and the havoc which they wrought had been completed by the small-pox, which they imported, and by famine. The Bagna Pesihi, nay the whole tribe of the Bene Ki, had ceased to exist. Only a few remnants of this once powerful tribe, so we were told, had sought refuge with a chief on the Sankuru, named Zappu Tapp, himself a refugee from Arab aggression.

" . . . Day after day we were called upon to witness the same abhorrent scenes, until one day on the banks of the Lukasi, we came upon a camp of these Arabs. They numbered three thousand men, and their leader was Sayol, one of the Lieutenants of Tipu-Tib. . . .

"After a short and stormy interview with Sayol we camped near to him. I even there noticed that the conduct of Tipu-Tib's people was different from what it used to be, and it was only when I arrived at Nyangwe I found this change was due to the deplorable fights with Europeans at Stanley Falls.*

"I paid a visit to Sayol's camp. A scaffolding of beams at its entrance was ornamented with fifty hewn-off right hands. Musket shots later on proclaimed that the leader of this gang was practising musketry on his unfortunate prisoners. Some of my men told me that the victims of this cruelty had been cut up immediately to furnish a cannibal feast, for Tipu-Tib's auxiliaries from the Lomami, the Bene Kalebwe and Batelala, are cannibals."

Comment on this is unnecessary. Every time I read this paper of Wissmann's, and it exercises a weird fascination upon me, I become more and more disgusted that such things should be permitted to exist. The

* Syde-ibn-Habib's journey to the West Coast, which followed close on the first crossing of the Tanganyika by the Arabs, led to no immediate or permanent results, and need not be considered.

* Some employes of the "Congo Free State," more generous than politics, had protected fugitive slaves. The deplorable part of the business was that their efforts were futile.—V. I. C.

chief of these human fiends (I once had better thoughts of the Zanzibar traders, and hoped that they might be utilised in the civilisation of Africa) is the mainstay of the expedition under Mr. Stanley.

At Nyangwe, if I had indulged in a very mild form of slave-dealing, my way down the Congo would have been freely open. At Tipi-tipo's camp I renounced the idea of crossing the Lomami, and, being the first explorer of the countries of whose devastation Wissmann has told us, because I did not believe that one was justified in shedding one drop of blood for the sake of geographical knowledge, and never did I allow a rifle to be fired save in the strictest self-defence.

Autres temps, autres mœurs ; perhaps if all explorers had been as scrupulous as I was, we should not know so much as we now do of the interior of Africa ; but certainly, judging by results up to the present moment, the opening up of Africa has not resulted in increased happiness to the inhabitants of the "Dark Continent."

The time has now come when we can no longer plead ignorance ; from missionaries of every branch of the Catholic Church of Christ we hear of the sufferings of the negro. Those who would raise the native races and abolish slavery by the introduction of the arts of peace and the extension of legitimate com-

merce have been attacked by the slave-dealers, and a gentleman holding the position of British Consul has been stripped of his clothes, and flouted and jeered at by the traders in human flesh.

The Anti-Slavery Society has done wonders by the employment of moral force, and a long vista is open to it for the beneficial employment of the arm to which it is restricted. I wish the Anti-Slavery Society Godspeed in its noble work, but at the same time I cannot help agreeing with Cardinal Lavigerie, Cardinal Manning, and Lieutenant Wissman in thinking that the time has come for the employment of active means.

I cannot here enter into the description of the methods that I would adopt for dealing with this ever-increasing evil ; but though to learn the name or whereabouts of a new lake, river, or mountain I would not burn a single cartridge, I think that it would be right, advisable, and proper to use all the resources of modern warfare in order to rescue the natives of Africa from slavery, rapine, murder, and sudden death.

I am ready to act up to what I write, and would freely give my life in the cause of freedom, and will gladly co-operate in any possible manner either here or in Africa with those who I trust will resolve that this disgrace to humanity shall no longer exist.

SON OF MAN.

"Homo sum ; nihil humani a me alienum puto."

LET me not scorn my fellow-men,

Even the bad and base ;
For man is man ; I feel it when
I look into his face.

Why should I question who or whence ?

This is a man. Ah, me !
Although I cannot reverence,
I yet would tender be.

If he be man, this man to serve
Is my prerogative.

The question not, Does he deserve ?
But, What have I to give ?

The Son of God, 'tis said, of old
Was man. It is enough.

Some thread of true, if tarnished, gold
Runs through all human stuff.

It may be that a reverent eye,
Or that a tender thought,
Will bring the colours out which lie
Unnoticed though inwrought.

The truthless look, the shuffling gait,
The mind that darkly schemes,
How hateful ! Yet I will not hate,
But watch for heavenly gleams.

Thus would I treat this fellow-man,
Abased but highly born ;
Expectant I his face would scan,
Without a thought of scorn.

ROBERT F. HORTON.

THE REALMS OF GOLD.

A Talk about Poetry.

By JOHN DENNIS.

IT may be as well to begin by saying that this talk is intended for youthful readers of poetry, and especially for those who are just beginning to gain some sense of its beauty, and some desire to explore the enchanting region which our great poets have made their own. That region is not only full of lovely flowers and foliage, but it is full also of precious fruits and healing herbs. For the poets, when they rightly understand their vocation, are our wisest teachers; their song appeals to the heart as well as to the intellect, and the music of their voices lingers in the memory, filling us with happy and elevating thoughts.

You will perhaps ask me to define poetry, but this is not in my power. Many definitions have been given, from the days of the Greek philosophers to our own, but not one of them is, I think, adequate. Well, we can enjoy life without explaining it, and if we could state with scientific accuracy what poetry is, I am sure we should not delight one whit the more in the rhythmical harmony of verse. But if we cannot define poetry there is much about the art which it is not difficult to understand. We cannot fail to see that when the poet, to use Milton's phrase, puts on his singing robes, he is in a state of exalted feeling, in which he sees visions, and is forced, as it were, to utter what he sees in metre. Profound emotion kindles the imagination, and the poet's heart finds no rest until he is able to express what is stirring within him in a beautiful and lasting form. And we see too that, while there may be abundant verse without poetry, there can be no poetry, although there may be much that is poetical, without verse. The substance needs also the form, and it is a mistake to speak of the most imaginative prose work as if it were a poem.

What I wish to do is to take you with me into our English realm, the wealthiest and most spacious in the world, and to give a few suggestions which may serve as sign-posts on your pleasant journey. Let me in the first place guard against a misconception into which a youthful reader is likely to fall. English literature has now become a part of scholastic education, and English poets especially are studied with the minute attention to grammar and syntax which was at one time given only to the classics of Greece and Rome. With this object a play of Shake-

speare is criticised, not for its fine qualities as poetry, but for its verbal peculiarities, and the exquisite music of *Comus* is dissected in order to discover the author's idioms and grammatical inflections. To this course of study no objection can be made, but it may be abused, and will be, if the student imagines that while thus enlarging his knowledge of English he is also studying poetry. That must be pursued from the standing-point of literature, not of grammar; and it is only through what I may call, for want of a better term, "literary apprehension," that a poet's work can be understood. If Dryasdust asks you what poetry proves, you cannot answer him; but if once your mind opens to the inspiration of a tragedy like *King Lear*, an elegy like *Lycidas*, or an ode like that on *Intimations of Immortality*, you will feel that the imaginative truth of poetry is as real as the formula of algebra.

Now let me suppose that you know little of the poetry of your country beyond the pieces published in selections and possibly learnt at school, which for that reason you may hate as Lord Byron hated Horace. With the great landmarks of our poetical history you may be slightly acquainted, knowing something about Chaucer, though you have not read his *Canterbury Tales*; knowing a little by report of the luxuriant beauty of Spenser's *Fairie Queene*; knowing how Shakespeare stands among his great poetical contemporaries, as Saul stood among the children of Israel, "higher than any of the people;" and how Milton, the "mighty-mouth'd inventor of harmonies," fallen upon evil days, nourished his great soul in solitude and blindness. Then if you have read any history of the Restoration period, Dryden's name will not be unfamiliar, and you will know how this robust writer and consummate master of English, to use his own expressive words, "made prostitute and profligate the Muse." I suppose too that in your school studies you have learnt something of the poetical history of the eighteenth century, and especially of Pope, that exquisite wit and masterly artificer in verse. Then since your curiosity has been excited in this direction, and I am all along taking this interest for granted, you will have heard of the return to nature at the beginning of the present century, of which poets like Burns and Cowper were forerunners in the last. With Coleridge, the

most subtly musical of poets, with Wordsworth, the most spiritually suggestive, and with Scott, whose verse, when in his highest mood, is like the tramp of soldiers marching to victory, arose a new era in which, had you lived in it, the poetical figure of Byron would have seemed to you as, to all youthful readers of that time, by far the most prominent, while those of Shelley and Keats, who for intrinsic poetical merit now rank with the peers of song, might have been comparatively disregarded. Then you can recall, perhaps, if you are put through an examination, the names of a score of smaller poets—some of them like Moore and Rogers, at one time in the highest degree popular—whose fame in the course of a generation has greatly faded.

And bridging over several years in your retrospect, you are, it may be hoped, on familiar ground when calling to mind the finely modulated strains of our well-beloved Laureate. And yet it is possible, for youthful enthusiasm is not discriminative, and the poetry of the day suits the day, that you are better acquainted with the last idle singer of an idle lay than with the noblest productions of a Browning or a Tennyson.

There are, no doubt, exceptions, but I think that, as a rule, the young readers likely to follow me in this talk will say that I have credited them with fully as much knowledge of English poetry as in reality they possess.

And now I shall be asked, what is the wisest course a reader should adopt, whose heart and ear have felt the power of song, but who is conscious that this love of his, sincere though it be, is but vague and purposeless, since it is not based upon knowledge? Feeling thus, a student will have already made a preliminary step in his journey through this realm, because he will have learned that poetry is not a mere pastime for leisure hours but the highest of intellectual pursuits. And it is more than this, for it touches a man's nature at all points. Let me quote what the greatest of modern poets has to say upon this subject.

"To be incapable," Wordsworth writes, "of a feeling of poetry in my sense of the word, is to be without love of human nature and reverence for God." And then alluding to his own poems he trusts it will be their destiny "to console the afflicted, to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier, to teach the young and gracious of every age to see, to think, and feel, and therefore to become more actively and sincerely virtuous." And this agrees with the

high estimate of his art formed by Milton, who says that the poet's abilities are the inspired gift of God and are of power (for I must put in a few words what with splendid eloquence he writes at large) to imbreed in a great people the seeds of virtue and religion. If this be true, the study of the great poets will assuredly bring with it abundant compensation, and although as you grow familiar with them you are not likely to say with Goldsmith that poetry is the source of all your bliss—and this is not to be desired—I believe you will find that it has added a new and lasting joy to life.

How shall this study be begun? My first object would be to give you as much pleasure in the pursuit as possible, and as few rules as are compatible with progress. Putting Chaucer aside until a later period, the poets of three centuries offer their gold to you for the digging. Suppose in the first place we enter the realm of Shakespeare.

Before reading the noblest poetry that belongs to this fertile period some acquaintance with the literary history of the age will be of service. You want guidance, for the ways are intricate, and without the use of direction-posts time will be wasted. Gain then at the outset such prominent facts and dates as will show you the relation in which the Elizabethan poets stand to one another, remembering that if a poet is for all time he is also the most faithful representative of his age. There are many text-books that will suffice for the purpose. Mr. Stopford Brooke's primer of literature may help to start you on the road, or you can refer to Mr. Saintsbury's *History of Elizabethan Literature*, a book to be read carefully later on. Of greater help to you perhaps than either will be found the first volume of Mr. Ward's delightful work, *The English Poets. Selections, with Critical Introductions*. Open that volume, and turn to what the Dean of St. Paul's writes about Spenser, and then read his monograph of this enchanting poet in the series of *English Men of Letters*. Meanwhile take up the *Faerie Queene*, for how can you begin your studies better than by reading "the first great ideal poem that England produced and the source of all our modern poetry?"

It is written in a stanza called Spenserian, for it is the poet's invention, and shows what a delicate ear for harmony he possessed. Read two or three cantos aloud, so that you may get into the swing of the verse, and do not distract your attention by referring to notes or glossary. What you need at first is to catch the spirit of the poet and the music

of his rhythm. You must not be daunted by the extraordinary length of the poem, since the connection of the books is sufficiently slight to allow of any one of them being read separately. If you do not read beyond the first book, which is the finest, never mind; but I cannot help hoping that you may find yourself impelled onwards, for this "sage and serious poet" has alluring ways, as many a poet and poetry-lover has discovered. In proof of this I may perhaps be allowed to quote what I have said elsewhere:—

"There is probably no English poet," says Shakespeare, "who has exercised so wide a sway in his own country. It was by reading the *Færie Queene* that Cowley became 'irrecoverably a poet.' The author of this incomparable poem was the poetical guide of Milton, the admiration of Dryden, who styles him 'inimitable,' the delight of the youthful Pope, the inspirer of Gray, the constant companion of Scott and Southey, of Shelley and Keats, and the favourite poet of Charles Kingsley. 'Spenser,' said Sir Walter, 'I could have read for ever.' Southey read the great allegory through thirty times, and regarded Spenser as the greatest master of versification in our language. Keats at seventeen, in the expressive words of Cowden Clarke, 'ramped through the scenes of the romance like a young horse turned into a spring meadow.'"^{*}

This will justify, and more than justify, my asking you to begin your poetical campaign with the *Færie Queene*. Do not be deterred because it is an allegory. Read Spenser for his poetry; afterwards it may be worth while to study the design of the work more carefully. And I must add, read him leisurely. It is necessary to live with this wonderful poet for a time and to breathe his atmosphere before the reader will feel his power. The force of a great waterfall is at once evident to ear and eye, but the force of a mighty and beautiful river flowing tranquilly between its banks is not obvious at a glance.

Of all our poets Shakespeare is not only the greatest, but by far the best known. May I not take it for granted that you have read some of his tragedies and comedies, and have at least gone far enough in the study to discover that the more they are studied the greater is the wealth of poetical wisdom they disclose. Like Nature herself, the riches of Shakespeare seem inexhaustible. You know probably that his age was as much that of the drama as ours is of the novel, and that he stands surrounded by a crowd of brother dramatists, some of whom are greatly gifted poets. It was an age of song too, and in all our literature there is not to be found more lyrical beauty than in the Elizabethan and Ja-

cobean periods. In this exquisite art Shakespeare is also supreme, and it is this fulness of power in the two highest regions of poetry that excites the wonder of the student. But I wish to point out a third characteristic in which Shakespeare stands far above his fellows. The dramatists of the time are as remarkable for grossness as for poetic vigour, and often, like their successors of the Restoration, may be said to hold a brief for vice. Shakespeare can be coarse, but he never sneers at what is sacred, or panders to evil, or writes as if there were no distinction between right and wrong. His atmosphere is one in which healthy people can breathe. That of his contemporary dramatists is in a great degree offensive and stifling. More I need not say of this supreme poet, except to advise you to gain at least a familiar knowledge of his masterpieces, of *Hamlet*, *Lea*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, and *Romeo and Juliet* in tragedy; of *Twelfth Night*, *Merchant of Venice*, and *As You Like It*, in comedy; of the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, the *Winter's Tale*, and *The Tempest* in that marvellous region of Shakespeare's art which seems to belong to neither; and of *Julius Cæsar*, *Coriolanus*, and *Richard III.* in the historical drama. And when these plays have become a portion of your poetical heritage you will still find new worlds to conquer and enjoy which this myriad-minded man has created.

The student of any art will always do well to build up his knowledge by studying its greatest masters. Yet I would not confine your attention to the most illustrious of the Elizabethans, a term which, for convenience' sake, may extend to Milton. There are many pleasant by-ways to be explored, and many a lovely spot of poetic ground where you will be inclined to linger. Often the richness of the soil is more evident than its cultivation; sometimes rank vegetation almost hides the flowers; but this at least may be said of the minor poets of that time, that whatever their faults may be, the uniformity of mediocrity is not one of them. What variety and force there is in Drayton, to whom we owe our most beautiful love-sonnet and finest battle-song! what poetic wisdom and mastery of style in Daniel, whose poem in defence of learning Mr. Lowell considers the best of its kind in the language! what brightness in the sparkling verses of Herrick! what rare lyrics in *The Forest and Underwoods* of Ben Jonson! what tender feeling and buoyancy of spirit in the smoothly-flowing verse of George Wither! Here is indeed ample delight pro-

^{*} *Heroes of Literature—English Poets.* A book for young readers, p. 18. (S.P.C.K.)

vided for all who know how to enjoy it. But art is long, and a talk in GOOD WORDS must needs be short, so I must not linger on my way.

When Shakespeare died, Milton, his greatest successor in our English Realm of Gold, was a child of eight. As he grew to manhood he devoted himself to poetry as the noblest of vocations, trusting, to quote his own words, "that what the greatest and choicest wits of Athens, Rome, or modern Italy, and those Hebrews of old did for their country, I, in my proportion, with this over and above, of being a Christian, may do for mine." How nobly he fulfilled the purpose of his early manhood his great epics testify. Truly does Wordsworth say that his soul "was like a star and dwelt apart." In the most dissolute age of our history, in poverty and solitude, Milton breathed the air of heaven, and was permitted to see and tell

"Of things invisible to mortal sight."

We are most of us afraid of enthusiasm in these days, but it is difficult to avoid giving expression to it while listening to the "organ-voice of England." It has been well said that the knowledge a man brings home after foreign travel depends in large degree on the supply he carried out. The same remark holds good, I think, with regard to *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*. The more a reader knows of the art, and of the chief poets of antiquity, the more will he appreciate the consummate skill with which Milton has used his learning, drawing gold from all sources, and yet so transmuting the precious metal that it becomes his own. Before studying these masterpieces, written in old age and blindness, it is well to learn what a perfect voice of song Milton possessed in his youth when he wrote *Comus*, *Lycidas*, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, and that great hymn on the Nativity which has in it lines unsurpassed in force and imagery even by Milton himself. Ben Jonson wrote some admirable masques, but the only verse of the kind that has taken an enduring place in literature is *Comus*, a poem which may well be called divine, not only because it reaches the highest water-mark of poetry, but for its lofty and Christ-like purity. "That virtue," writes Mr. Masson, "will always in the long run beat vice even in this world, unless the whole frame of things is rottenness, God a delusion, and the world not worth living in or dying in, or thinking about—ransack all Milton's writings from the very earliest and this will be found, in one form or another, the idea ever deepest with him and most frequently

recurring." This is true of *Comus*, but how much more might be said of a poem that would suffice of itself to give Milton a proud rank among his country's poets. Then there is *Lycidas*, which, in spite of much lovely verse of the same character written in later times, still stands, I think, at the head of our elegiac poetry. Add to this the two descriptive poems, as perfect of their kind, and we have a small volume of poetry unsurpassed in the rareness of its quality by any youthful poet. Here, indeed, are "infinite riches in a little room," and free to all who value beauty and truth. It has been said that *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained* are more talked about than read. It may be so, but I am sure that no reader who has once felt the inspiration of Milton's genius can ever neglect them. Henceforth they become a portion of his intellectual life. No poet has used the English language with the sustained harmony of Milton. Sublimity of imagination and an exquisite ear for rhythm are this poet's chief characteristics, and in these great qualities he has never been surpassed. The advice I gave with regard to Spenser may be followed also with Milton. Read him at first as Dr. Johnson advised people to read Shakespeare, with a disregard of the commentators. Afterwards you will find Mr. R. C. Browne's notes, in the Clarendon Press edition of the poems, of very essential service.

Milton's latest poems were published in 1671, and now, with a word or two of explanation, I propose leaping over a century. Dryden, great though he was as a didactic and rhetorical poet, transcendently great too as a satirist, has written none of the essentially imaginative poetry which attracts and ought to attract the young. The same remark applies to Pope, whose place in our literature is unique, but this place is not due to creative imagination, and Pope's wit and poetical felicities will be better appreciated in later years.

Passing over Goldsmith, whose *Traveller* and *Deserted Village* (like his far-famed *Vicar of Wakefield*) have for young and old an irresistible charm, and reminding you that Collins's fine Odes and Gray's immortal Elegy belong to this period of poetical dearth, I come in this hasty survey to William Cowper, whose *Task* was published in 1785. Here we have a poet eminently truthful and direct. He looked straight at nature, and if his interpretation of what he saw is not profound, like that of his great successor Wordsworth, it is always honest. Thomson,

whose name I purposely omitted when alluding to his contemporary Pope, showed also a marvellous recognition of the grander aspects of nature, and is also a loving observer of her beauty in meadow, wood, and river. For this great gift he has received, and justly, no slight meed of praise; but unfortunately Thomson's style and mannerisms give an artificial tone to his descriptions. His daintiest piece of work is the first canto of the *Castle of Indolence*—do not fail to read it—but his power has more scope in *The Seasons*, once one of the most popular poems in the language, but its glory has become dim to the modern eye. I am afraid that *The Task*, which was once equally popular, is no longer familiar, but it is not a poem to be neglected, for Cowper is a thoroughly original poet, and here we have some of his best work. To him nature was so dear that the simplest objects please and suffice to yield inspiration. In this he resembles Wordsworth, but, apart from their different modes of looking at nature, you will observe one striking difference between them. Cowper, one of the saddest of men, has an abundant sense of humour; Wordsworth, by his own confession, one of the happiest, has none. Many other points of contrast might be mentioned, but this will suffice.

Read Southey's biography of Cowper, a charming book, written in the perfect style of which Southey was a master, and you will understand how completely the poet's verse is the outcome of his life. He is the poet of the family, and, like Longfellow, is never so happy as when he keeps near the hearth or describes the familiar rural scenery, half-village and half-country, that surrounds the home. The fine gold of poetry is mixed in Cowper's case with a good deal of dross, and owing to his sad mental state, some of his religious views are narrow and morbid. In his case the young reader can afford to leave much unread; but to appreciate Cowper he must make himself acquainted with Books iv., v., and vi. of *The Task*, with *Charity, Conversation, and Retirement*, with the lines *To my Mother's Picture*, with the peerless sonnet to Mary Unwin, and with the lines also addressed to that dearest companion of his sad life. The tragical pathos of *The Castaway*, the joyous mirth of *John Gilpin*, and many delightful occasional verses, show the versatility of this poet's genius. Add to this Cowper's exquisite felicity as a letter-writer and the considerable success he achieved as a translator of Homer, and

you will understand in some measure the claims this gentle poet has upon every student of literature and poetry.

Gladly would I say something also of Cowper's greater contemporary, Robert Burns,

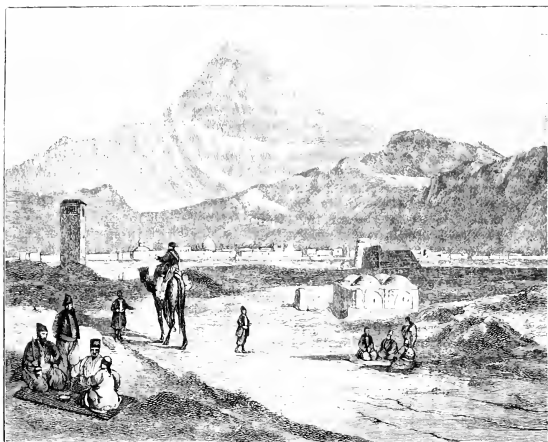
"Who walked in glory and in joy
Following his plough upon the mountain side."

He, too, came back straight to nature whenever he wrote in his native dialect, while in his purely English poems, and also in his correspondence, he is often highly artificial. Burns stands in the front rank of song-writers, never surpassed, and, considering the variety as well as the merits of his lyrics, it is not too much to say, never equalled. To remember how he sometimes desecrated his transcendent genius, and while seeing with clearest vision what was right followed what was wrong, is among the saddest of poetical recollections. Genius is no excuse for vice, and the light that leads astray is not from heaven; but we ordinary folk who have no genius are just as liable to fall as Burns, just as guilty, if we do fall, and there is not one of us whose consciousness of weakness should not force him to say—

"The best of what we do and are
Just God forgive."

And now I have tried to give you, though very imperfectly, a glimpse of our English Realm of Gold from the imperial sway of potentates like Spenser and Shakespeare to the gentle rule of Cowper. To know the poetical country well that owns men like these as legitimate sovereigns will need months and even years of delightful travel; but it is something to know a little how the land lies, and if, as a sign-post, I have directed you aright, my task will not be a vain one. But I feel that my slight help as a practical guide will be useless unless at the same time I can inspire you with enthusiasm for this noble study which, above all others, demands feeling as well as knowledge. If any young reader were to ask, "What is the use of poetry?" I should answer, "Of none whatever at present to you, my friend." There must be some force of passion in order to appreciate, however imperfectly, a poet's ardour, some glow of imagination, in order to yield due reverence to his supreme power, and if ever you are conscious of this passion and of this imaginative life, you will no longer ask, "What is the use of poetry?"

I hope to have a second talk before long about the poets of this century, to one of whom—a poet young in years but consummate in art—I am indebted for my title, "The Realms of Gold."



Mount Damāvand.

FROM THE CASPIAN TO THE CAPITAL OF PERSIA.

By DR. C. J. WILLS, AUTHOR OF "THE LAND OF THE LION AND SUN," "PERSIA AS IT IS," ETC.

SECOND PAPER.

BETWEEN Kasvin and Teheran there is literally nothing to see. The various halting places are mere rest-houses, *chār-pakhānas* as they are called. A description of one suffices for all of them. The post-houses near the capital are kept in good repair; the farther from Teheran you go, as a rule, the worse is the condition of the post-house. In the first place the post-house is a sort of fortress; it is a square edifice of mud bricks having a round tower at each of the corners, and a big gateway with a substantial door; three sides of the building are occupied by the stables, and in the wall of three sides of the courtyard are brick mangers for thirty horses; the fourth side of the square contains at either end a granary, and on either side of the big doorway is a small room, never exceeding ten feet by eight in size, with an arched roof and a mud floor. There are no windows to the two rooms, and when you shut the door,

if there be one to shut, you are in total darkness. The mud walls of these rooms are a bright and glossy black, which is produced by the smoke of the fires lighted by successive travellers. In the cold weather your travelling Persian prefers to stop up the chimney with a brick, and light his fire in the middle of the room. Very often, however, there is another apartment on the roof over the big gateway, but though it is enjoyable enough in summer, it is so cold in winter as to be uninhabitable; for the Persian winter is an extremely severe one, men and animals are at times frozen to death upon the mountain passes or buried alive in the deep snows, and the traveller who rides post knows what it is to have his moustache and beard converted into a gigantic icicle, while snow-blindness is one of the commonest of his misfortunes. In the centre of the courtyard of the post-house is a brick platform a yard high; on this, in summer,

the traveller who is posting snatches a hurried rest, or drinks his cup of tea and smokes his pipe, while fresh horses are being caught and saddled for him. At the post-houses probably eggs, possibly a fowl, water and firing can be obtained, nothing else, absolutely nothing; so that the traveller is nearly entirely dependent upon his own resources. Strange to say, riding post in Persia is the favourite means of locomotion. To a man who is accustomed to horse exercise it is peculiarly enjoyable; it is true that the roads are mere tracks, that the horses are only changed every twenty to twenty-eight miles, mountain passes, morasses, deserts of sand, and deserts of salt, have often to be crossed; then rain storms, snow storms, and dust storms are of frequent occurrence, while the horses are often half starved, full of grass, lame, broken-winded, vicious, sore-backed, or worn out from age and fatigue; it is true, that an average kit, including saddle, &c., of sixty pounds, must be carried, that sometimes there are no horses, and that then the miserable animals have to continue for a second or even a third stage; and that although one or more of the horses may be good, the third may break down utterly, or one's servant from fatigue or laziness may have to be left behind. Yet with all these drawbacks those who have travelled in Persia unanimously declare that there is no pleasanter way of seeing the country, no more enjoyable means of travelling. The writer himself has ridden from Ispahan to Teheran, two hundred and sixty-two miles, in thirty-nine hours twenty-five minutes; but very much faster journeys are made when the post-house people are heavily feed, or the rider is expected. The post-house keeper, and the post-boys or guides, are the only inhabitants of the post-houses.

When it is said that the post-houses are the only objects that strike the eye on the journey from Kasvin to Teheran, and that the country for the most part consists of stony desert, hills and mounds of bare earth, and distant mountains of varying shades of brown, and that towns and villages are conspicuous by their absence, it must not be forgotten that we are gazing all the time upon the distant view of Mount Damávand, which is 18,600 feet high, and is a semi-extinct

volcano. During the whole of our journey from Kasvin, although we see no sign of course of the capital of Persia, yet Mount Damávand continually bounds the landscape, towering above the distant mountains, its crest covered in snow. All through the weary journey we gaze at the mountain with a hungry longing, but it is only after we have actually entered the city and got into its real neighbourhood, that we are able to realise its size. "How far off is it?" Ten miles, possibly twelve, is our reply. We are considerably surprised to find that it is four days' march from Teheran.

Of late years the Shah has taken it into his head to fortify the capital, and there are moats and ramparts of the most pretentious description. The gates of the town are closed at night with great solemnity, and it is only possible to enter if you have the pass-word. One passes through the town for the first time with mingled sensations; there is a great deal of crass poverty, and there are also innumerable barbaric evidences of magnificence, many signs of wealth, and a general appearance of gaiety and bustle. The streets are crowded, everybody is gesticulating, smiling, talking, and shouting. The



Dervishes.

men are clad in the gayest colours; pinks, sky blues, pale greens, coachpainter's yellow, seem to be the favourite hues. The head-dresses are bewildering in their varieties—big turbans of black, green, or white; sheepskin hats, some of long undressed undyed wool, many of the costly fur of the Astrachan lamb dyed a jetty black; brown felt hats innumerable, from the round skull-cap of the labourer, to the tall conical hat of the dervish, having embroidered upon it in gaudy silk texts from the Koran. Men of the servant class are distinguished by a bright silk scarf rolled tightly round the bottom of their skull-caps of felt. All these fellows wear leathern belts, or girdles of bright shawl, the long *kammar* or straight sword hangs upon every man's hip. The priests, the doctors, and the learned men, march along at a dignified pace wrapped in great cloth cloaks of bright colours, having sleeves fully four feet long; an occasional European is seen invariably distinguishable by his *sola topi*, or sun helmet; and there are crowds of women, but every one of the women wears the hideous garb of blue and white described in the preceding chapter, and their appearance is decidedly weird, startling, and unpleasant.

Suddenly a great crowd of servants appears walking six abreast, there are half a hundred of them at least, one of them carries a golden hubble-bubble glittering with gems. They are a very merry party, this band of servants, all laughing, talking, and gesticulating at once; behind them rides, on a priceless steed with gold caparisoned harness, a heavy-looking stout man muffled in a cloak of Cashmerian shawl trimmed with sables; it is the Maimar Bashi, or chief architect, one of the Shah's fathers-in-law; he is on his way to the court of the Asylum of the Universe, and looks remarkably unhappy; he has the reputation of great wealth and extreme parsimony.

And now we notice a very peculiar thing, at the gate of nearly all the houses basking in the morning sun is seated an extraordinary individual in an eccentric costume, before him are several dust pies, each pie is surmounted by an orange or a sprig of foliage. As soon as he perceives us he demands alms with an eldritch scream, he performs a sort of solo on a buffalo horn, and then he holds out one of the oranges as we pass by, and then he calmly spits on the ground and curses us as an infidel. These gentry are dervishes. Every man of position throughout Persia when the Persian new year ap-

proaches (it is at the end of March) finds a dervish encamped at his door; there the man stays with his dust pies and his oranges for many days and nights until he is bought off with a present, which varies in amount according to the dignity and generosity of the giver. Every man of consideration, every great personage is gratified with this peculiar compliment, and until he is bought off, the dervish sits at the door patiently demanding alms all day, and making night hideous by frantic solos upon his buffalo horn. The dervish's stock in trade is the eccentricity of his appearance; he never cuts his hair, he invariably carries a small axe or mace of polished steel (as shown in the illustration) and an engraved calabash is slung from his wrist by a brass chain—in it he places the food and alms he may collect; an antelope or panther skin serves him for carpet or bedding. Many of the Persian dervishes are wandering lunatics. A dervish never does any work, his vows are simply those of poverty and implicit obedience to a spiritual chief, to whom he hands over a considerable portion of the sums extracted from the credulity of the public. One man is in the habit of going about entirely naked. There is a wealthy dervish, a man who has a great reputation for sanctity, and who goes yearly, at the Shah's expense, to some distant shrine to pray for the king's health. He rolls his head incessantly upon his shoulders, and perpetually vociferates Ali—oh! Ali—oh! He is very corpulent, dresses in white, and wears no head covering. He is treated with the greatest consideration and honour in every town through which he passes. He is well known throughout Persia, and large crowds turn out to stare at Ali—oh! whenever he appears. Dervishes are often professional story-tellers, and obtain a good living by their improvisations and recitations; every door is open to them, they take their place unbidden at the meals and entertainments of rich and poor alike. The writer was never able to extract from any Persian a valid reason for the extraordinary consideration shown to dervishes and their vagaries, the invariable answer was a smile, and a stock phrase, "They are God's creatures."

A visit to the Persian bath, or rather to that Armenian bath which is used by Europeans, takes away all feeling of fatigue, and we feel quite equal to accompany our host, an Englishman residing at Teheran, to a dinner party at the house of a Persian grandee. We don't start till eight, for a

fashionable Persian is a man of late hours. When our host had given the invitation, he had considerably asked his guest whether he would prefer a Persian or an European dinner, and the English friend, who was an old soldier, had wisely elected the Persian one. It was the real thing: there was no compromise, the writer and the man in whose house he was staying were the only Europeans present, and both being old hands and speaking the language fluently, the fact of their presence was absolutely no restraint upon the guests. We rode down the fine street called the Boulevard des Ambassadeurs, and then plunged into a series of unlighted and unsavoury lanes, running between high windowless mud walls, many of them so narrow that it would be impossible for two laden mules to pass each other. The few stray shops that we see are all closed, all save the *bakkids*, or general dealers' shops, the kabab-sellers, and the dealer in sheep's trotters, who seem to be driving a roaring trade. Suddenly we come to a big doorway, around which is a little crowd of gaily-dressed servants, there are fifty of them at least; these are the servants of the guests, of whom there are only ten, and it is the custom in Persia that not only the guest, but as many servants as he may choose to bring with him, have to be fed at the host's expense. We dismount, and the little crowd politely makes way for us. We enter the house, a ragged servant running before to announce our arrival. We pass through several mean-looking passages, and come to a low door; a curtain is raised, and we step into a large paved courtyard, which is ablaze with lights. In the centre is a large reservoir of water in which a fountain is playing; there are great sunken beds of flowers and many orange-trees, from which hang innumerable Chinese lanterns. Our host greets us at the door of the courtyard, shaking hands with us with as much effusion as if we were his long-lost brothers at the very least, and crossing the lighted court we enter the great room which is devoted to the entertainment. There we find the other guests seated upon the floor, and all talking at once in a loud voice, all save one, who is saying his prayers in a corner; but even he nods to us, and though he is saying his prayers, he ever and anon stops to join in the conversation, and then continues to pray with renewed vigour and solemnity. There is a gorgeous, but, at the same time, a chaste magnificence about the room which surprises us; furniture there is absolutely none, but the magnificent carpets are extremely valu-

able, and the walls themselves are a sight for sore eyes. The room resembles the Alhambra Court at the Crystal Palace, but there is no colouring, absolutely none; for the walls, what little we see of them, are pure dead white, and made of plaster of Paris covered with translucent varnish. There is a great Saracenic arch forming a recess in one side of the room which is at least twenty feet high, and all around the walls are tiny recesses of a similar character a yard square. From a yard above the ground up to the great coved-painted wooden ceiling is one vast mass of elaborate mirror work or ornamentation, representing birds and flowers with curious geometrical patterns of intricate tracery, cut in the dazzling white plaster work; the gorgeous effect of so many thousands of pieces of mirror, in which there is no perceptible join, is easier to imagine than to describe; a great chandelier with a hundred candles, each protected by a bell-shaped shade of glass with a ruby edge, hangs from the centre of the ceiling; many-branched lights of a similar description stand in the recesses of the wall. The side of the room towards the garden is formed by an immense window thirty feet by twenty, the woodwork of which holds innumerable tiny pieces of coloured glass in an intricate geometrical pattern of gilding, but for eight feet the great window is thrown up, giving a view over the flashing waters of the reservoir and the masses of lamplit foliage and flowers.

A band of musicians is concealed beneath the window and is playing furiously; a solo singer with a very powerful voice is screaming a love song in a high falsetto, to which there is a tremendous chorus, which is joined in by many unseen voices, and emphasised by the roll of drums and the clash of cymbals.

Everybody is smoking and talking his hardest. Each man has in his hand his very best *Tolian* or hubble-bubble, and some of these pipes are of immense value and great magnificence. We join in the conversation, which is not devoid of wit. The gentleman who was praying now leaves his corner, and ever and anon the guests help themselves from the china dishes, piled high with confectionery, which are placed upon the floors in silver trays, and tiny cups of very sweet tea are continuously handed round; and never for a single instant during the whole entertainment does the singing and the music cease, or even flag. A file of servants enters and a turtle-dove, hot and smoking from the

fire, is handed to each guest upon a small spit. And then the host whispers something to one of the guests, there is a general titter, a whispered order is given, and the servants retire; one man re-enters bearing a tray covered by a veil of embroidered silk, he places the tray upon the floor in the centre of the circle of talkers and discreetly retires; the master of the house takes off the embroidered covering, and a number of bottles of European wine, and several decanters of the strong delicious vintage of Shiraz, and a great flask of clear arrack, and numerous drinking vessels of crystal and silver are disclosed. In the next hour the host and his Mahomedan guests make a clean sweep of the contents of the tray. Then the drinking vessels are collected, replaced in the tray, and decorously covered again; the confidential servant, dressed in silks and satins of gay colours, reappears and removes them, and then a troop of servants file silently into the room, each man bringing his master's hubble-bubble. More conversation, more sweet-meats, and a great deal of laughter. At ten o'clock the master of the house claps his hands, a great roll of embroidered leather, eight feet long and four feet wide, is unrolled and spread upon the floor in the centre of the room; half-a-dozen great porcelain bowls, filled with fruit sherbet, in which float great lumps of ice, are placed upon it; four great circular silver trays are arranged in a row down the centre of the great sheet of embroidered leather; a flat loaf of bread two feet long, a foot wide, and half an inch thick, indicates the seat of each guest, and serves him at the same time for food and platter. And then the buzz of conversation suddenly ceases. We all take our places, kneeling upon the floor, and sitting upon our heels. "Bism'il-lah" (In the name of God), cries our host. This is the invariable short grace of the Mussulman, and then everybody falls to, hammer and tongs.

There are tiny lambs roasted whole, salmon which has been brought packed in ice, upon the heads of runners from a distance of a hundred miles, appetising kababs of lamb and venison, fowls and partridges (in silver bowls) stewed to rags, and served with strange coloured sauces of the richest kind; great heaps of boiled rice in steaming pyramids, white rice, green rice, coloured by an artful admixture of herbs, rice boiled with saffron of a ruddy gold colour; omelets and sweet dishes, innumerable little china cups of toothsome pickles, small china bowls con-

taining various thick soups, but not a single joint is to be seen.

Everybody eats away as if he had never tasted food before. There are no forks, no spoons, no plates; but every man's hand appears to be dipping at once into the innumerable dishes. Occasionally our host, with his mouth half-full, grunts out an entreaty that we should taste some particular delicacy, and in twenty minutes all is over. Iced rose-water is poured upon the fingers of each guest from a silver ewer, and he wipes them upon a delicately embroidered napkin.

About a tenth of what has been provided has been consumed by the party, the rest is removed, and gobbled up with surprising celerity by the great tribe of hungry servants. Pipes are brought once more, but there is little or no conversation; the Persians say that "to talk after a good meal is the act of an ill-bred man, or a fool."

And then we get up and bid our hospitable friend good night. And as we leave, we see that the mysterious covered tray is being taken to the banqueting-room, and we know that our fellow guests and our host will drink, smoke, and gamble, until an unholy hour in the morning. And then we mount our horses and ride slowly through the silent unlighted streets preceded by our lanterns, which are an absolute necessity; and we don't meet a soul upon the road save an occasional military-looking policeman who, armed to the teeth, keeps watch and ward over the silent city of the King of Kings, for this is one of the innumerable titles the Shahs of Persia arrogate to themselves.

The opening and closing of the bazaars in the great cities of Persia is always signalled by the musicians at sunrise, and at an hour before sunset, from the top of a lofty tower in one of the principal squares. The tune is ever the same, strangely cacophonous to Western ears, still it is "something distinctly resembling an air," and after a long residence in the country it is possible to appreciate Eastern music. They play away merrily for full twenty minutes. Usually there are many more drummers than are represented in our picture. The great trumpets which are made of massive metal, and are as much as a man can carry, can be heard from every corner of the bazaar, and are used for this especial purpose alone. At the first notes of the musicians upon the *nogara khana* (the music tower) the door-keepers unlock the great gates of the bazaar, and the

crowd of craftsmen and apprentices hasten to open their shops. When the tune which notifies the closing is played, the shopkeepers put up their shutters, while a drum and fife band generally promenades the principal arcade playing the same merry air, then everybody hurries out and the gates are formally closed, not a soul being left in the great vaulted thoroughfares, save the soldiers at the guard-house, and the doorkeepers of



"They play away merrily for full twenty minutes."

the caravanserais which debouch on the bazaars; and even the strangers and foreign merchants lodging in those caravanserais, if they don't succeed in getting outside the bazaar before the gates are closed, must remain in their quarters till the next morning. Once the doors are shut crowds of fierce and hungry pariah dogs fly up and down the deserted arcades in a yelling chorus. During the day every trader flings a crust to one

particular beast, just enough to keep body and soul together, but no more; and woe be to the unfortunate thief who should dare to enter the bazaar at night, he would assuredly be torn in pieces and eaten. In the day-time the pariah dogs remain curled up asleep in holes, drains, or upon the roofs; they are seldom in evidence except in the case of females with puppies; they always, in order to appeal to human compassion, bring their litters into some conspicuous place, and though the dog is an unclean beast to the Moslem, yet the mothers manage to rear their offspring in some nook of the crowded mart, and no one dares to injure the growing guardians of the hive of industry.

The bazaars themselves are a sight to see, and once seen can never be forgotten. A bazaar in the East is literally a street where there are shops, but in the great towns "the bazaar" signifies ranges of shops, the roadway between which is covered by an arched roof, and the entries of which at night are rigorously closed and guarded. To tell the truth, the Persian bazaars are inferior to those of Constantinople, but they are very fine and exceedingly well worth a visit. The great arched roof renders them surprisingly cool during the hot summer, and wonderfully warm in winter. Each shop has a little platform outside it; upon this platform sits the trader, and around him are piled his wares in bewildering profusion. They have an ingenious system in Persia of producing healthy competition by aggregating the various trades in particular bazaars. The silversmiths, the jewellers, and workers in gold, have each a bazaar of their own; so have the shoemakers, and one is easily aware of the situation of the coppersmiths' bazaar by the deafening clangour produced by many hundreds of the artisans who are all working away at the resounding metal at once, as if for dear life. We all remember how interesting at the Indian Exhibition was the little handful of artisans tranquilly working away, and singing over their work; the same thing is seen in the Persian bazaar upon a gigantic scale. There are the silversmiths fusing the metal into ingots and bars, hammering at the plates, designing, engraving, chasing, and soldering; the work is seen in progress from the very beginning, and woe be to the unfortunate wretch who shall be detected in using alloy or an unnecessary quantity of solder. The workers in leather, in copper, in iron, the manufacturers of textile fabrics, all give a continuous industrial exhibition of their

own which is open to all the world, free, gratis, for nothing. The confectioner produces his sweet stock in trade under the eye of the purchaser. The Persian likes to have everything made specially, and sits by to see it done, to make sure that what he buys is fresh, and that he isn't cheated. It is not to be wondered at that the bazaars are the favourite lounge of the middle and lower classes. All day long the great arches of the bazaar are thronged by a noisy, pushing crowd, hurrying and gesticulating, but all in high good humour. Here come the mountebanks, the buffoons, the proprietors of dancing bears and monkeys, the street conjurors and the man with the tame lion; the itinerant vendors of flowers, lettuces, pipes, and hot tea; the sellers of eggs and poultry; the dealers in weapons and second-hand clothing, and innumerable hawkers. It is not to be wondered at that the European traveller finds it very difficult indeed to tear himself away from the innumerable attractions of the Persian bazaar. The *bric-à-bac* hunter may come upon a priceless piece of *faience*, which he may possibly secure for a few pence. Here one may occasionally pick up a numismatic treasure, which the owner is glad to part with for a little more than the price of the metal; but here the stranger must beware, for skilful forgeries of old coins are not unknown, even in Persia. But there is one honest custom invariable in the Persian bazaar; if a purchaser is dissatisfied with his bargain, the seller is always ready to return him his money, *if he brings back what he has bought within twenty-four hours*. This is a custom never departed from.

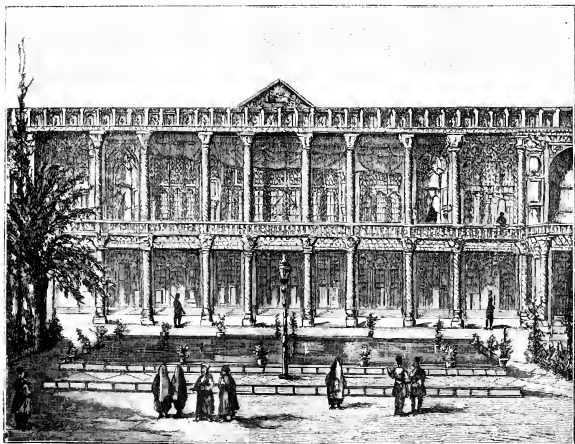
At first Teheran seems to the stranger to be a city of palaces. Innumerable large buildings, when seen from a distance, have a great appearance of magnificence; they seem at the first glance to be built of white marble; the real fact is that they are mere plaster of Paris over brickwork and wood. There is a profusion of painting, gilding, glass, and mirror-work, the whole combined producing an effect of florid grandeur, which, in our cold climate, might possibly appear extravagant, but which in a sunny Eastern country is perhaps not out of place.

The palace of the Lar Lazar is an instance of this, and needs no further description; the excellent illustration, from a photograph, gives a capital idea of it. The total absence of smoke causes these plaster palaces to last for many years, and it has been previously remarked that the great central plateau of Persia is the driest country in the world,

damp and rheumatism being absolutely unknown. In the houses of the upper and middle classes there is no external magnificence, a high mud wall and a big doorway in stone, brick, or plaster work, being all that is to be seen from the outside. Even the palaces of the king are, as a rule, simply of plaster and brick. For massive stonework we must go back to pre-Mussulman times; but when it is remembered that, as has been said, even a mud wall will stand for several centuries in the pure dry air of Persia, it is not to be wondered at that the

Persians stick to their brick and plaster work.

The present king has embellished his capital with numerous tiled gates—vast structures of striking appearance. They are built of burnt bricks, covered entirely with floridly-coloured encaustic tiles, in elaborate patterns, mostly geometrical, having centre-pieces and panels containing pictures, in tile-mosaics of colossal size, of scenes from the mythical history of Persia, generally taken from the descriptions of the poet Firdausi. It is perhaps only just to say that these great tiled



The Palace of Lar Lazar.

triumphal arches, to the European eye, only produce the startling effect of huge pieces of crockery. But should we wish to see Persian tile-work in perfection we must look for it in the more ancient structures, we must visit the semi-ruined shrines of local saints, we must go to the sacred cities of Kūm, Meshed, or Isfahan, or look at the half-ruined turquoise blue mosque of Tabriz. Modern tile-work has little claim to refinement; but the distant view of the immense pine or melon-shaped domes of the older mosques and colleges, of turquoise blue, with simple

traceries of black, yellow, and white, are beyond praise. Some of the favourite shrines in Persia—notably those of Kūm, Meshed, and Shah Abdul-Azim (this latter is only ten miles from Teheran)—have been covered with tiles, on each of which is a surface of pure hammered gold, varying from an eighth to a quarter of an inch in thickness. The gorgeous effect of these wonderful monuments of Mahomedan piety, glittering in the strong sun, and standing out in contrast to the ever-cloudless Persian sky of turquoise blue, may be better imagined than described.



From a photo.]

[By A. Gosney.

A HOLIDAY TRAMP THROUGH DORSET.

By THE REV. JOSEPH OGLE.

AN American guide-book, giving expression, no doubt, to the very general opinion of our transatlantic cousins, describes France as "an uninteresting country on the way to Switzerland." And the general opinion about Dorset seems to be that it is an uninteresting county on the way to Devon and Cornwall. While thousands of tourists hurry through it every year to the region farther west, Dorset, with the exception of Weymouth and one or two other points on the coast, is an almost unknown region to the health and pleasure-seeking public. The very guide-books give it scant attention, and turning over their barren pages the reader is likely to come to the conclusion that there is nothing to see and that he had better go elsewhere. There are, however, as a matter of fact, few parts of the country where a man with a short holiday, a slender purse, a stout pair of legs, and a dash of the Bohemianism that delights in what is unconventional, can spend his holiday so pleasantly and get so much for so little—at least that has been our repeated experience.

We invite the reader to accompany us upon one of our many tramps through Dorset. Starting by the London and South-Western express from Waterloo, we are set down, in less than three hours, at the only town in the county at which the train stops. We are at Sherborne, a quaint old town of some six thousand inhabitants, clean and well kept, with crooked, irregular streets and many-gabled houses, such as artists love. Town it is now, but it was a city once in the far back past before 1076, and hopes to be a city again, whenever Dorset shall be erected into an independent diocese, as Cornwall and Nottingham have been. The hope is founded, not on the central position of the town in the county, for it is at the extreme north, but on the possession of a magnificent abbey church. Originally a Norman building, and still retaining in the piers and arches that carry the lantern tower and in its south porch its original character, it has been transformed into a church in the Perpendicular style. Externally it looks heavy, but the interior, restored some twenty

years ago by the late Earl Digby and his heir, G. D. W. Digby, Esq., of Sherborne Castle, impresses one more than some of the great cathedrals. The perfection of the proportions, and the almost unique groined roof, in the shell or fan pattern, make it one of the finest churches in England.

Just outside the town on the east is the ruined castle, once the palace of the Bishops of Sherborne, and, after the removal of the see to Old Sarum, of the Bishops of Salisbury, and later on the home of Sir Walter Raleigh. In Sir Walter's time the castle had ceased to be a comfortable abode, though still a place of strength, and a bow-shot away across the lake, he commenced the house now called Sherborne Castle. It has no architectural pretensions, but is curiously built in the shape of the letter H, and stands in the midst of one of the fairest, if not one of the most extensive, parks within the four

seas. At this house the Prince of Orange rested a night on his memorable march from Tor Bay in 1688, and in the dining-room the printing-press was set up, on which was printed his address to the people of England. Local tradition affirms that it was here that Raleigh's servant threw the bucket of water over his master when he found him smoking, supposing that, as smoke issued from his mouth, he was on fire; and that in an

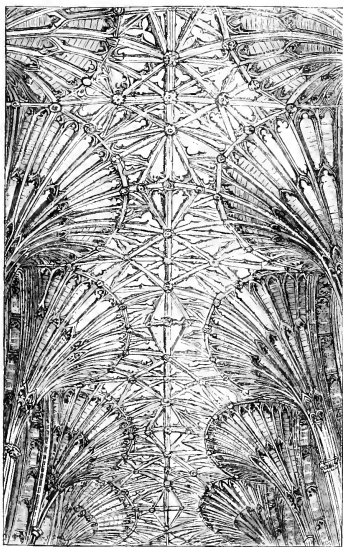
arbour still preserved in the beautiful pleasure-grounds overlooking the lake and park, Pope, who was undoubtedly a frequent visitor at the castle, wrote part of his "Essay on Man."

Besides the abbey and castle Sherborne possesses a public school, founded out of the ruins of the monastery by Edward VI., which, under a new scheme, has grown to

considerable proportions of late years, and saved the town from that decay which seems to be the inevitable fate of all towns that depend entirely on agriculture.

In a fine old mansion known as Sherborne House, Macready took up his residence at the close of his theatrical career, where he was visited by many celebrated men, among whom was Dickens, who picked up from the sign-boards exhibited in the town some of the curious names which appear in his books. Macready originated, organized, and con-

ducted a night school for boys and young men of the working class, and by the kindly and sympathetic interest he manifested in all that pertained to the welfare and happiness of his poorer neighbours, earned their undying gratitude. No man who ever lived here is so generally and affectionately remembered. The grey-haired men who were in his night school are never tired of telling of the impressive way in which he concluded



From a photo]

[By A. Gosney.

Sherborne Abbey—Groining of the Nave.

each session. Placing the members all round the room, and putting a Bible into each hand, he would have them read round, verse by verse, the Sermon on the Mount, which he called his Litany.

After a few hours spent in wandering about a locality so charming and so rich in associations with the past and a night's rest, we turn our backs on the quiet old town. Just as we are getting clear of it we pass a bridge over the river Yeo which carries our thoughts back into the long-buried past once more. This West Bridge reminds us of the saintly Aethelhelm, the first Bishop of Sherborne, who died in the year 709, and who gave to the Saxon people the first of the only two portions of the Scriptures which they possessed in their own speech. Thirty years before the Venerable Bede, in his monastery at Jarrow, translated the Gospel of John, Aethelhelm had translated the Psalter. And Dr. Barnes, the Dorset poet, says that he was so anxious for the welfare of his flock who were living in utter heathenish disregard of all religion, that he was wont to gather them about him on this spot and sing to them the substance of the Gospels in the only language they could understand. One tries to picture the scene—the rapt face of the aged ecclesiastic, the wondering gaze of the rude half-savage peasants clustering round him as they listened to the wondrous story of the divine love—the whole framed in by the green meadows and wooded hills that are much the same to-day as they were a thousand years ago.

Leaving the bridge behind us our road leads us up one of those richly-wooded hills on the south, from which we catch glimpses when we look back, of large parts of Somerset and Devon in the distance to the north and west. Once on the top of the hill we look over the southern part of the vale of Blackmoor, a vale dear to hunting men, and the scene of many a good day's sport with the hounds. Four miles of quiet sylvan scenery and we are abreast of Holnest House, the residence of the late Mr. J. S. E. Drux, formerly M.P. for Wareham. The house is said to be full of art treasures and curiosities gathered at enormous cost from every part of the world, and open to public inspection. But we have not come to Dorset to visit museums, and so pass on. Three miles more through rich woodland, and leaving Castle Hill and the Dungeon on the left hand we find ourselves ascending Lyon's Gate Hill towards Minterne, and looking back we have an unsurpassed and uninterrupted view of as fair a

tract of country as one could desire to look upon—the great plain of Dorset and Somerset stretches away toward the Bristol Channel, which is hidden from sight by the faintly seen Quantock and Mendip Hills thirty miles away.

Passing Minterne House, the seat of Earl Digby, a great Irish absentee landlord, on the left, we meet a couple of cyclists riding tandem, who as they pass exclaim, "Well, this is a beautiful country;" then pausing for a moment or two to notice the figure of a giant, with grinning ribs and extended club, cut out in the turf on the face of Revels Hill above us, after the fashion of the famous white horse in Berkshire, a figure 180 feet in length, the origin of which has given rise to much curious speculation, and which is said to have been here at least a thousand years—we make our way to the sleepy, decaying town of Cerne Abbas. Here was once a flourishing abbey, only a few ruins of which still remain standing. The comparatively perfect Gateway Tower gives some idea of its former splendour. At present the whole town is following the example of the abbey and falling into decay. Far from railways, off the main lines of traffic, and with no industry save agriculture, it may be that nothing could save this little town, bosomed among the chalk downs, from the melancholy fate which is overtaking it. Still it is sad to see houses untenanted, neglected, and falling into ruins, and to notice evident tokens of poverty on every side. After a pilgrimage to the holy well near the abbey, we visit a most curious smuggler's retreat—a long gallery running between the ceilings and roofs of some houses, and extending the whole length of the street leading to the abbey. Here a large quantity of smuggled goods could be stowed away, and the smugglers could either hide or, making their way along the gallery unseen, could escape the pursuit of the revenue officers.

Having tramped upwards of twelve miles we take this opportunity of seeking refreshment for the inner man, who begins to be clamorous. And then turning our backs on Cerne and its sleepy hollow we face the formidable ascent of Highcombe Hill, and have our reward in far-spreading views over hill and plain, varied at every turn of the road, which now runs upon a lofty ridge of land, with peeps into deep coombs in which nestle lonely farm-houses. The shrill cry of the peewit is about us, the sound of sheep bells comes up faintly from the pastures on either hand, and the bracing air puts new elasticity

into our steps. It is worth all the journey from town to breathe the air on Highcombe Hill. Well is it for us that it is broad daylight, for woe betide the traveller who shall miss his way here on some dark winter's night; his cries would only be mocked by the whistling wind, and shelter there is none. A mile or two of gentle descent, which we hardly notice, so completely are we occupied with the ever-changing panorama, and we cross the Great Western Railway from Yeovil to Weymouth, and a mile of road between tall hedgerows of thorn, and hazel, and beech, brings us to Evershot. This is as trim and well-kept a village as Cerne is dilapidated. Everything is in apple-pie order, the streets are swept and the houses have a clean and comfortable look, with good gardens attached. No signs of poverty meet the eye. The Earl of Ilchester, who lives a mile away at Melbury House, and owns the whole place, manifestly takes good care of Evershot. Evershot is to Melbury what Edensor is to Chatsworth, and quite as beautifully situated. It is just the place one would expect a weary business man to choose wherein—

"To husband old life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose."

Seen on a glorious summer's day it recalls
the vale of the Castle of Indolence—

"Was nought around but images of rest;
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
And flowery beds, that slumbrous influence kest."

The amount of interest which our appearance excites betokens that tourists and knapsacks are not often seen, that we are well out of the beaten track; and the quaint dialect in which the rustics express their opinion of our appearance and our business is well-nigh unintelligible to the uninitiated. Here is a fragment of a conversation which we overhear, and which may serve as a specimen of the Dorset dialect. A man is at work mending his garden-fence by the roadside. A little girl, his daughter, is standing near him. Addressing her, he says,

"Zarah, do ee go in 'ouse arter thik 'ammer."

"Where's it to?" she asks.

"In my box," is the reply.

Sarah disappears, and presently returns hammer in hand. But the presence of strangers seems to make her shy, and she hangs her head and pauses, whereupon the father inquires,

"Be 'e goin' to give ee to I?"

The sun reminds us that the afternoon is drawing on, and as we have still eight miles

to go, we somewhat reluctantly leave peaceful Evershot, with its curious old church, the tower of which has a grotesque appearance with its solitary pinnacle, and ascend to a high, irregular table-land, where the houses are few and far between, but the views are one long succession of ever-changing beauty, which must be seen to be understood. Never shall we forget the impression made upon us by that afternoon walk. Presently we come to a lonely cottage, once a toll-house, where the road divides, and we inquire our way.

"Which is the road to Beaminster?" we ask of the woman who answers our knock.

"They both lead to Beaminster," is the reply.

"Then, which is the shortest?"

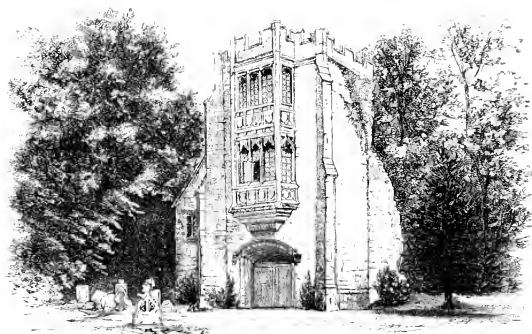
"Both the same distance."

"Which is the best road?"

"One as good as the other," we are told.

Thus left to our own resources, like the Holy Willie of Burns, we take "the left-hand road," and soon see the fair old town which boasts of having been the first in England, after London, to have its streets lighted with gas, lying in the hollow far beneath us on the right. Away over the town is Whitesheet, and then the wooded peak of Lewesdon, which almost reaches the dignity of a mountain. Right in front of us is "The Vale," through which the Char meanders towards the sea, backed up by the hills about Lyme, cleft by the "Devil's Bellows." More to the left we see the glancing waters of the English Channel, and more to the left still a faint cloud of smoke indicates the whereabouts of Bridport. As the dusk begins to deepen towards night, we reach the White Hart, a fine old-fashioned hostelry, and, not without a sense of relief, cast ourselves and our knapsacks down after our most delightful tramp of eight-and-twenty miles, and prepare to do justice to the good things liberally and speedily provided by our host.

Since the time when Beaminster led the van of progress and lighted its streets with gas things have changed, and changed for the worse. The population is rapidly decreasing; no less than a fifth of the inhabitants disappeared between 1871 and 1881, and the exodus continues. We see signs of the change everywhere when we saunter forth next morning. Many of the best houses are vacant, and a general atmosphere of depression hangs over the place. There is nothing specially noteworthy in the town itself, but it is beautiful for situation, and in every direction there are lovely walks through rich and varied scenery. We take time this glo-



From a photo.]

Cerne Abbas—the Gateway Tower of the Abbey.

[By W. Ponney.

rious morning for one of them. It is but a couple of miles to Netherbury through Parnham Park, with its avenues of magnificent elms, and past the grand old hall, the seat of Lady Oglander. We ring at the door of the hall, and just as we are turning away, supposing the place deserted, we hear certain thunderous noises within, and presently the door is opened by a tottering old retainer, who invites us to enter. A treat is in store for us, for Parnham has not been changed these hundred years, to all appearance. It is pleasant to hear the old soul talk of the days so long ago, when the silent old house resounded with the laughter of the children whose portraits still hang upon the walls, but who have themselves long since passed away. We stroll on through the woods, where the cawing of the rooks contrasts with, and attracts attention to, the perfect repose of the scene. We wandered by the side of the dancing, laughing river Brit, which seems in a mighty hurry to reach the sea, till we come to Netherbury and then retrace our steps.

Beaminster has been the scene of at least one romantic adventure, the memory of which is kept alive by a lonely little burial-ground—a tiny plot thirty feet long and twenty broad—almost hidden by the trees that surround it, known as “Daniel’s Knowle.” Among the many dissenters, zealous for the Protestant cause, which he professed to champion, who joined the standard of Monmouth and

fought for him at Sedgemoor, in what Macaulay calls “the last fight, deserving the name of battle, that was fought on English ground,” was a lawyer named James Daniel. Unhurt in the battle, he managed to get safely back to his home in Beaminster. Here one night he had a dream, in which he seemed to hear a voice bidding him to “go to the west.” Believing that he was thus warned to escape danger, he instantly rose and went to a lonely barn on his estate a mile to the west of the town, and concealed himself under some straw. He had scarcely left the house when it was surrounded by troopers who searched for him. Not finding him there, they went to the barn and stabbed the straw in every direction in the hope of discovering the fugitive; but, happily for him, they missed him, and, with many imprecations, went their way, and he survived upwards of a quarter of a century. Upon the site of that barn he desired to be interred, and here he and his descendants for seven generations sleep in peace.

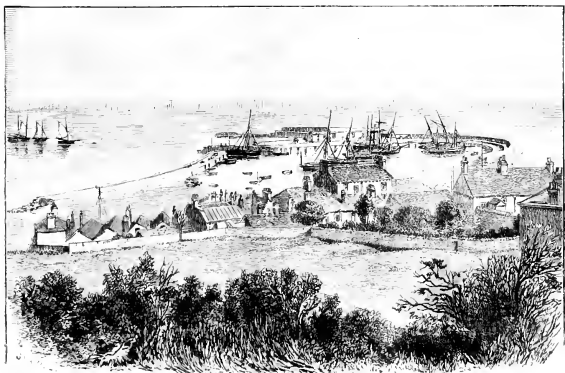
Immediately outside Beaminster, as we resume our tramp, we commence a stiff climb of over two miles, then winding round Lewesdon we reach the village of Broadwindsor. The high-road—and it is now literally high—runs along a narrow edge connecting the two highest points in the county—Lewesdon and Pillesdon Pens. From either of these hills, which rise about a thousand feet above the

sea, the eye sweeps the Channel on the south from Portland Bill to Start Point, and on the north looks away to and over the Bristol Channel. Glastonbury Tor seems quite near, and on clear days the Welsh mountains can be described in the far distance, while Exmoor and Dartmoor are easily seen. The views here, though somewhat different in character, are finer and more comprehensive than those from Yes Tor, the highest point of Dartmoor. They have this further advantage, that the summit is more easily reached and no guide is needed.

Leaving the road and scrambling up a short but steep grassy slope we stand upon the top of Pillesdon. After feasting our eyes on the magnificent views, and a glance at the Roman encampment that crowns the height, we have time to notice a large, old-fashioned house in a richly-wooded ravine at our feet—a house that ought to have an interest for every Englishman. It is Race-down Lodge, where Wordsworth settled with his sister Dorothy in 1795, where for two years they “industriously employed themselves in reading, writing, and gardening,” a house of which his sister wrote that it was “the place dearest to my recollection in the whole world. It was the first home I had.” Here he wrote his tragedy, *The Borderers*, and here Coleridge visited him in

1797, and the two formed that friendship which was to endure through so many years, and exercise such a lasting influence, not only on the two men, but on English literature. One repeoples the place and goes back in thought to that first eventful evening when the two met. One sees the plainly-furnished dining-room, with curtains drawn and candles lit, and sees Wordsworth produce his manuscript and read to that audience, “fit though few,” his new poem, “The Ruined Cottage,” afterwards embodied as the story of Margaret in the first book of the “Excursion.” We hear the welcome words of honest admiration bestowed upon it. And after tea we listen as Coleridge, in his turn, repeats two acts and a half of his tragedy *Osorio*. And one sees those who so often wandered together among the hills and dales of the Lake District, wandering over these highlands of Dorset, and letting these scenes of beauty that now fill our eyes fill theirs.

Resuming our tramp once more, we pass Marshallshay, the tower of whose church can be seen far out at sea, though it is several miles inland; and then we wind around the hill called “Lambert’s Castle.” There are here, as on Pillesdon and other neighbouring heights, distinct traces of a Roman encampment, and here, far from any town, fairs and



Lyme Regis.

(By permission from Frith's Photo Series.)

races are annually held. It is fortunately not the race week now, and the skeleton of the grand stand is the only indication that this lonely wind-swept hill is ever invaded by a shouting and excited crowd. We see no human being on the hill, and can afford to smile at the brand-new board warning trespassers that they will be prosecuted. There does not seem to be anybody to trespass.

Again the road lies upon a backbone of country, giving grand views on both sides. For miles it is like a private drive—broad greensward on each side of a good road, shaded by avenues of Scotch fir. Just touching Devon at Hunter's Lodge Inn we have a gently sloping road through a rich and smiling valley down to the little seaside town of Lyme Regis. It clings to the side of a steep hill, some of the houses looking as if they needed but a touch to send them rolling down into the sea. Its principal street is bright with shops and alive with visitors, who have wisely thrown off the conventionalities of towns, and are dressed in brilliant and easy costumes. At the foot of the town a rude time and water-worn breakwater, built in the time of the Plantagenets of stones unhewn and uncemented, and called the Cob, runs a short way into the sea,

within whose sheltering bend two or three craft of light burden are discharging or receiving cargo. It was here that the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth landed on June 11, 1685, and here, at Lyme, that the great Pitt, Earl of Chatham, loved to retire to recruit in the intervals of Parliamentary life. And here, with a glance up and down the wild, rocky, storm-beaten coast of Dorset, we end the first portion of our holiday tramp.

We have travelled nearly fifty miles, but, with the exception of the two cyclists mentioned above, we have met no tourists or travellers of any kind. Do any of our readers want to get "far from the madding crowd;" to meet with a simple, unaffected people; to breathe pure, invigorating air; to pass through scenery now rich, well-wooded, and highly cultivated, then bleak and bare, with far-stretching views of hill and dale, of stream and sea; to put up at modest yet comfortable inns, where they will be received with old-world cordiality and let off with moderate charges;—in a word, do they want to get into the real, unsophisticated country and be free from touts and waiters and *table-d'hôte*, and all the complicated discomforts and restraints of fashionable and much-frequented resorts? Then we say, Try Dorset.

THE ORIGINATOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE FOR POOR TOWN CHILDREN."

Mrs. Elizabeth Gossiter—En Memoriam.

FORTY years ago a girl of twelve years, the happiest member of a happy family, lived on the edge of Queenstown Harbour, spending her days partly on the top of the cliffs at school, and partly at their foot at play, drinking in at every turn a sense of the beautiful and a love of nature. Five brief years and she is in London, without father or mother (for these were too closely united in life to be long parted by death), amongst relations who are almost strangers, and amongst strangers, some of whom were as kind as relations. Another five years and she is in Cornwall, beginning a honeymoon that lasted more than thirty years, the idol of the school children, who are always besieging the house to carry her off to "see mother" and have a Cornish tea. Still another five years, and she is living in Wales on the side of a mountain, a staid matron of twenty-seven, a constant anxiety to the managers of the colliery school, who are

greatly concerned at the number of half-holidays she coaxes out of the schoolmaster (who is mere wax in her hands); and many a bright afternoon is spent out of school, instead of in it, climbing the hill that shuts in the narrow valley, whose paths are grimy with coal-dust, looking beyond into the broader world, of which sheep are almost the only inhabitants.

The scholar who most delights in these escapes from school work and the narrowness of life is a deformed boy of twelve, the self-elected school bell-ringer, who is unable to climb the hill, and so makes the ascent on the back of the schoolmaster; but the delight of all makes a deep impression on the mind of the thoughtful woman who was to be the forerunner of a great work not even yet more than begun. In 1868, still another five years gone, she is in London, again the beloved friend of any number of school children. The teacher of a small class of young children in

a large day school is ill and her place is taken by our amateur instructor, and in three days the average thirty scholars have become a hundred, while routine is lost sight of, and the inspector (who happens to visit the school) sternly records in the Log Book the fact that "the woman in charge of the class during the absence of the proper teacher is not certificated, and therefore cannot be recognised as a teacher." It is quite certain he could not recognise anything in her beyond the absence of a certificate duly signed.

Saturdays are spent with the elder children in Epping Forest, Greenwich Park—anywhere where natural beauty is to be found. Even the sacred school time is broken into by parties to the British Museum, the various art galleries, all most readily opened to them. At one of these, the British Artists, a boy of eleven who was the despair of his teachers, who would learn nothing and "cared for none of these things," was the most enthusiastic in admiration, the most critical in examination, and out of this visit came the discovery that he was really a genius in wood carving—that gave him a bit of wood and an old knife, and he would produce wonderful boats.

Five years later, 1873, Greenwich Park and Epping Forest have suffered eclipse. In a moment of burning enthusiasm it was asked, "Could we not go to the Isle of Wight for a week?" and after some years of doubt (engendered by good-natured friends, who prophesied every evil that could possibly happen) a school party to the Isle of Wight for a week was duly announced, was looked forward to with frantic excitement by those who were going, and with dismay by prophets of failure, was carried out at an average expense of about fifteen shillings, and looked back upon as a brilliant success, absolutely without any speck upon its splendour of achievement. For years afterwards, as a friend records it, the Isle of Wight party was expected to be a complete success, and always proved so.

But even this was not enough for an earnest mind that saw how much misery London has to show the most casual on-looker—how utterly the sense of beauty, whether material or moral, seems to be crushed out of the lives of the poor in large towns. One party a year, for one week in the year, was as nothing; and one day the newspapers of London contained a brief statement that a fortnight of country life would be given to any poor child, free of

any cost, in the house of Mrs. Elizabeth Rossiter, at Halstead, near Sevenoaks. *Punch* reprinted the letter, "on the chance of it being genuine," though that seemed "too good to be true." But in less than a year "Mrs. Rossiter's country home" was a household word in many a poor quarter of London.

In another five years, 1883, the small cottage in Kent had become the large house in Essex, near Ingatestone, where, throughout nine months of the year, a score of poor children were always to be found. But far more than this. By her example Mrs. Rossiter had shown how children could be received as guests without any rules or restrictions, but those of ordinary home life, could be trusted to be obedient and honest as well as joyful. By her writings she had drawn wide attention to the needs of children for "nature as a teacher as well as a medicine chest," and a society was established for boarding out poor town children in cottages. Every year many thousands of children are so rescued, for a few days, from the cramping misery of London life.

Mrs. Rossiter's work is still far in advance of the work of the society, in that she received the very poor, who can pay nothing; that she received them into her own house, not sent them to people as poor as themselves; that she received them in numbers large enough to give full scope for enjoyable companionship; most of all, in that she regarded country life as an essential element of education for all town children. But she always expressed a firm belief that the society would outgrow its present restrictions and take a broader view of its work.

A last five years, and we come to a day in July, 1888, during which rain fell in torrents, as if the heavens wept for sympathy; and in this flood of rain the funeral service of the Church of England was read over the grave of a woman whose life had been spent for others, of whom it has been already said by many, "children shall rise up and call her blessed," the originator of "Country Life for Poor Town Children."

All that now remains is to set up the memorial stone, which Mr. Burne-Jones is designing (as an act of friendship), to express the love of so many friends. Then the little grave in Camberwell Cemetery will be a land-mark of love for children. A photograph of Mrs. Rossiter and this stone will be sent to those subscribers desiring it, by Miss Oliver, 207, Camberwell Road, London, but it is hoped all donations will be of small amount.

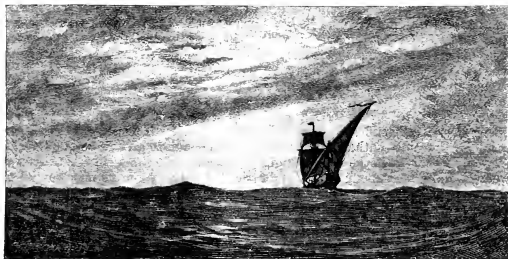
W. ROSSITER.

NIGHT-SONGS OF THE SEA.

I.

A ROLLING, restless, moaning sea—
A flush of sundown overhead,
And waves that murmur bodingly,
With tinge of dying red ;—
O sea, what words of mystery
Are these thy voice has said ?

Hast thou a legend of the sleep
That comes to all at eventide ?—
The sweet reposing, calm and deep,
That cannot long abide ?
Or of the secrets thou dost keep
In caverns undescried ?

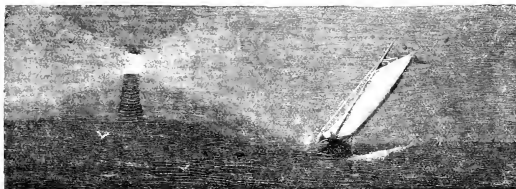


II.

In midnight calm the waters lie
With heavy, long, and slumbrous sound ;
The sleeping coast and starless sky
Are shadow-bound,—

Save where with intermittent ray
The lighthouse flashes from the shore,
And crying sea-gulls through the grey
Wheel o'er and o'er.

It sends its message from the coast,
A steadfast angel of the dark,
While passes like a flitting ghost
The fisher's bark.



III.

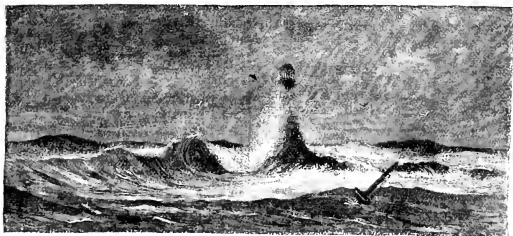
How like a guilty self-reproachful soul
 The water foams and breaks,
 Whilst far beyond its everlasting roll
 The glimpse of morning wakes.

Dash o'er the lighthouse, madly-vexed sea!
 O gulls, awake and wail!
 Yon shattered mast that quivers drearily
 Proclaims a dismal tale.

And yet afar there lies another Life
 Where seas nor tempests are—
 Beyond the trouble of this weary strife,
 Beyond the morning star.

Poor breaking hearts, ye know not what is best,
 Whose eyes are blind with tears:
 How can ye see the Paradise of rest
 Which lies beyond the years?

ARTHUR L. SALMON



SAVED AS BY FIRE.

By E. M. MARSH, AUTHOR OF "MARAH," "EDELWEISS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.—LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

THE angel of death was drawing near to Falkland. You might have heard the sweep of his garments as he stood upon the threshold where Nancy lay upon the couch, her head pillowed upon her father's arm. He sat mute, with a tearless sorrow, an awful sense of everything slipping away from him, and he an old man, helpless, hopeless. Phyllis sat on the floor, clasping her friend's hand, while Jack leant against the window, gazing out upon the moonlit sward, the intensely black shadow of the cedar, and the shimmer of light on the Skene, that mirrored every star, throbbing in the blue ether.

"See," whispered Nancy, "the moon is only a reflection of the great sun, and soon it will fade, lost in the ever-widening arch of day. The moon sinks, but the sun shines. I have had but a little night; but oh! the daylight will be long." She softly stroked the old man's bent head. "Father, you will come soon; mother and I will want dad." Then she called faintly, "Jack."

He went to her at once.

She looked at her father, then at him.

He understood, and murmured huskily, "He shall not want a son."

"Thank you; kiss me, dear."

And the dawn broke in soft rosy streaks and delicate amber light. They watched it as one watches the eyelids unclose of some fair maiden, wondering what the eyes will reveal. Suddenly the hush was broken by the joyous trill of a lark, welcoming the sun.

Nancy started up. "Hark!" She sat with entranced face and uplifted hand, then cried, "O God, take me, too, upon the wings of song!"

Her lips parted, clear and true as ever she sang her swan song:

"Angels, ever bright and fair,
Take, oh take me to your care."

It was marvellous the strength she seemed to have. She took no heed of any one around her; her glance soared upwards, as if all barriers of sense were removed, until she came to the words:

"Speed to your own courts my flight,
Clad in robes of virgin white."

Then her voice suddenly failed, and, sinking back, an ashy paleness overspread her features.

Phyllis bent forward. "Nan, dearest."

The eyes opened; she stretched out her arms. "Good-bye, Phyl." Then she said wearily, "Father, I am tired; let me rest in your arms, as I did when I was a little girl—Nan's dearest old dad." She lifted her head and kissed him.

Outside the birds were jocund, carolling with delight over their morning toilet; but within—

"There fell upon the house a sudden gloom.

A shadow on those features fair and thin,

And softly from that hushed and darkened room

Two angels issued, where but one went in."

Nancy Greatorex was only a memory.

Two days after, the last resting-place of the Falkland family in the small, old-fashioned church of Skene was once more opened. It was the strangest funeral ever seen in the country-side; some people were scandalised. Where were the nodding plumes on the lugubrious hearse? where the long-visaged mutes in decorous black? where the long line of mourning coaches with melancholy occupants, followed by a string of closed private carriages, vouching for the respectability of the departed and the esteem in which he was held by his fellow-men? Well, if these were lacking, at least there was some compensation in the want of the other side of the tableau—the usually cheerful faces to be seen returning from the ceremony and the sight of hilarious mutes dangling their legs over the empty car.

Cradled in a wicker basket, lined with mauve velvet, on a bed of sweet spices, Nancy lay. Robed in white muslin, her head pillowed on a cushion, her hands holding a bunch of harebells folded on her breast, her mother's bridal veil covered her. Just as she had looked in sleep, save for the rose-tint in her delicate cheek, she slept now. With her the soul had so permeated the body, the wine of life had so overflowed its fleshy chalice that, though the cup was empty, there came no sense of a complete void. Nancy still lived; all that was sweetest and fairest in her was imperishable. What is it we remember longest? The noise and the bustle that distracts, or the one still hour in a hurried life, when we have been apart, closed in like the pistil of a flower? Is not a spot of green, a single oasis in the desert, recalled when more garish memories have fled?

Out from the darkened room into the radiant June sunshine she was borne by six stalwart yeomen. One would have sufficed for so light a burden, but they felt it was the only mark of respect they could pay to her they had loved. Immediately behind the bier covered with a white velvet pall, came Mr. Greatorex leaning on Jack's arm, then Phyllis and Dot, Sir Bernard and Lord St. Maur. Slowly the little band, headed by the Castleton choir, singing "Brief life is here our portion," wended its way across the river, sparkling and rippling, past the thick tufty grass paddock, where the sleek, meek-eyed cattle lifted their heads wonderingly and gave a gentle low, as if they knew the hand that so often had fed and caressed them would do so no more. The birds sang overhead, and the bees in the clover field hummed drowsily. There was contentment everywhere; but in the beech wood the light was chequered and the sunlight dimmed. The Squire gave a slight shiver as he entered, as if he had stepped into some cool cloister. The boys' clear voices broke into the more jubilant strain of "Jerusalem the golden," the old man looked up and felt his hand could almost touch the portals—no, he had not long to wait. Beyond the wood the villagers and tenantry had assembled, tears fell down many a wrinkled cheek, and murmured "God bless her!" fell like a benison. At the lych gate the procession was met by the old Vicar and Mr. Markham, who led the way to the church. The men laid their light burden down in the chancel and folded back the pall, then that most sublime service of the church began. Dot's more impulsive nature was the only one that showed any outward signs of grief, the others looked as if a great calm had settled upon them—a hush that could not be broken in presence of such an exquisite peace as that which rested on the fair pure face of the dead.

Before the sad words, "Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live" were uttered, each one took their last look of Nancy Greatorex. Then the Squire and Jack, Lord St. Maur and Sir Bernard bore "the lily maid of Astolat" to the last resting-place of her ancestors. The heavy door was thrown back; cold and dank it struck; the tapers glimmered feebly. The gloomy massive coffins in their separate niches were inscribed with the names of many a sire and matron of her race; the newest was her mother's, and next to her they laid the child of her love, from whom she had been parted so soon, only to be soon reunited.

All was over. "The Dead March in *Saul*" sent its solemn notes across the sultry air. Mr. Greatorex started, and as the mourners left the vault, he turned back, and leaning his head against the white pall, whispered, "It is cold, my Nan; you are shut out from the sunlight, child of my heart. The old house is lonely."

Jack, who had lingered behind, saw him stagger. Springing forward, he caught him as he fell.

God had been merciful, for the Squire never realised his daughter's loss. He always fancied she had gone on her honeymoon; he associated the white flowers and dress with a bridal. He would babble incessantly of her childhood and girlhood, seeing that her flowers and books and pets were well cared for as if she were at home. A little puzzled at times he seemed at Jack's presence, but then he would say quite gaily, "She will be back soon, for though she will have seen much and have her husband with her, Nancy never forgets." Every day the old man, leaning upon Jack's arm, might be seen pacing up and down the lawn, but when the first snow fell the Squire had found his daughter, and Jack was free—free to climb the ladder of success or to deteriorate into a mere dilettante or dabbler.

Mr. Greatorex left him £20,000.

But you are a better man than you were, Jack Markham, with a nobler, truer aim in life, and in after years, when you look back upon a prosperous career, you will not be ashamed to own that the fates to you were no mere mythological myths, but three fair girls—your sister, your friend, your love—a triple cord, of which you wear the symbol to your dying day—a twisted chain made up of three shades of hair, and the golden strand that gleams through it seems to connect you with the spirit world. Farewell, Jack. Good wishes go with you.

Life at Castlemount had settled down to its old routine.

Phyllis had gone back to Paris, *en route* for one or two French châteaux, where she was to visit, getting occasional glimpses of her lover and her friend, who were travelling about together. Dot became Miss Dallas's constant companion, and when the falling leaves told of sere October's advent, she took the girl with her to her favourite sea-side resort, where she rented a pretty little cottage, enjoying the invigorating smell of the salt water and the bracing air. It was a primitive spot she had selected for her *villégiatura*, just a small nest of cottages on the

east coast, with very few houses of any pretension for miles around. Seamouth was built at the foot of a low shelving cliff, sheltered from all winds but the south-east by a promontory that jutted out, looking at high tide as if it were a sheer precipice, but when the tide was low and the white breakers had curled themselves up to rest, a reef of scarpd rocks was revealed. The Merlin Scars they were called, and the fishermen's wives always gave a sigh of relief when their husbands' smacks had passed the treacherous corner; though their boys loved to scramble over the rocks and inspect their miniature caverns, often bathing in the basins formed by the action of the surges, their childhood's familiarity with them having the effect of engendering contempt. Seamouth was not a pretty place, except to those who loved to watch the shifting colours as the waves rolled in over the shingly shore, or revelled in glorious sunrises. The only vegetation for miles was to be seen in the little glen—chine, it would have been called in the Isle of Wight—that wandered down to the sand edge. Stunted sturdy oaks and alders grew thickly, and here and there a birch kissed the brooklet that gurgled over the lichened stones. The path wound circuitously up to the cottage that looked cheerily out across the more sheltered portion of the bay. The morning sun made the panes of glass blush with its ruddy glow, and a light breeze fluttered the crimson Virginian creeper till it tapped at the windows as if inviting the inmates to inhale the freshness of the air. It seemed to knock most pertinaciously at one small easement, but it was not till an accompanying pebble was thrown softly up that any response was vouchsafed. A brown head peeped out and surveyed the embodied Eolus, who stood gazing seawards, whistling Mendelssohn's Venetian gondolier song, "My barque, love, is near."

"Cœur de Lion, I don't see it," said a voice from above.

He wheeled round.

"Humming-bird, your tribe has been up and breakfasted long ago. Come and you shall see my barque waiting at the pier, with Tom Sefton in attendance. The sea has only had time to crimp its hair this morning. If you like, we will go to the Scars. You shall be at the tiller and I will look after the sail. We will lead the sunbeams a dance. There is just wind enough to make *The Merry Maiden* show a light pair of heels."

"Humming-bird" disappeared, and in a

few moments Miss Dorothy Markham was shaking hands with Lord St. Maur, who the previous week had turned up quite unexpectedly at the cottage.

"Good morning, my lord," she said.

There was always a slight gravity in her first appearance, very different from her ordinary mirthful look—"as if she had stepped into a church," St. Maur remarked.

"Where did the angels take you to last night, Miss Dorothy, that you look so grave?" he asked.

"Angels! I fear it is more often Trickys and Puck who lead us a wild-goose chase. It is very humiliating that one should be so silly in dreams; but I don't dream much," she added gaily.

"Ah, you have that dreamless sleep all the more to be envied, inasmuch as you have no ravelled sleeve to knit up. It comes more rarely to those who have."

Dot, in her trim blue serge and sailor-hat, suggested anything but ravellings. Standing on tip-toe to reach the deepest shades of Virginian creeper, she arranged a breast-knot for herself, and invested St. Maur with an autumn rose-bud. She looked sorrowful when she discovered it was the last.

"Winter is Nature's sleep, when her mendings are done, don't you think, Cœur de Lion? But I don't like her untidy time, when she is folding up her things."

"It is rather like sorting out a rag-bag," replied he, smiling, "only you must confess her rags are finer than some people's full-dress, like an oriental bazaar."

"Yes, but I mean the gloaming of the year, when the trees look like scarecrows with odds and ends of leaves fluttering in a chilly wind, and those that have fallen lying sodden, before the frost has crisped them up. I should like to be a dormouse during November. I like everything positive, not negative."

"November gales are hardly negative, Miss Dorothy."

He liked to bring out her thoughts; her sudden transitions from grave to gay had the great charm of variety. She never wearied him, child though she seemed sometimes. His speech made her thoughtful as they went down the narrow gorge together. He noticed that to him she very rarely answered impulsively or carelessly, but as if she wished to give him of her best.

She spoke at last with a slightly puzzled expression, expecting him to help out her thought.

"Are they not negations of goodness ; as if all evil in nature were let loose ?"

"Yes, little Humming-bird, but they are met by the positive, *Thus far*, there is no no negative to that."

Her tone was a little sceptical as she replied,

"How much ruin lies within the 'thus far' the fishermen's wives could tell."

A slight shadow was thrown across the radiance of his face. Then he said gently,

"Thus far, with the addition, no farther, is only addressed to inanimate things, for to the soul of man stretches out the illimitable 'for ever and ever.' 'Thus far' meets us everywhere—the sceptic walking, as he thinks, on heights obscure to our more feeble sight, comes eventually to a blank wall that he cannot scale, he immediately concludes that he has reached the end of all things, whereas if he only anointed his eyes with eye-salve, he would read 'thus far' let down from the high Heaven, to which, in his vain conceit, he has never raised his mental vision. Even to him who reverently seeks for greater knowledge, no matter to what depths he may plumb, his dredger comes up at length graven with the words no mortal yet has been able to contravene. But I don't think 'thus far' need trouble you, Miss Dorothy, for it is God's seal, and bears on its obverse, Eternity."

Dot smiled up at him,

"Do you know, Lord St. Maur, when I begin to talk to you I fancy I am starting on a pleasure-trip over a shallow river, but I have not gone far before I find it open out to some great sea."

"There is no thought that does not bear the stamp of infinity," was his quiet reply ; but he looked pleased as he glanced down into the liquid brown eyes that gazed up at him in simple, open admiration.

They had emerged from the glen, and were walking along the firm yellow sands. *The Merry Maiden* lay at the pier, looking very trim and spruce, apparently cleaned up for the occasion. Her sail was hanging idly, for scarcely a puff of wind curled the water that lapped her sides. She would have to be rowed out for some distance till she caught the light south-west breeze. Dot installed at the helm did not find her task very arduous, for after a few attempts to make the rowers go *her way*, she discovered that a sea-going fishing-smack was not quite so easily handled as a four-oared gig, so resting her hand on the tiller, not wishing to give up the sign of her authority, she listened to

the gentle gurgling of the waves under the boat's prow, and lifted her head to catch the fresh crisp air, wondering if any of *her* thoughts were infinite. Then, when the silence threatened to become oppressive, she said,

"Tom, have you ever seen a wreck on the Scars ?"

"Not for many a year, missec. Some eighteen years ago, when I was just married, a steamer ran on in a fog, but the men were all got off, and as she lay there a day or two before breaking up, we managed to save a good deal for the owners. We did a tidy stroke of business, and we got the debt off the smack."

Dot looked quite disappointed. There was nothing thrilling or romantic about it.

"But have you never big storms ? It must be a grand sight."

"Oh, ay, I've seen the waves dash quite over the cliff. *The Merry Maid* here,"—Tom stroked the sail affectionately, that was beginning to curtsey to the advances of the eddying breeze as if it could understand—"had a narrow squeak once ; not but what she's a gallant little craft, ne'er a better sailer on the coast. This is how it was. My mate an' me was out near the end of the herring season, a shoal had come in, and it promised a fine night for catching. We had just got our nets out, and were looking forward to an extra pound or two to lay by for the winter, when all on a sudden we felt a sort of swell. There didn't seem no wind to speak of. We looked behind, and there was like a black sheet let down. We made a rush for the nets, and hauled in hand over hand, but the squall was too quick for us ; we had to cut 'em adrift and run for it. His lordship knows what that means for us poor sailors. But arter all, money won't save yer life. The wind was nor-east, and blowing in straight on to the Scars. My mate and me, we looked at each other, but soon it was that pitch dark we couldn't see nothing ; but we could hear the waves a roarin' over the rocks, and see a white line of bilin' foam. We spoke ne'er a word. We couldn't have heard one another if we had ; but we thought of the wife and kids at home, and I said, 'Our Father,' and held on by the tiller ; mayhap I might jinky old Merlin yet. Then our mast went by the board, we heeled over and shipped a lot of water, but the little craft righted hersel'—her lines is beautiful, as you see, sir—and jest jumped them billers like a cork ; and then, Missec, as sudden as it came on, the storm went down, and the rain fell

in buckets. There was a waterspout farther out to sea, but we cleared the Scars and drove across the bay, making the pier where the women were standing, the young 'uns clinging to their skirts, looking out for them as wud never come back again; and then I felt as how the Lord had been in the boat sleepin'—that's a beautiful thought, sir, becoss He was weary; seems so human like—but He had heard me say, not as I spoke aloud, 'Our Father.' Then, 'Belay there,' say I to myself, 'wasn't He in the boats as went down?' That puzzled me, sir; didn't seem fair and above board, begging His pardon," said Tom, with no intentional irreverence, "and somehow I can't get it on the square."

"There are a good many things we can't square in this world, Tom. Christ slept, you know, till the disciples appealed to Him for help. He likes us to ask Him. It was not the prayer, but the way it was uttered that He rebuked while he answered it. Perhaps the men in the other boats did not cry 'Lord, save us;' or if they did, how do you know but that by taking them out of the world He had saved them from much sin and suffering in it? and the widow and fatherless—well, the care of them brought out the neighbourliness and charity of many an apparently closed-up heart."

"Ay, that it did, sir; and though we lost our nets, my mate an' me, we were mighty thankful for our lives; and friends rose up as we had never knowed of before. You're right, sir; things is square enough if we only look straight."

Then Tom took possession of the tiller, and made a comfortable seat forwards for Dot; and soon the sail was bellying out under the influence of a light south-west breeze, and *The Merry Maiden* curtseyed gracefully to its whispered advances.

CHAPTER XXVI.—CŒUR DE LION.

In the snug drawing-room of Merlin Cottage a little figure stood with her face pressed against the window listening, though it was hardly possible to hear anything but the roar of the blast that shook the frames till they rattled and threatened to give way. The panes were crusted with salt from the spray of the waves as they thundered on to the beach. Dot could catch glimpses of the waters lashed into fury over the Scars and churned into a thick white foam far out to sea. The sky was covered with masses of clouds spreading like a huge pall. Suddenly they were rent asunder by a vivid flash of lightning, as if again there had been war in

heaven, and some mighty archangel were hurled into the abyss. That momentary gleam revealed what had not been visible before—a dark speck on the Scars. "Mam-sell," cried Dot, "there is a ship on the rocks!"

Miss Dallas hurried forward, but the darkness seemed denser than before.

"Ah!" Dot gave a little gasp; "there's a rocket!"

Silent appeals for help went up, but there was no lifeboat station near, and who would trust himself to those raging waters in an ordinary boat? In spite of the hurricane the listener's keen ears were not mistaken; she turned swiftly and was nearly at the door when it opened abruptly, and Lord St. Maur entered, dressed in a rough pea-jacket and tarpaulin hat.

Dot laid her hand on his arm with an appealing gesture, "Cœur de Lion, is there no hope for those poor men?"

"There are stout hearts and strong hands at Seamouth, Miss Dorothy. I came up to tell you not to wait up for me, if I am late; I am going down again to see if I can be of any assistance."

He spoke to Miss Dallas, but his eyes rested on Dot, who had gone back to her station at the window. Her face had paled perceptibly.

"Do not be alarmed, Humming-bird, I have seen many a storm worse than this."

"Alarmed!" her lips curled scornfully. "I am not easily frightened." She did not turn her head as she spoke, but she grasped the curtains convulsively.

"My lord," said Miss Dallas, "you will not risk your life, I hope, by going into unnecessary danger; remember, it is valuable."

"My dear friend, trust me not to be fool-hardy; but my life is neither mine to keep nor lose. I can only promise you it will not be thrown away. Don't be anxious;" for the old lady looked distressed, "and don't sit up too long. Good night."

"God be with you," said Miss Dallas.

Lord St. Maur glanced wistfully at the little figure almost lost in the folds of the curtain, but the girl did not echo the prayer, nor seem to heed, so he went out into the tempest with a strange pain at his heart.

And long after he had gone Dot remained at the window, looking out but seeing nothing.

"Child," at last said Miss Dallas, "you will catch cold. It is too dark to know what they are doing; we will have the shutters

shut and hope for the best. I think the wind is calming a little."

Dot obeyed somewhat reluctantly and crouched down on the rug in front of the fire, her head propped on her hands. The wind seemed to have sunk in temporary exhaustion; then, with howls of defiant rage, with terrific blasts, rushed round the house as if it were some living thing to squeeze the life out. Dot gave a slight shudder and rose.

"I will go to bed, Mamsell; I shan't hear the storm so much under the bed-clothes. Good night."

She kissed her friend and went, with less elasticity in her step than usual. When she got into her room she stood in front of the mirror staring at herself. What she saw was a pale little face with unusually large and brilliant eyes, the mouth puckered into a contraction of pain.

"Alarmed—she! Why did he always treat her as a child?" She stamped her foot; a tiny red spot burnt itself into her cheek. She had let him go without wishing him God speed; she had feared to show him that terror, not for the storm, no, but for him, had blanched her to the lips. The whole of those sailors' lives were not worth one such as his, and he would risk it, she knew too well, without a moment's thought. She saw him brought in drowned, or lying on the rocks battered out of all knowledge, that ugly jagged rock Tom had pointed out to her. The girl nearly screamed at the images she was conjuring up. She had not bade him good night! As quick as thought her dress was off, not for rest but for action. She donned her oldest frock, tied a hood tightly under her chin, and crept softly downstairs. At the back of the house it was comparatively quiet, so she slipped out by the kitchen, and closing the door behind her made for the glen. She was nearly taken off her feet as she turned the corner, but she had provided herself with a strong shepherd's crook Miss Dallas had brought from the Highlands, and bravely struggled on. Branches of trees were whirled about and lay broken at her feet, but she kept close under the bank, clinging to the gnarled roots. The wind blew up the little gorge like a funnel; several times she had to pause to recover breath, but on she went picking her steps; it was very dark, she had often to feel her way, but no thought of going back crossed her mind. The waves were dashing nearly to the foot of the chine, so she took a path that led out to the open. She could

see a crowd of people on the cliff, and up the steep ascent she toiled, falling sometimes, but never losing courage; she must bid *Cœur de Lion* good night if she died for it. Carried on by excitement she never felt that she was drenched with spray, bruised and faint from exhaustion, she forgot it all when she heard the voice that even the tempest could not drown. He was safe, then; she had frightened herself without cause. Dot remained unnoticed in the crowd, watching with intense interest the sling lifebuoy being hauled ashore. "Its last trip," she heard the men say; and an exultant cheer rose, telling that the crew were safely got off. With her heart greatly lightened she joined a group of women who were trying to restore an injured sailor to consciousness. He had been made insensible by a blow from a falling spar, and had only been saved by his mess-mates fastening him into the buoy and sending him ashore. As the cheers of satisfaction were dying away he lifted his head and gazed round in bewilderment. Staggering to his feet, though still reeling from giddiness, he cleared a way through the crowd, staring wildly from side to side, then clutched at St. Maur's arm,

"Where's the lad? I don't see the lad!" His agonised tones made every one stop to listen.

"Who are you seeking?" asked St. Maur pleasantly. "I understand they are all off the wreck."

But scarcely waiting—he did not know: that was sufficient—the sailor again started back, searching and crying, "Ben, my lad, Bennie!"

"Muster the crew!" shouted St. Maur.

The cabin-boy had been forgotten. "Stop him, stop him!" And the man was dragged back from the very cliff-edge, where he seemed about to precipitate himself into the raging water. He turned upon his rescuers almost savagely.

"I swore as I'd take him back or never show my face agin. Oh, Lord, I am spent! Will none on ye lend a hand? He's the only son of his mother, and she's a widow."

The pathetic Scripture words came from his lips as if unconsciously. St. Maur laid his hand on the man's shoulder. "Never fear! the lad shall be saved."

"I'll go for him, sir;" "and I, and I," one and another offered their services.

"No, Tom, no, good fellows all; you have wives and families depending on you. I am alone; I will go."

Hemmed in by the eager, swaying crowd,

St. Maur felt his hand taken and softly kissed; the touch of those lips thrilled through him, yet he could see no one, for Dot had crept back into shadow; but she could see *his* face, which before had been grave almost to sternness, lit with a sudden glow. She had armed her knight—for what? A shudder ran through her. It was a weird scene; the flare of resinous torches seemed to exaggerate expression as well as forms; figures and faces looked grotesque from the gravity of the shadows and the lurid brightness of the light, while of the hurrying wrack of clouds and tumbling waters the dominant tone was grey, breaking into white where the edges were curled in threatening foam or the rays of a pallid moon encircled her path with a sickly halo. But Dot was conscious of nothing but the progress of that dark speck hurrying over the abyss, hidden sometimes by clouds of spray; she pressed her hand upon her heart lest she should shriek aloud, and thus reveal her identity and suffering. Out on the forsaken wreck the boy had tried to lash himself to the mast with some of the broken cordage, for the waves were sweeping the deck. Half-choked and benumbed he clung on with despairing energy; he would die game. His friend had deserted him, he who had promised his mother that he would look after him, if need were, at the expense of his own life, and now he, like the others, had left him cruelly to perish. Tears rose to the lad's eyes; he had no hand to wipe them away with, so they crystallised on his cheek, and the keen November air froze little furrows down his face, the salt spray stinging like whips; he began to feel he could not hold on much longer; the figures on the cliff began to dance before his eyes, executing, to his excited fancy, some witches' incantations, circling round their unholy fires; he tried to call out; but who could hear his puny voice in the roar of the wind and the rush of the waves? Suddenly the rope that connected the schooner to the land began to vibrate; the boy looked up, and then, oh, thank God! the sling-buoy was seen gliding along. Convulsively he held on. Nearer it came, and nearer. Would it be in time? for the timbers were creaking, the masts were straining; would the good ship go to pieces before help could reach him? He felt as if he must have swooned with the agony of suspense. He was barely conscious of a noble face bent down to him; the lips curved in a sweet reassuring smile, but in the eyes a look of suffering, of grave far-seeingness; for Geoffrey St. Maur knew that he had given his life

away at the moment that he had touched its crown, had seen sparkling about him the "orbed drop of life—love." "*Je vous achète votre vie.*" St. Maur was left on the doomed ship alone; the boy was being drawn rapidly to safety, to his friends' embraces, to his mother's arms; while he—he and the coast-guardsmen alone had known that no further help was possible; the ropes, rotten with neglect and disuse, would bear no further strain. Seamouth was one of the worst provided places with life-saving apparatus on the coast. He strained his eyes landward. The lad was safe; then came the echo as of a deep-drawn sob through and above the din around; the rope had frayed and parted. In a moment the cliff was deserted, the whole crowd surging down to the beach. With winged feet Dot flew down to the very edge of the surf. "Tom," she cried, "you will not let him die; he would have risked his life for you!"

He never forgot the agonised wail of anguish as he snatched her back, the tears in his honest eyes. "All right, missee; here's the boat; don'tee be afear'd."

But again the girl's voice rose in a shrill scream, then sank to a horrified whisper, "Too late—too late!"

A dark object was seen to flash over the taffrail, then with a grinding, like the rattle in a dying man's throat, followed by a sudden crash, the mainmast fell, breaking the schooner's back; nothing was left but the bow, which, wedged in the rocks, still seemed to defy the angry waves that broke over it in showers of spray. The bay was strewn with wreckage; but Dot, whose keen eyes had never for a moment wavered in their agonised search, seized Tom Sefton as he was on the point of jumping into the boat, "There—there—I see him!" Then to herself as she covered her face to shut out the sight, "Drowned!"

Geoffrey St. Maur was laid at Dorothy Markham's feet. She laid the senseless, bleeding head upon her lap and smoothed back the matted hair; no one there had a right to dispute her claim to him; he was hers in death at least. She heeded nothing till some one elbowed his way through the crowd and knelt beside her. He eyed her curiously for a moment, then, in answer to her unspoken pleading, busied himself with the prostrate figure. Then, as in a dream, she heard his voice say, "He is not dead, only knocked about; lucky he had a life-belt on. Can you fellows find anything to carry him on?"

Half-a-dozen bearers immediately volunteered, and on a plank they bore him up the glen.

Miss Dallas had not been able to rest, but sat up waiting for her guest. She had listened at Dot's room, but hearing no sound and seeing no light, concluded that the girl was sleeping. Suddenly the quiet of the house was disturbed by the opening and closing of a door, then a quick, hurried foot-fall, and Dot entered, dripping with salt water, her brown eyes burning with their intensity of pain, her face white but perfectly calm.

"They are bringing him up, Mamsell," was all she said.

"Child, not dead!" Her lips quivered.

"No, there is hope, the doctor says; but there is no time to waste."

As quickly as she appeared she flashed out, and was found by Miss Dallas feverishly raking up the smouldering embers in Lord St. Maur's room; then she disappeared, and, with Mrs. Hawkins's assistance, who, like her mistress, had not been able to sleep, got hot water and linen ready for the doctor's use. Miss Dallas was astonished at the girl's self-possession and coolness. Soon was heard the steady tramp, tramp of the bearers; then Dot gave a little shuddering movement, and vanished; but not for long; she crept out and crouched outside his door.

Oh, what hours it seemed before Miss Dallas came out and saw the dark little figure. Dot started forward, her lips could form no sound, but the old lady relieved her anxiety at once.

"He will get round, dear child, there seem to be no internal injuries, his arm has been set and the cuts on his head are only scalp wounds, but he has got a severe shock to the nervous system."

Without a word Dot flew back to her room and locked the door. She put her hands over her mouth, she wanted to laugh or cry, or do both at once to relieve her feelings. Once again she looked in her mirror; this time it did not reflect a pale or terrified countenance, her face was glowing with a warm colour, that seemed to ebb and flow in waves of strong emotion. That she was not Dot, she was quite convinced; some extraordinary metamorphosis had taken place, caused by what, she was too weary to discover. It suddenly struck her she was still in her wet clothes, so she disrobed, and wrapping herself in her dressing-gown stretched herself out on the hearth-rug. She fully meant to keep awake, but she had overestimated her

strength and soon was sleeping like a tired child. The late October dawn was breaking when she awoke. Quickly she dressed and stepped into the passage, taking up her station at Lord St. Maur's door.

Hawkins peeped out. "Is that you, Miss Dorothy? why, you are looking like a ghost."

Dot shook her head impatiently. "There is nothing the matter with me; how is he?"

"Oh, he's getting on famous. The doctor stayed all night and has just gone; do go and get some breakfast, little miss, or you'll get as helpless as his lordship is."

Dot turned sorrowfully away, they all thought her a child. She may have been that the day before, but now she felt able to do and bear anything a woman could for him, but he need never know it. She was like the little violet, if he plucked it and laid it in his bosom, no flower so blest; but if he crushed it under foot unthinkingly, what matter, it had died through him. Miss Dallas noticed the sudden change in the girl, and it distressed her. That Dot worshipped "*Cœur de Lion*" she knew, but she had thought it a sort of reverential feeling for one so much older than herself and so worthy of admiration; now it came upon her that the child loved him, as a woman loves, counting the cost and paying the penalty willingly.

The old lady pondered whether she should not send her home, under the plea that she was rather overstrung with fright and excitement. She had almost made up her mind to write to Mrs. Markham, when Dot, who had been standing listlessly by the fire, said, "May I see him, Mamsell?"

"He is all bandaged up, dear, the sight might shock you."

Dot smiled pitifully. "He could not look worse than he did when I saw him on the beach."

"Dot, really I have forgotten to scold you for doing such a daring thing; what would your parents have said if anything had happened to you?"

Miss Dallas tried to look severe, but failed lamentably.

Tears sprang into Dot's eyes. "Mamsell, when I went up to my room I intended to go to bed, but I remembered I had not said good-night to him, and as if in a nightmare I saw him"—she spread out her hands as though to drive away the vision—"as I really did, with a white bruised face, and I knew he would go to the death if called upon. You need not tell him I was there, he might

think"—she paused—"not that it matters what he thinks, I am only little Dot, a child to him."

Miss Dallas drew the girl to her and kissed her, feeling greatly moved, knowing "the shy secret she fain would hide." Her mind was made up. Dot must go away, it might not be too late. She was too young to be the victim of a life-long devotion.

But somehow that letter was never written. Miss Dallas felt it rather weak, but she could not resist Dot's appealing eyes, so she took her into the darkened room where Lord St. Maur lay. With light footsteps Dot approached the bed, Miss Dallas partly drew aside the curtain and Dot took the right hand lying outside the coverlet; it folded itself over hers at once, and at his whispered "Dorothy," the roses came again into the girl's cheek, and the rapture of a devotee transfused her face. She could not trust herself to speak, she only touched his hand with her lips, then almost frightened at herself hastily left the room.

And Geoffrey St. Maur lay still thinking. The instant he felt the warmth of her lips, he knew she had been near him the previous night, she had not turned to wish him God speed, and yet she had followed him down to the beach. What a strange, fanciful child she was! Child—no, the touch of a child could not thrill through him as hers had done. For the first time he began to analyse his feelings, but the analysis only left him dissatisfied with himself, and with the consciousness that he wished she had not gone away so quickly. He hardly knew how the day passed, he felt weary and beaten, quite a new sensation for one who had never known physical exhaustion, but for the moment he forgot it all when he heard a soft voice say, "I have come to bid you good-night, my lord."

He extended his hand. She gave him hers that fluttered in his clasp like a frightened bird.

"Why would you not bid me adieu yesterday, Dorothy? I did not think you could be so unkind. Humming-birds have beak and talons to wound with after all."

He felt that she tried to turn aside, as if to hide her face.

"Do not be afraid to look at me, I cannot see you," he said gently.

The strong man was more helpless now than she, and an exquisite pity flooded her heart.

"I could not say good night, I felt such a coward when you were going into danger."

"And yet you were not afraid to brave the storm alone."

"How did you know I was there?" she asked, startled into involuntary confession.

"You gave me a message with your own lips, did you not?"

She had no time to reply, for Hawkins interposed somewhat severely,

"You really must not talk, my lord, or we shall have you ill. It's time you went, Miss Dot, his lordship must not be worried."

Dot could have laughed; she knew he was glad to have her near, but she must conciliate Hawkins, who might lock the door, so she went obediently. But for two whole dreary days she did not see the invalid. Sir Bernard arrived, having been telegraphed for, and he and Miss Dallas and Hawkins waited upon him, and she who loved him better than them all was shut out. They did not seem to imagine she could want to see him, so she wore herself out with long walks, but could not sleep or eat. She saw in the glass that her face was growing pale, and her eyes heavy, all the piquant brightness gone. She began to think it probable she should die young, and was mentally selecting her gravestone, when Miss Dallas interrupted her somewhat depressing study.

"Dot, Sir Bernard has gone out, and I have a slight headache. Lord St. Maur wishes to know if you would go up and read to him."

The gravestone fell to pieces, and the epitaph she was composing lost its feet as Dot sprang to hers.

"Oh, yes, I shall be very glad."

She seemed suddenly possessed of Atalanta's heels as she ran lightly up the stairs. How delightful to be of use to him! The blind was up, but the curtain of the bed nearest the light was drawn, so Dot seated herself in a low chair near that he might hear. After she had read for a time he said,

"Humming-bird, what is the outside world looking like?"

She went to the window.

"There is a soft wind blowing in from the sea, which is of a grey blue; the tide is nearly full, only the highest points of the Scars are sticking up. The horrid things, looking so peaceful after their cruelty! The water is lapping over them quite softly; two or three boats are rowing about, to see if they can pick up anything from the wreck I suppose. The sky is of a very pale blue, with light downy clouds floating about. 'Cœur de Lion,' you will soon be up to see

everything with your own eyes. I am so bad at describing."

There was silence a moment, then St. Maur asked,

"Miss Dorothy, why do they keep me so much in the dark?"

Dot felt a sickening fear creep over her. She went to the bedside and looked at him. The bandages did not cover his eyes. She touched him.

"Cœur de Lion, it is not dark. Can't you see me?"

He turned his head.

"No; I know you are there by your voice but I cannot see you."

She drew aside the curtain.

"Not even now?"

"No."

This time it was said half doubtfully, as if he ought to see her, as she expected him to do so. He heard her hurriedly cross the room, and then he became conscious that he was alone. He looked about. It was quite dark to him, and yet she had seen to read. The awful possibility flashed through his brain—he was blind!

SUNDAY READINGS FOR OCTOBER.

By THE EDITOR.

FIRST SUNDAY.

THE SPIRIT OF GOD IN NATURE.

Read Psalm civ.

THERE are two verses in Scripture which, taken together, express the breadth and fulness of the work of God's Spirit. In the first chapter of Genesis we are told that "the Spirit of God moved over the face of the waters," thereby suggesting to us a sphere of operation not usually recognised; and when reference is made to the highest manifestation of His power in the lives of men as witnessed at Pentecost, it is said in St. John's Gospel "The Holy Ghost was not yet given, because that Jesus was not yet glorified." The combined teaching of these separate statements is suggestive.

It has been the fault of religious schools that too great an opposition has been created between the natural and the spiritual. The distinction is undoubtedly very marked, as we stated in previous Readings, between what is termed "the natural man," and "the spiritual." The character of Saul the persecutor differed not only in degree, but in kind, from that of "Paul the apostle and servant of Jesus Christ," yet there was very much in the life of him who could look back on his early manhood and honestly assert that "touching the law he was blameless," which we dare not attribute to any other influence than that of God's own Spirit. Nevertheless, how much lower was that type of life from the one he afterwards received! Although St. Peter was a very different man after Pentecost from what he had previously been, yet who would deny to the young disciple who left all and followed Christ, qualities which were nothing less than gifts of divine grace? We must

not attribute these earlier attainments to some godless thing we call "Nature" in order to suit our theological theories.

We find in the word of God a glorious picture presented of the unity of all worlds. The divineness of the things we call secular is fully vindicated, while "the glory that excelleth" is claimed for what is emphatically spiritual.

I do not care to explain the statement in Genesis, "The Spirit of God moved over the face of the waters." The language must not be treated with a base literalism, when it is the mystery of creation that is being set forth in a series of graphic pictures, essentially religious rather than scientific, poetic rather than prosaically historical. We must banish from our minds every material conception and take the passage as expressing the formative and energising work of the Divine Spirit in bringing order out of chaos, and light out of darkness. It therefore broadly asserts that all natural order is of God, and that the development, or, if you will, the evolution whereby the objects we see attained their perfection, has been under divine guidance. It is thus that natural science may be regarded as a true theology, and instead of being looked upon with suspicion, should be hailed as being a form of revelation, wherein through those modern prophets who have interpreted for us so much of what has been hitherto concealed of the ways of God, we gain wider and grander views of the universe. It is ennobling when we learn from Scripture that all this fair world, these healthful laws that are in ceaseless operation, and all the long history of beneficent change and progress which we have been taught to trace in the physical world,

ought to be linked to what is beheld on the new plane of spiritual and moral advancement which we behold at Pentecost. The pages of science then become truly religious, and every opposition ceases between the secular and the sacred.

In harmony with such conceptions of the connection between the spiritual and the material, we have in the word of God a suggestive vindication of the divine in those gifts of human genius which modern religionists have been accustomed to relegate to the things which belong to "the natural man." With a boldness which puts to shame our grudging, hesitating, and feeble apprehension of the breadth and richness of the divine influence in common things, the Old Testament recognises the skill of the architect, musician, and artisan as direct gifts of the Holy Spirit. Thus it is said of Bezaleel, "See, I have filled him with the Spirit of God in wisdom and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship, to devise cunning works, to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass." It was as the fulfilment of a divine purpose that singers and trumpeters were appointed from the children of Levi. Music was their gift, it was God who had bestowed it, and it was to be used to His glory. It was from God that Solomon is represented as receiving the power of statesmanship, enabling him to guide the politics of the nation. The valour of Joshua, the bravery and physical strength of David, are equally ascribed to divine influence, while such matters as prudence in council, or generosity in offering of our substance, instead of being classified as merely worldly, natural, secular qualities, are traced to the working of the Holy Ghost in men. These instances are surely not mentioned in Scripture as being exceptional, but in order to reveal principles that are universal, and to teach us with marked emphasis how "every good and perfect gift is from above."

But if we believe that God never does leave Himself without a witness, and that the very rain and sunshine and fruitful seasons are the gifts of Him Whose Spirit once moved over the face of the waters, we are entitled to go farther and say that in the common humanities, in the love of parent and child, in the heroic self-sacrifice of the patriot, in the thoughts of wisdom uttered by great thinkers in every age, we must recognise nothing less than the same holy influence which inspired the prophets and was shed forth in new and perfect fulness upon the Church

at Pentecost. The thoughtful Christian should therefore regard with reverence all that is beautiful, and wise, and loving in our humanity wherever it occurs. The poor mother whom some would dare to place in the category of home heathen, but who works in magnificent self-sacrifice to clothe and feed the little ones who cling to her, although her home may be a den in the city slums, and although she never enters a church, and scarcely knows the name of Him who died for her—yet surely the light that burns where these thin fingers swiftly work, and where that wan face tells of sore privations willingly endured that these little ones may have the bread she denies herself, has been kindled from a divine source. Who would presume to call a love like that a worldly, secular, godless thing, while the rapt experiences of the wealthy, and probably useless pietist are termed spiritual and divine? No, Scripture is very bold, and we shall not err in being bold also, when taking a wide and healthy view of this universe, we vindicate for Him all that is noble in human history; all that has been chivalrous and brave; all that has been elevating in the song of the poet or in the creation of the artist. Handel, Beethoven, Michael Angelo, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, were in this sense divine gifts to our humanity; for it was not assuredly from the spirit of evil, but from the Spirit of God they derived their genius. We would deny at once the letter and the spirit of Scripture if we doubted this. The prophets of Israel teach us this lesson with repeated emphasis. What we would term secular history becomes in their hands intensely sacred, and they constantly show how kings, and captains, and statesmen, and the influences which determine political life have a divine as well as human aspect. These men saw God working in all nations. He was not confined by them to the little land of Israel, emblem of the true Church, nor to any group of chosen people, but was to be seen in Egypt, Babylon, Tyre, Persia, and Greece, as well as in Jerusalem. We therefore ought never to give a grudging recognition to that "soul of good" which is so often found in things imperfect or evil, believing that the feeblest spark of generosity or of kindness is a light from heaven; for

"Wherever through the ages rise
The altar of self-sacrifice,
Where love its arms has opened wide,
Or man for man has calmly died,
I see the same white wings outspread,
That hovered o'er the Master's head!
Up from undated time they come,
The martyred souls of heathendom,

And to His cross and Passion bring
Their fellowship of suffering.
So welcome I from every source
The tokens of that primal force,
Older than heaven itself, yet new
As the young heart it reaches to;
Beneath whose steady impulse rolls
The tidal wave of human souls;
Guide, Lawgiver, and inward Word,
The Eternal Spirit of the Lord."

SECOND SUNDAY.

GOD DWELLING IN MAN.

Read Isaiah lxvi. 1—5; 1 Cor. iii. 11 to end.

We have endeavoured in the previous Reading to learn what is taught regarding the work of the Spirit of God in creation and in the progress of humanity, and have tried to vindicate the divine side of all elevating gifts of genius and every instance of goodness and love which may be found in man. In doing this we but follow Christ, who claimed for the kind act of the Samaritan, heretic though he was, a higher religious character than was possessed by priest or Levite. It was, indeed, the delight of Jesus to discover goodness in unsuspected places. It was with great joy He beheld a faith in the heathen woman of Phœnicia, or in the Roman centurion, that He had "not found, no, not in Israel."

But all this renders the exhortation, "Friend, come up higher," more emphatic. If we gladly trace the operation of the Divine Spirit in "the fair humanities," in the beautiful affection, the noble self-sacrifice, and unquenchable devotion to duty, which do so much to redeem this fallen world of ours, we ought to rejoice still more in the thought of what humanity may become when it is filled with the fulness of this same Spirit of God, and quickened with the very life of Jesus Christ. That is a false humanitarianism which would rest content with the lower sphere of attainment, when the highest has been made possible. It is a falling out from the great march of progress, of which all things speak; for to move upwards towards the perfection that is in God must be the greatest conceivable end of the intelligent creation. We become untrue to the light already given if we desire not the fuller glory of which the earlier has been but the earnest and prophecy. Jesus Christ is the measure of our humanity. We never can know what we possess till we see what humanity is in Him. And Pentecost was the revelation and pledge of the power through which we may be made sharers of His life.

It was in the light of the fresh and wondrous experience of the power of the Holy

Ghost in the early Church that St. Paul, addressing the Corinthians, asked them, "Know ye not that ye are a temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" He knew how terribly mixed was that society of believers, and what dreadful failure had marked the career of many in that Church. Yet he boldly reminds them all of the great fact which remained true in spite of their unfaithfulness. "Ye are a temple of God, and the Spirit of God dwelleth in you."

The image was borrowed from Hebrew rather than Gentile associations. The Jewish members of the Church would at once have appreciated the meaning of St. Paul, and the Gentile converts would have had no difficulty in grasping the elevating thought, how each man and woman among them was called to enshrine the divine life and character.

But what does all this mean for us in this nineteenth century? Is it a fact that the Spirit of God, and nothing less than the Spirit of God, dwells in those who are holy and good?

The statement is noble and elevating in whatever sense we understand it. The Spirit of God in man! Attach any meaning you please to the term "the Spirit of God;" you may believe, as I do, that it signifies the Holy Ghost, the third Person in the glorious Trinity, whom Christ promised to send from the Father, and who was shed forth on the Church at Pentecost; or, you may mean by the Spirit of God no more than that the mind of God is imparted to man, and that as we speak of "the spirit of science," or "the spirit of the age," or "the spirit of purity," so by the Spirit of God being ours, no more is intended than that His character is reproduced in His people, and that what then dwells in them is of the same nature as what, in its fulness, is in God. But whether the one belief or the other is received as to the force of the term, the assertion remains, and must be regarded as one of the most ennobling conceivable. "Know that it is the Spirit of God that dwelleth in you."

There was a form of belief then common among the Greeks which presented at once an analogy and a contrast to what St. Paul was teaching, for the temples of the pagan deities were supposed to be somehow dwelt in by the god whose oracle they enshrined. It was also said that the worshippers who partook of the mysteries, and the servants who were attached to the temples, were in certain moods possessed with the spirit of the god whose festival was kept. The state

of frenzy into which these sometimes fell was attributed to such influences, and much that was vilest in the ancient religions was excused on the ground that the persons who so degraded themselves were under the sway of a god. Such beliefs serve to contrast the difference between the moral conceptions which belonged to the old and the new faith of the Corinthians; but both of these beliefs, Christian and pagan, confirm the truth, that we generally are in character according to that which we worship. The honouring of the gods of Olympus, and the deifying of nature, which lay so much at the root of the ancient mythologies, and which grew into a consecration of what was basest, present a warning even to our own age. When we look up to nature as the all in all, we will gradually sink beneath nature, until we become "given over to vile affections." The moral health of society depends on its religious faith, and the only security for its well-being is in the recognition of the holy will of the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, by whom and to whom are all things.

THIRD SUNDAY.

"HOW CAN GOD DWELL IN MAN?"

Read Psalm viii. and John xvii. 15 to end.

But reverting to St. Paul's statement, "Ye are a temple of God," it may be asked, "How can God dwell in man?" The question put in old times may be repeated with a new sense, "Where is the house that ye can build for me, saith the Lord? Heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool." And yet, as we think further upon it, we may assert that there can be no dwelling-place so fit as that spirit, which may be in us as it is in all holy intelligences.

For where can God really dwell? Where is the region into which He can best enter and fill with His highest glory? It may perhaps be replied that heaven is that region; but what and where is heaven? As we speak of it we may gaze up into the unfathomable sky and dream, as we did in childhood, that there is some realm there, far beyond the clouds and stars, which is the dwelling-place of God and the great home where the pure saints and holy angels continually worship and adore Him. Let it be so; yet consider a little further what you intend. Be it that there is such a locality, in which the visions described by seers and prophets are literally realised, who beheld "a throne high and lifted up," surrounded

by the ranks of burning seraphim and the multitude of the redeemed, which no man can number. Be it that there is a material place, and that the pictures we are familiar with of the golden city with its many gates, represent actualities. Yet we are not thereby delivered from the difficulty which the question suggests, Where does God dwell? For no thinking man would for a moment identify a material throne or a city enclosed with walls with the abode of the Infinite and Invisible Deity. It must be in the spirits of holy beings who know Him and respond to His excellence, rather than in gates of pearl or in pavement of precious stones; rather in the love which fills every heart, than in some definite locality, that we find the true heaven which is the dwelling-place of God. The great sky which with its starry splendour arches over our earth, may in a figure be called the throne and seat of His Infinity and Power, and this green earth, with its million beauties, may in a poetic flight be termed the footstool on which rest the feet of the Almighty, for it bears everywhere the traces of His goings. But it is obviously in metaphor that we can speak of God being in things like these. We may say that He is in them, even as the spirit of the sculptor dwells in the stone which he has shaped into an undying expression of his own thoughts of beauty. Yet it is in a secondary sense alone that the sculptor is said to live in his work. Lovely as it is, the cold, passionless stone repels him who seeks communion of soul. *That* can never be the shrine into which the human spirit of the man who carved it can enter, as it can enter, heart into heart, soul into soul, life into life, when friend meets friend and "thought leaps out to wed itself with thought." God is indeed in all His works; He is immanent in every law which controls the universe in unbroken order: He is in the fragile loveliness of the flower, and in the changeless strength of the mountain; in the summer air as well as in the grandeur of the storm; for all these things His hands have made, and they are expressions of His wise and powerful will.

But we require something more than this, more vital, and more closely identified with God, before we can speak of His dwelling-place. We dare not say that God dwells in things material, because the spiritual requires the spiritual for its true reception. It is not in the array of forces everywhere at work, or in the mechanics of physical law in ceaseless activity, that He who is righteous-

ness and holiness and love can dwell. These cannot receive Him or respond to Him, any more than the mere thing which the artist shapes can understand the joys and sorrows and aspirations of the man who made it. It was a pathetic and suggestive episode in the life of Heine, when tottering from weakness he went to the Louvre and sat down before the Venus of Milo that had hitherto been to him the embodiment of that ideal beauty which he had deemed sufficient for the spirit of man, but soon rose with the bitter cry, "Thou art but stone, these arms cannot clasp me!" He recognised the fact that he required One whose love could enter his soul, and whose embrace was the communion of mind with mind. When man seeks a dwelling-place for his own being he seeks another soul into which he can enter and which can share his convictions. It is not in the paper and ink which carry his words that the poet lives, but in the generations who have caught his fire, and in whom the glow of his genius burns on for ever. The world of matter cannot receive him, but there is a world of human passion and hope and aspiration which is the great home of his soul. And so it is that the true dwelling-place of God, who is a Spirit, must be the spirit-world, where are the beings who can receive His thoughts and become glorified in the apprehension of what He is. The golden city pictured by seer and prophet becomes poor beside this vast Spiritual Temple. The Holy One can dwell only in holy beings. He who is pure resides in the pure in heart; they alone "see" Him. God who is love abides wherever there is the loving spirit, for "he who loves dwells in God and God in him." Wherever there is a spiritual life in man or angel which is godlike in its righteousness and purity and love, there God dwells; there is God present; it is the divine dwelling in the creature; there is the real heaven and dwelling-place of His glory; so that we can with new force appreciate the question of St. Paul to those Christians in Corinth, when he would have them realise the grandeur of their calling and the infinite possibilities involved even in the first breathings of the higher life which they had received. "Know ye not that ye are a temple of God, and that it is the Spirit of God that dwelleth in you?"

FOURTH SUNDAY.

OUR EXPERIENCE OF THE TRUTH.

Read Numbers xi. 23-29, and Ephesians ii. 1-10.

After all that has been said, the further

question arises whether there is anything in the experience of the Church which indicates that, in point of fact, it is the Spirit of God which dwells in His people. Is man, in short, such a being that he can attain to what is divine and spiritual through culture, or are the divine and spiritual, in the highest sense of the term, the direct result of the indwelling and influence of the Spirit of God?

We know that there have been men who have risen far above their fellows in sanctity and in the apprehension of the ways of God. When we compare them with other men we are struck, not by a difference in the degree only, but by a difference in the kind of spiritual life which they possess. They seem to move on a higher plane and to breathe another atmosphere. Nay more, we may be able sometimes to contrast what the same man was at one stage of his experience with what he became at another, and in doing so we observe a change in his tastes and affections so complete that we can scarcely connect the two; the later period is so completely opposed to the former that it is impossible to believe that it is no more than natural development, or that the culture of what had once been had produced that which we see now.

Another series of experiences throws light on these contrasts. There are familiar instances, both in the present and in the past history of the Church, in which the change from the old nature to the new has been so sudden and abrupt as to preclude the conception of natural growth and culture. Within a few hours Saul the persecutor became the servant of Christ. The proud Pharisee and intolerant zealot had perished. He was a new creature. A new life, with a new range of aspirations and sympathies, had taken the place of the old life with its passions and ambitions. Or taking one among countless instances in recent years. Compare Thomas Chalmers when he first entered the ministry, full of antipathy to what he termed "fanaticism," keenly intellectual but coldly religious; contrast such a man with the Chalmers of after years, burning with love to God and man, fired with unquenchable enthusiasm, and filled with a spirit which kindled life in thousands. This change from indifference to a heart which was wholly possessed with the love of Christ could never have been the effect of that culture of his natural powers in which he was so long engaged. No one would have more emphatically rejected such

an explanation than would Chalmers himself. Were we to have asked him, or any of the millions who have passed through similar experiences, whence they derived the power which had so altered their characters, they would unhesitatingly reply that it was not of themselves, but from above, even through the quickening of the divine Spirit in them.

Indeed, no thoughtful man will be inclined to attribute to self-culture that hunger for the living God, that thirst for holiness, that apprehension of the divine glory, that intense love to Jesus Christ and to the brother man which may have become his truest experience. The vision of the divine which has fascinated him was not the result of education. Even in its lowliest form we can each tell that it has not been of ourselves that we have been convinced of evil, made ashamed of our selfishness and impurity, or brought to long for a better life. We did not find these convictions; they found us. They came to us often in spite of ourselves; they grasped us and governed us even when we would have thrown them off. They did not reach us out of our own past. May we not say of them, even in these elementary shapes, that they have been visitations of the living God and the strivings of His Holy Spirit within us; the stirring of a life in us which is of the same nature as His own; the coming of One who desires to enter in and to make us His continual dwelling-place, a temple in which He may abide in the ever-increasing fulness of His love and purity and goodness?

We know how strange this way of writing must appear to many. People talk nowadays so much of their disbelief in the supernatural that they may relegate the truths we have been discussing to the great ash-pit of out-worn superstitions. And if by their incredulity regarding the supernatural they mean the rejection of all conceptions which imply arbitrary breaches of law, and all such superstitions as belong to the olden world of ghosts and goblins, the quackeries of spirit-rapping, and suchlike, we agree with them. But the conclusion which we have learned to draw from all that the material and spi-

ritual worlds teach us is that there is nothing else than the supra-natural at work every hour, around us and in all things, that God is present in all His works, and that it is not in a figurative but literal signification we can say to every one in whom there is the life that was in Christ in its righteousness and love, "Know ye not that it is the Spirit of God that dwelleth in you?"

But there is another side to this truth, for there is in man what distinguishes him from the mere "things" that are around him, and which, without any choice, are according as they are made to be, like the clay on the potter's wheel, which must take whatever shape the plastic skill of the artist may please. There is that in man which can reject God, and say "I will not" to His commands. Man may close the door of his heart to the divine approach and open it to the voice of sin and wickedness, until that which might have been a temple of God becomes a moral charnel-house. There is a terrible sense in which it may be said to them who have thus yielded their spirits to all evil passions, "Know ye not what this is which you are choosing? Know ye not that this is the spirit of hell which is becoming yours as you make yourselves sharers of rebellion and of hate?" Man may indeed quench the divine Spirit, which in some form or other reasons with us all. We may shut the ear to the voice which whispers of what is pure and noble and generous, which would reveal the divine love in us and lead us into the blessed inheritance of goodness which may be ours through Him; and, refusing Him, we may open the sympathies to base dreams and sensual passions and to the lying flattery of our own self-will. All this is within our power, and as we sow we shall inevitably reap. But it is not the will of God that we should so act. He has redeemed us for the highest possible destiny. Our baptism witnessed at once to a fact and an immeasurable possibility of good, when we were called God's own children, and every conviction which visits us is the appeal of His Spirit to our spirit, and the promise of all things if we but hear and obey.

NOTE TO ARTICLE ON "JEAN BAPTISTE GODIN."—In the article on Jean Baptiste Godin in the August number of this Magazine, it was said that "M. Godin's wife forsook him rather than live in a Familistère." It ought to have been, "M. Godin's first wife forsook him." The second Madame Godin is as devoted to her late husband's principles as she was to himself, and on his death she was chosen his successor as Manager of the Association.

THE WEAKER VESSEL.

By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "JOSEPH'S COAT," "RAINBOW GOLD," "AUNT RACHEL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

IT was one thing to decide that Lady Worborough was at liberty to take up her residence at Worborough Court, and another thing for her ladyship to get there. The mere shock of the accident from which she had suffered would have killed some women outright. The bout of starvation by which she was content to follow it might of itself have resulted fatally. She must have been blessed with a noble constitution to begin with, though in one way at least she had been doing her best to ruin it for years past, and even now her passionate and imperious will continued to assert itself. She would go to Worborough Court. The doctor assured her that she might die upon the way, and declined to sanction her removal. All the same, she would go to Worborough Court.

"My dear madam," said the doctor, "it is at present impossible for you to make a journey. Perhaps in the course of a week or two it may be safe to remove you. At present it would be little less than criminal to attempt it."

My lady hereupon became certain that the doctor was a member of that widespread society which conspired to rob her of her rights—her right by this time being clearly defined as the right to do, at any given moment, precisely what she wished. He had entered into a compact with Lord Worborough to keep her a prisoner in that horrible house. She stormed and raved herself into a condition of utter weakness, and for four or five days afterwards lay quite helpless at the benevolent mercy of doctors and nurses. When she had recovered strength enough to venture on a second outburst she indulged herself. She would go to Worborough Court or die. They had almost killed her by throwing her into a rage. They knew her infirmity of temper, and they all worked upon it and traded on it. They wanted to find a means to kill her safely, but she would disappoint them, banded cheats and villains as they were. She threw the whole household into chaos on this occasion, and refused to be quieted until she had raged herself once more to a standstill, and could no longer articulate a word.

I learned all this, and something more, XXIX—51

from Dr. Mason, who now made a call upon the patient daily. There are few people whose passive endurance of foolish whims and unreasonable rages can be compared with that of a doctor, and Mason, who had had an experience extraordinary alike for extent and variety, had at one time practised in lunacy, and was as little affected by her ladyship's wild tantrums as glass is affected by water.

"The fact is," he told me, "there is an actual discernible touch of madness in these displays of rage. The woman begins, so far as sanity is a thing to be measured, in a frame of mind as sane as yours or mine. But she starts with the definite intention of handing herself over to delirium, and she does it. If she likes to kill herself nobody can be very sorry, and nobody can prevent her from doing it."

This talk took place in my own study, rather late one night, when the doctor had seen his last patient for the day, and could afford to smoke his sole cigar. He prized that nightly enjoyment very dearly, and as he was in great request amongst ladies it was only possible for him at a time when he could make tolerably sure that none of his patients would send for him. Knowing my intimacy with Pole he was pretty free in his comments on the situation, and Lady Worborough's character appeared to interest him deeply.

"It's a queer room, that," he said, "with its two opposites in it. It's really a little astonishing to reflect that they belong to the same species. Lady Worborough doesn't guess who her nurse is, and in an odd sort of way she's developing a liking for her. Not that there's anything astonishing in that, *per se*. Almost anybody might be excused for taking a liking to Miss Delamere. By the way," he interjected, "I have been once or twice in danger of making trouble. Meeting Miss Delamere here without that Sister of Mercy raiment of hers, I have been half inclined to forget my old acquaintance, Sister Constance. She lives in my mind as Miss Delamere. I think of her as Miss Delamere, and my instinct is to speak of her as Miss Delamere. Now that instinct might bring about an awkward position if it were yielded to in Lady Worborough's presence. You understand me, Denham. I'm not disputing the goodness or beauty of the action. But

women have a curious love of romance. They like to find themselves in romantic and picturesque situations. It is meat and drink to a woman to be a living part in a moving story. We drudge along, contented with our daily duties, and after four or five-and-twenty have no particular desire to be mixed up with wonders. But a woman is never tired of the romantic aspect of things. I'm a great believer in the sex myself, and a great admirer of it, but if you'll look at the question, a great many of the best feminine qualities are bound up with this love of romance, and are almost a part of it. A woman of ninety is just as ready to discover a romance as a girl of sixteen. They never tire of it."

For my part I have never been too fond of analysing human motives, when they happen to be either good in themselves or to lead to good results. It may be worth while to analyse the motives of a rascal, and to discover the grounds he has for self-excuses, and thereby to minimise one's natural loathing for him. But though some find it amusing and instructive, I have never cared to macerate the motives of the good in search of the one possible thread of folly or of meanness which may run through them. There are plenty of people in the world who are willing to take up that task, and I prefer the other. So I declined to follow up the question of feminine romantic instinct which the doctor had started.

"You really think," I asked, "that Lady Worborough is growing attached to Miss Delamere?"

"Bless you, yes," returned the doctor, who, though profoundly good-hearted, was yet a bit of a cynic in his way. "I've seen a sort of affection displayed by a rattlesnake for its keeper."

I had hardly intended to put the question in that light. I had been bred in the belief, though I have since had to abandon it, that there is in every human creature somewhere to be found a touch of goodness, and I was certainly very far from believing Lady Worborough to be amongst the most inhuman of her kind. She was passionate and scornful and self-willed, and had been guilty in intention of one most cruel and terrible crime, but it had not occurred to me to place her outside the reach of human sympathy. Indeed, I thought it very likely that if the key to her heart could be found, there might be a chamber in it somewhere yet, where some relics of affection and tenderness were stored. I thought that Mary Delamere was as likely

as any creature in the world to find that chamber, and even to be welcomed into it.

"We have had to pack off the hired nurse to-day," the doctor continued, as he nursed his solitary cigar, and made the most of his enjoyment of it. "She is an excellent woman, and I have sent in a report of her conduct which I fancy will be of use to her. But her ladyship either couldn't endure her, or made up her mind that she wouldn't endure her. The nurse stuck to it like a Briton, but when at last it was decided that she should go she was the happiest woman in London. I have sent in another to succeed her, but she is a copper-haired lady of peppery temperament, and I fancy there will be another rupture very soon. In point of fact her ladyship's shindies with the nurse were not intended to do much more than to express a preference for Miss Delamere. If ever she grows strong enough to be removed to Worborough Court she will want Miss Delamere to accompany her. She's quite sufficiently ungracious and disagreeable with the companion of her choice, but with everybody else she is a constant brash of bitter waters. There are loads of people in the world who, if they were invited to discriminate between Richard the Saint and Robert the Sinner, couldn't for their lives endure to say that Richard was better than Robert. They'd say that Robert was worse than Richard, and find it soothing to themselves to indicate the difference in that fashion. In a really benevolent humour they might say he was a great deal worse; but they wouldn't get higher than that. It's Lady Worborough's fashion of complimenting Miss Delamere to fly into rages with the paid attendants. It's noticeable that she never flies into a rage with her."

He went on smoking with that air of subdued, intense enjoyment which is only displayed by the self-denying devotee of tobacco, and shortly resumed.

"There's another thing, my boy. Miss Delamere's a lady, and Lady Worborough is not a lady, and in her secret soul she's afraid of her attendant's breeding. She dare not launch out on her as she does at everybody else. It's curious, when you come to think of it, how important we all are to ourselves. It hurts us to be despised, and above all things in the world we can't afford to despise ourselves. To despise one's self is a thing that most men of sense arrive at, at one time or another; but nobody does it willingly, any more willingly than he puts his hand in the fire. And, don't you see, when you

want to conserve your own good opinion, it's useful to have just a little shred of somebody else's to train it by. Anything will serve. The blankest, barest wall in the world is good enough for ivy to cling to, or the rottenest old tree-trunk that ever got ready to tumble. But the healthiest hop or scarlet-runner won't grow without what we call a risel in my part of the country. It must have a stick to hold on to."

He took a long pull at his cigar, and after rolling the smoke about enjoyingly in his mouth, expelled it by the nostrils, and went on again, with the air of a man satisfied with his own philosophic attitude.

"If I were a betting man I'd bet a million sterling to a halfpenny that in case Lady Worborough should ever be strong enough to go down to Devonshire Miss Delamere goes with her. I can see her winding her coils about her closer and closer day by day. I doubt if she'd care to take the trouble if she knew her nurse's real name; but she's making up to her bit by bit, and leading her on to believe that she's the only creature in the world to cling to, and flattering her with the belief that she can soften her, and believing in it just a little bit, mind you, and being softened just a little bit in reality. There's a lot of human nature in man, my young friend, and we are mostly made up of humbug."

"Come, come, doctor," I urged; "is there any humbug on the other side?"

"Did you ever," the doctor asked me in return, "read Pascal's panegyric on salt? I could write a similar panegyric, if I were to give my mind to it, on humbug. It holds the world together. Kill it outright, and you would kill benevolence, philanthropy, love, and friendship. Everything includes a bit of make-believe."

I fought hotly against this shameful heresy; but the doctor refused all challenges to personal example, and sheltered himself behind the ample breastwork afforded by generalities.

"Well," he said at last, "you fight in defence of your goddess very pluckily. Of course I have the best of the argument, and have had all along. That goes without saying. But if you need it for your comfort, I don't mind admitting—she isn't a goddess; but she's a rare good woman, and if we were all like her we should be ready for the millennium."

"We should be more than ready for it," I responded; "we should be living in it."

"Well," he answered, with a deep, rolling

laugh, which I had discovered to be in him a most expansive expression of good-fellowship, "if you set any store by Miss Delamere's society, you'd better keep an eye upon the patient. She's trying her best to wean her away from you, and to enlist her in her own cause." He rose, and threw the remnant of his cigar into the fire, stretching out his arms afterwards in an abandonment of rest, looking smilingly at me the while.

"Denham," he said with sudden seriousness, "I don't often talk about these things. It's my business to attend to ailments which are purely physical, and I don't pry into the spiritual machinery any farther than is necessary for my purposes. But I saw a sight this afternoon. I have told you already how Lady Worborough's twining herself about Miss Delamere. When I went in to see her this afternoon she was sitting propped up on a bed-rest in a heap of pillows, and Miss Delamere was sitting at the bedside. They were holding one another's hands, and Miss Delamere was reading out of the Bible. Nice, pretty, clear, grave voice she has." He said this with an air of transparent commonplace, which I took to be somewhat exaggerated.

"There is a good deal of humbug in the world, doctor," I said quietly. He pretended for an instant not to see my drift, and then responded—

"You're quite right, Denham. There was a little bit of it there; but it was all on one side."

I asked him why the unhappy woman should not be drawn towards some tender and sacred thoughts by Mary's constant patience and kindness.

"I dare say she is a little bit," he answered. "But she pretends to a good deal more than she feels. She wants to have a lady about her. She wants to feed her own sense of self-esteem. There may be some affection mixed with it, but it isn't very real. And when you know, as well as I do, what a general hash alcohol can make of the human emotions, you may come to be of my opinion about a good many pyrotechnic displays which excite admiration and wonder just at present, and set your own internal fireworks going by the mere contact of a spark."

"I shall have some hope," I said, "if Lady Worborough begins on any ground to care for Miss Delamere. Do you think she will ever be able to go to Worborough Court?"

"If she could command her temper," he responded, "she might gain strength in a

week or a fortnight ; but the whole thing is a question of time. She won't last a year, and if she goes on fretting herself as she does, she'll wear herself out in half the time. *Tant mieux*, say I. But then I'm a brute and a cynic, and a believer in the doctrines of Utopia."

I saw no more of him, and learned no more of the actual progress of this history for a week. At the end of that time he came again. Clara had some slight ailment which really demanded no particular care, and he came more for the pleasure of a chat with me than for professional reasons. I was able to offer him the cigar he liked best, for in that matter, as it happened, our tastes agreed, though we found ourselves differing widely on matters of far greater importance.

"Her ladyship will take possession," he said. "There is a mighty change for the better in her ways and manners. She goes now like sweet oil upon a whetstone. She has got a kind of mania to the effect that we are in a conspiracy to kill her by pretending that she can't go down to Worborough Court because she isn't strong enough, and so leading her on to outbursts of temper. Now, with a kind of half-crazed cunning, for in point of fact that's what it actually comes to, she has made up her mind to defeat our machinations, and has taken up the line of the resigned and suffering martyr. She does whatever she is told to do. She takes her medicine and her food with the most touching submissiveness, always with a plainly expressed belief that they are poisoned for her, and she clings to Miss Delamere with a surprising tenderness. She hasn't slanged the copper-haired nurse this four days, and everybody is touched by her resignation and new-born gentleness. Meantime, I have discovered that a little servant has been bribed with promises to smuggle in brandy and laudanum. I anticipate an outburst, but I have been compelled to see that young woman out of the house. I offered to bet you a million sterling to a halfpenny that Miss Delamere would accompany her. Now, I will give the solar system against a used lucifer match Miss Delamere will go if Lady Worborough goes."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

IT was not only from Dr. Mason that I had news of the change which had taken place in Lady Worborough. Night after night Mary returned full of it, and opened her heart to Clara and myself without reserve. She had none of the doctor's practised know-

ledge of the world, and I do not believe that all the knowledge of its own ways the world could bring her could ever have taught her his fashion of looking at things.

"She is softening," she would say. "She is so changed I hardly know her. She clings to me in a way which I find very touching, and sometimes the poor thing makes allusions to the past and the sad mistakes of her own life, which almost bring tears into my eyes. She is very unhappy and very much alone. I asked her this afternoon about her friends. She gave a little dreary laugh. 'My friends? I have worn them out years ago. I have no friends.'"

This, I am fain to confess, sounded more real than Dr. Mason's account would have led me to think it. But then, in this story as in every other, so much depended on the telling. The doctor told it cynically, and was more than half right, I dare say. Mary told it sympathetically, and I fancy she was not much more than half wrong.

By-and-by, to my own surprise, came an invitation to myself. Why, the sick woman demanded, did Mr. Denham keep away? The most obvious answer to that query was that Mr. Denham had had no reason for going; but when the inquiry was once made there was nothing for it but to accept the invitation it indicated, and to pay Lady Worborough a visit. I was the readier to do this because of the conflicting nature of the testimony I received about her. I was a little anxious to see for myself how far the change in her manner was real and how far assumed, if assumed at all. I made my way to the house the following afternoon, and after a little pause was shown into her ladyship's chamber. She was certainly a great deal improved in aspect since we had first lighted upon her in Green Hill Court, and the memory of what she had looked like then made so strong a contrast with her present aspect that she looked much better than she really was. When the first effect of surprise had left my mind, I saw that there was still something of that same ghastly fatal look which I had remarked before. Everybody who has been in close attendance upon an invalid doomed to a long and lingering illness, and doomed past recovery, sees these strange fluctuations of expression. The sick face brightens and fills out, but visible under that surface improvement the unmistakable marks lie scarcely disguised.

She held out a weak thin right hand as I approached her, and I confess that, as I took it in my own, the unexpected gesture of amity

and welcome made a considerable impression upon me.

I asked after her health, and she responded with a feeble lightness that she was better, much better.

"The doctor shakes his head, but then he is not here to encourage me. That is no part of his business, but I know from my own feelings that I am mending very fast. By-and-by I shall be running about again."

One could say nothing to kill a hope like that, or even to chill it by a breath, but ignorant as I was I knew better than to believe it. I managed to say something about courage being of infinite use in such a case, but she seemed to take little heed of my answer, and only motioned me to a seat.

"Sister Constance tells me," she said, "that she has known you for quite a long time. You are not like the others. I can see that for myself. You are a great friend of Lord Worborough's?"

In one interview already chronicled she had alluded to my intimacy with her husband in terms which were anything but flattering. I recalled them now, and though it would have been absurd enough to remember them with malice or with anger against a creature so afflicted, the remembrance certainly saved me from accepting her present overtures with too great alacrity. I answered simply that her husband was the greatest friend I had in the world, and waited to hear further.

"You look unsuspicious," she said, "and you are not very old. But I wonder that you have not found him out." I thought that I knew most that was to be found out about him already, but I said nothing. "That, however," she went on, with a martyred smile which gave me the first real clue to her temper and intention, "was not what I wanted to talk to you about. I want you to carry a message to Lord Worborough. Will you take it for me?"

"Certainly," I answered.

Mary was standing gravely at the foot of the bed with a piece of sewing in her hands. I gave an involuntary glance at her, which she did not see. I had a feeling of awkwardness in conducting any conversation about Pole in her presence, but it was not to be avoided, and the only thing to do was to go through it without betraying either her or myself.

"You will not believe what I am going to tell you," said Lady Worborough, "but it is true all the same." Her manner bespoke so remarkable a resignation, so profound a certainty beforehand of being misunderstood,

or even maligned, and gave so ostentatious a prophecy of forgiveness, that I was ready for almost anything in the way of mischievous suggestion. "I have resolved not to be disturbed by it any further, because I can see that my only hope of safety lies in keeping quite calm and quiet. Dr. Mason and nurse James, who went away, and the nurse who is now here, and one or two others whom I could name, have had instructions from Lord Worborough. The doctor was so foolishly candid as to tell me that my only chance of recovery lay in keeping quiet, and since he let that slip I have contrived perfectly to battle his lordship's intentions."

"And his lordship's intentions are——?"

"Lord Worborough," she answered, with a smile which expressed at once knowledge of her own shortcomings and forgiveness for this injurious husband, "Lord Worborough knows my infirmity of temper." I thought that very much more than probable. I thought of one or two of the horrible scenes Pole had sketched for me, and I recalled the exhibitions I myself had seen. "He has instructed his creatures to do their best to betray me into fits of violence, and his object, of course, was to bring about his own freedom. You know how anxious he has been to be rid of me, Mr. Denham. When that absurd and groundless report of my death was circulated, he made no inquiry. He set up a stone to my memory over the body of a stranger."

I answered that I was intimately acquainted with the whole history of that episode, and she gave me just one swift side-long glance in quite the old fashion. It was as quick as a glance well could be. It lasted no longer than a flash of lightning, but it illuminated everything, just as a flash of lightning will. Her ladyship, however, was not playing to me alone. She had an audience of two, and I suppose she fancied that she was carrying half of it with her. She must have known beforehand that I knew too much to be cheated in that bare-faced way.

"I have asked you," she said, "to carry a message to Lord Worborough, and you have promised." I inclined my head in silent assent to this, but I began to guess what the character of the message was to be, and to think it very unlikely that her husband would receive it at my hands. "You may tell him, if you please," she continued, "that sickness has not had the effect upon me which he anticipated. I am a good deal subdued by it, and in place of being more easily

angry, I find that I am growing patient. The doctor's indiscretion was a great help to me, and Sister Constance helps me continually. You may tell Lord Worborough that I am armed against any annoyance he may bring to bear upon me. I am resolved to live, and I am resolved to get strong enough to go to Worborough Court as soon as possible."

Mary had taken a seat near the foot of the bed, and was sewing with apparent tranquillity, though the red spot which burned upon the pallor of her cheek told me something of what was going on within doors.

"That is the message you desire me to deliver to your husband?" I asked her. It would be futile to pretend that I was not angry, but it would have been more futile still by far to have shown anger there. I took a leaf out of her ladyship's book, and was almost as meek and long-suffering in manner as herself.

"That is my message," she responded.

I told her I would willingly do anything in my power to oblige her. "But your ladyship will see," I urged, "that if I take this message—if I even so much as name it to him, I shall at least give myself the air of thinking it worth mention."

"You decline to take it, then?" Her voice was quite sweet and amiable; but I got another quick illuminating glance before she spoke.

"I am afraid," I answered, "that I must decline to take it. I cannot even appear to share in your belief."

"Will you ask Lord Worborough to call upon me?" she asked, "so that I myself may give him the message?"

"I must beg your ladyship's pardon still," I answered.

"Oh, my ladyship, my ladyship!" she said, in a tone of gentle irony. "What has a poor stricken creature like myself to do with earthly titles of honour?"

I answered, "What indeed?" in a tone as near her own as I could make it. It was not kindly, I dare say, but I was growing a little sick of the savage farce she played, and was willing to end it as soon as might be. Mary glanced up at me with a startled and almost frightened look, and half arose as if in anticipation of an outburst. But Lady Worborough merely turned her head upon her pillows, and looked at me with a glance of amused intelligence. It was the very first sign of humour I had seen in her, and I was both relieved and pleased. I had regretted my words as soon as I had spoken them, but

her ladyship was in the mind for self-control, and was evidently determined not to be shaken from it.

"So," she said, "you will not even ask Lord Worborough to come here?"

"To listen to that accusation? No, madam. I cannot undertake to do it. Lord Worborough is in London, and if you have any serious reason for wishing to see him, I am sure he will come to you with all reasonable speed. But you are armed so strong in patience that you can afford to allow these wicked machinations to go on unnoticed."

"I should like them to be put a stop to," she said, with a resigned sigh at failure. "I know my own infirmities, as I have told you. My temper is not of the best, even now."

I was wise enough to keep to myself my own opinions upon that matter, and when I had sat in silence for some time she stretched out her weak and wasted hand again with an expression of tolerance and meekness which would have done credit to a saint. I was unregenerate enough to rejoice in the certainty that she was greatly disappointed in not having made me angry, and that she was boiling inwardly beneath that sanctified calm of hers. I had a more legitimate ground for satisfaction in the fact that the interview had come to an end with no outbreak on either side.

"I am not angry at your refusal, Mr. Denham," she said, "though I am disappointed by it. I had hoped that you would take my message. I like you, and I hope that we may see more of each other."

This was a wish I could not echo, but I got over my leave-taking with as good a grace as possible, and left the house, glad that the ordeal was at an end. Walking homeward, I had time to think things over, and I came to two definite conclusions with respect to her ladyship's condition and intentions. She had about as much belief in that story about Pole and the conspiracy between him, the doctor, and the nurses, as I myself had. But the change in the manifestation of that remarkable temper was real, and had a real purpose. She had discovered that it was possible to get almost as much satisfaction out of the act of maddening other people, as by maddening herself.

It was so much more wholesome, so much safer in her present condition, that the discovery naturally tempted her towards experiment. Then, above all other things, she wanted to get down to Worborough Court, and to establish her reign there. Thinking

how brief her triumph must be, attended with how many pains of mind and body, I began almost to wonder at myself for having grudged it. When your enemy is strong and knows how to be harmful, and you have a right to dread his implacable, unsleeping hate, it comes natural to the heart to hate him in return; but when he lies vanquished and helpless, or even when his capacity for mischief is strictly measured and confined, you can begin to pity the gnawing miseries of his disappointment. I have disliked one or two people very strongly in my time, but I have never hated anybody. I have thought sometimes with Hamlet that I was pigeon-livered and lacked gall to make oppression bitter. But I have known good haters—without loving them—and have, in a vague and shadowy way, no doubt, savoured in imagination the bitterness of the gall which poisoned life to them. Of all people in the world I know none so pitiable. Hate is the true Tantalus torture. It cannot be slaked. Of its very nature it refuses to be satisfied. To satisfy it were to kill it, and it craves for immortality, alike for its victim and itself. I am not speaking of dislikes which pass for hatred, but of the real, royal thing itself.

As for poor Lady Worborough, it was surely worth no man's or woman's while to stir her venom, let her make what outward show of it she might. I am not master of the technicalities of the case, but if I remember rightly what Dr. Mason told me, the paralysis was mounting, seizing little by little; like an enemy advancing across a whole country, slowly, driving life before it step by step. Her general aspect, to the untaught eye, would have seemed all the while to improve with considerable regularity, and she herself was fully persuaded that her ultimate recovery was certain if she could but repress those outbursts of passion which she now recognised as being dangerous to her.

In the course of two or three weeks Mary brought intelligence of the doctor's permission for the desired journey. We got news of clasped petitionary hands, and prayers and tears from Lady Worborough to Sister Constance. She would not, could not, go without her. She was bent on going, would brave death itself to go, but the great lonely friendless house frightened her. It was quite conceivable even then, though I did not realise it until later, that her ladyship's lie had grown into a reality for her, and that she really dreaded to be left altogether alone amongst strangers for other than merely sentimental reasons.

Mary took the whole matter with that direct simplicity which was a part of her.

"I have promised to go with her," she said, in answer to Clara, who at first was strongly opposed to the idea. "If I had met her in another way, or had learned of her suffering in another way, it might have been different. I cannot leave her now. I believe," she added frankly, "that I am the only creature in the world she cares for and the only one she trusts. I must stay with her until the end."

It was so impossible, all things considered, to discuss the question, and the whole position of affairs was so unprecedented, that we were compelled to say very little about the decision. I received another message from Lady Worborough, requesting me to call upon her, but I was convinced that she was using me as a sort of instrument through which she might possibly play upon her husband, and at first I sent back word that I was otherwise engaged and could not then find time to visit her. The message was repeated, this time through Mary.

"She wants John," said Mary, turning upon Clara, "to accompany us to Worborough Court. For my part I should be glad if he would do it. I do not think that she will try to make things uncomfortable by the way."

"Go," said Clara. "I should like to know that Mary was comfortably installed there. And mind, my dear"—this was addressed to Mary, and spoken with much vivacity and determination—"you are not to make a martyr of yourself down there. That woman is quite capable of asking you to accompany her down there for no other purpose than to make your life unbearable. And now I come to think of it, I shall be very glad if Lady Worborough has taken a fancy to John and wants to see him often. I don't care much what her purpose is if the freak only brings me pretty constant news of you. You will go and see Lady Worborough, John, as often as you are asked, and you will keep your eyes open and let me know the truth about what is going on down there. I am not going to lose Mary, or have her hurt, for all the Lady Worboroughs in the world."

I called on Dr. Mason that evening, and learned from him that his permission for the journey had actually been given. The doctor who attended the case under him was to accompany the patient and to spend a day or two with her. He would carry with him notes of the case and instruct any local prac-

itioner Lady Worborough might choose. There were three or four great houses within a radius of four or five miles, and a considerable number of wealthy residents, so that it was quite certain that there would be some really capable medical man in the neighbourhood.

During this time I saw but little of Pole. Notwithstanding the close friendship between us, it was impossible that he should be a visitor at my house during Mary's stay there, and he had taken up his residence in a dreary little villa by the river, a dozen miles from town. On his invitation I visited him there the day before the intended emigration to Worborough.

"My wife," he said, "has refused to sign the document of peace between us until she can sign it at Worborough. You are going down with her? I heard as much from the lawyer. Goldsmith is to be there to meet her. I shall take my seat in the House at the beginning of the session and start on work of some kind. I have two or three ideas floating about in my mind, but I haven't decided yet. Miss Delamere is well?" He put the question with an odd abruptness which it was easy for me to understand. I told him all about her, and I told him also of the engagement his wife had attempted to lay upon me. It was one thing to tell him that I had refused the office, and another to have been her ladyship's messenger. "That would look a little like madness," he said, "and I would rather think that she had not been altogether responsible for herself all along. Mason tells me that her life is a question of months only, and it would help me to the state of mind I want to get into if I could think it was not herself who has done all the mischief. It's a hard matter to trace responsibility at any time, and the people who sin are in the main the people who are punished. She has suffered enough for all her sins, even if she went to them with her eyes open, for they were of a sort which bring their own punishment."

I believe that after this until the end, and beyond the end of that tragic episode, when he was happy and useful, and found full scope for the exercise of all his gifts, he never nourished an angry thought or spoke a bitter word about his wife. I had not been sure of my own wisdom in telling him the story, but since it persuaded him that she had all along been irresponsible, and since it helped him to forgive her, and to be tender and pitiful in his thoughts of her, I could hardly have done a wiser or more friendly act.

Next day we started off, Mary, the young doctor, and I, accompanying the invalid towards that installation for which Lady Worborough longed so passionately. Pole had sent his carriage to convey the patient to the railway station, and her eyes glittered with pride at the sight of the equipage and the liveried servants. There was another servant in waiting for us at the terminus, deputed to accompany us upon our journey, and at the few halting-places on the way he appeared at the door of the railway carriage to know if his services were in any way required. After each of these visits the poor woman brightened perceptibly, and when we had once passed Exeter her spirits mounted almost to fever heat. The sight of two other carriages waiting for her at the local station, and of more liveried servants, so excited her with pride and the sense of conquest that what with triumph and fatigue, she had to wipe away a tear or two.

She had been to Worborough Court before, but not under similar auspices. On her first visit she had conquered the place, as it were, by sudden stealth and stratagem, now she came like its mistress, and was received with honours which, to her eyes, must have seemed almost regal. She was carried to her own carriage and laid down in it amidst the wondering gazes of a score of onlookers and loungers, and then we were all borne swiftly and smoothly off, the young doctor and I bringing up the rear. The lodge gates swung open before us, and we drove up the long curved avenue between the stately trees which stood grim and gaunt against the fading brightness of the upper skies. The house gleamed with lights, and the hall, from the outer dimness, shone with a golden splendour. The doctor leapt down from my side to superintend the conduct of Lady Worborough to her room. She carried a fan in her hand, and as she was borne past the lintel she stretched out her arm and struck it, as if to say that she claimed it for her own.

She was extremely prostrated by the journey, but she rallied for the moment, and turned her face towards Mary with an exalted smile.

"You are welcome, my dear," she said, "to Worborough Court."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SHE was carried at once to the chamber which had been made ready for her, and I was left alone. The housekeeper personally conducted me to my room. She had been there in the late Lord Worborough's time,

and she and I were already acquainted with each other. I thought she lingered about me unnecessarily, and supposed that she was very curious, and eager to talk if I had but given her an opening. I made no conversational advances, and she was too well disciplined by long service to initiate operations, though I dare say it cost her a considerable effort to repress her desires that way. I sat for a long time alone, thinking of the paralysed woman brought to live in that great lonely house and in that solitary, miserable splendour. There had been something melancholy from the first in the mere prospect of Pole's accession to wealth and title, and she, poor thing, had been the sole cause of the shadow which rested on that brilliant fortune. Even she herself became pitiable in the gloom for which she was herself responsible. She had only triumphed by force of her misery, and to have all and to enjoy nothing is surely a bitter and pitiable lot. I found my own thoughts such poor and unexhilarating company that I was well pleased indeed to be joined by the doctor. He also had begun to find the place oppressive, and he confided to me the fact that though he had never been so handsomely lodged or paid in the whole course of his life, he would be glad when he could get back to places less mournful, if less distinguished.

Goldsmith, who started from town an hour or two after our arrival at Worborough, appeared next morning rather less glossy and smiling than usual, after a cold night's journey. Pole's lawyer travelled by the same train, but the two reached the Court by different vehicles, though within a few minutes of each other. It fell upon me to receive them both, and Goldsmith was evidently unhappy at my presence, which he could hardly have expected. When he had changed his dress and breakfasted, his native courage reasserted itself a little, and he made some faint overtures to talk. Pole's man of business was a very stately personage, who might himself have been the owner of the place, and he and Goldsmith were so far asunder that they might have been born in different planets. The little Jew solicitor was by no means as ready to recognise this difference as the man of higher standing, but it existed, and it made an impression, even upon him. Pole's lawyer was a little ruffled, in a lofty way, at meeting a person of Mr. Goldsmith's aspect and manners, and once at least he gave him to understand in my hearing that their meeting bore an exclusively business character.

"Old cock's a bit stuck-up, don't you think, Bister Dedham?" said Goldsmith, appealing to me. "He's been longer in the profession than I have, and I dare say he has a more profitable connectiod, but a solicitor's a gentleman, and nobody can be any more."

He was propitiatory with me, and ill at ease in the remembrance of our last interview. I told him roundly that if Lord Worborough's solicitor knew what I could tell him he would have refused the meeting altogether. I added that nothing but his lordship's dread of scandal had saved Mr. Goldsmith from the ignominy of being struck from the rolls, and that I wondered somewhat at his audacity in coming there, even at Lady Worborough's command.

"Well," he said, with a sort of desperate resignation, "I shall never get anybody to understand what happened. You wait till you get Lady Worborough about you, Bister Dedham. There isn't much she couldn't make you do if she set her wits to work about it. She ain't a bit like ad ordinary womad. Ad ordinary womad wouldn't have let me idto such a risk. You're no fool you know, Bister Dedham, judging by the look of you. You'd dever have dreabt of taking on a risk like that. If anybody had told me I should do it I should have kicked him. I've kicked a man before to-day od a question of outraged honour. But Lady Worborough is exceptiodal. She's a very rebarkable persod, is Lady Worborough."

Pole's lawyer, as I could see, was anxious to get his business over and begone, though since he could only catch the night train at earliest, and had no other affairs in the neighbourhood, he was as well placed at Worborough Court as elsewhere. Her ladyship certainly appeared to think so, for she made no haste to see him. The morning was, for the season of the year, particularly mild and sunny, and a little before noon she caused herself to be carried from her rooms on the first-floor, and was set into a bath-chair, which had been by her orders disinterred from the coach-house. It was a very ancient affair, and though it had been cleaned and furnished as completely as the time permitted, it sent a certain ghostly odour abroad upon the clear wintry air. Nothing less would satisfy Lady Worborough than that I should push her about the gravelled drive in this cumbrous and ancient vehicle. I received the request certainly with some surprise, and at first, as I confess, with a little anger, but it did not seem worth

while to argue it, and I obeyed her wish. I had arranged already to go back to town with Pole's lawyer, and since my stay was so extremely brief, it seemed on the whole worth while to humour the stricken and self-willed creature.

"I want to drink in this lovely place," she said, when I presented myself in obedience to her wish. "Push me to a little distance, please, so that I can admire the house. I feel very well and strong this morning, and the fresh air will do me good. I shall soon be walking about again, the doctors are quite confident of it."

As a matter of fact the doctors were quite confident in an opposite opinion. Neither of them believed that she would ever walk again; but she so clung to her own belief, and so emphatically reiterated it in their presence, that she had to all appearance persuaded herself that they shared her view. She brooked no contradiction, and the slightest sign of it in respect to a desire so dearly cherished as this would arouse a dangerous paroxysm of anger.

When I had wheeled her to a distance of a hundred yards from the house she asked me to turn her round. She was buried to the chin in a dark fur rug, and she wore a black bonnet trimmed with scarlet. The sombre colour of her surroundings and the bright scarlet ribbon between them threw her face into a strongly accented pallor. Her thinned features and bright dark eyes had an eerie and almost preternatural look. She called me to her side, and sat looking at the house, without speaking, for quite a considerable length of time. Then she turned her eyes upon me with a repetition of that same strange and exalted smile I had seen the night before.

"That is Worborough Court," she said, nodding her head almost imperceptibly, "and I"—with a repetition of the same slight gesture—"am Lady Worborough."

There was something so odd in the tone and in the words that I could not help looking at her rather keenly. She took note of this, and answered my look with another smile, which seemed to cover a meaning of some sort, though I could not divine it.

"I am Lady Worborough," she said, "and that is Worborough Court. Those two gentlemen at the windows are the lawyers, I suppose. Oh, yes, I recognise Mr. Goldsmith. Will you signal to them, if you please? Wave your hat to them. They are bound to see you."

I did as she requested, but the signal

brought out Goldsmith alone. Pole's lawyer had either not seen it or did not recognise it as being meant for him, or did not care to answer that informal summons.

"Wheel me a little farther," said her ladyship. "They will follow."

I obeyed her again, and wheeled her away from the house with extreme slowness. Turning my head, I saw that Goldsmith was following us at a more rapid pace, and would soon overtake us. He came up with us in a while, panting somewhat, and her ladyship once more demanded to be turned round.

"That is my house, Mr. Goldsmith," she said. "I am pleased to offer you its hospitality."

Goldsmith glanced at me, and a little later slipped behind the chair and whispered, "I say." He said nothing further, but tapped his forehead significantly. I feigned to take no notice of him, and Lady Worborough asked in a cold, clear voice—

"What do you say?"

Goldsmith, with a sidelong look of dismay at me, answered confusedly that it was a very beautiful mansion.

"I am very glad," she said, in a voice of satire, "that it enlists your approval. Mr. Denham, let Mr. Goldsmith take your place. Come and talk to me. Mr. Goldsmith, wheel me towards the lodge. Stop when I tell you. I want to secure as many points of view as possible. It is one thing to watch the house as you approach it and another to turn round and secure different points of view when you are going away."

Goldsmith followed her directions, as I had done before him, turning and pausing when she bade him, and turning round and going on again when she bade him. At each survey of the house she named it—"That is Worborough Court"—in a placid triumph. I did my best not to look at Goldsmith, but I knew that he was making faces to attract my attention, and whenever I did look his way he touched his forehead with a forefinger, and his lips inaudibly shaped some word, always the same word, as I could see, though I could not hear it. By-and-by, when we were within a little distance of the lodge, I suggested that it might be wise to go back again, and, to my astonishment, she consented.

"Turn me round, Mr. Goldsmith. The air is a little chilly. It is very kind of you, Mr. Denham, to be so careful of an invalid. I am very much obliged to you, I am sure."

There was a tone of mockery in this, as there was in most things she had said in my

hearing, but I was getting used to her by this time, and paid no heed. As we turned slowly round I saw for the first time that Mary was approaching us, and I supposed she came to warn her patient that it might be unsafe to stay too long in the open air.

"Well," said Goldsmith, bringing the chair to a sudden standstill, "that's the rummest start I ever knew in my life."

"What is?" her ladyship demanded, without making an effort to turn.

"Why, that is," Goldsmith answered.

I made a gesture, and gave him a look to silence him, but Lady Worborough observed me.

"Come here, Mr. Goldsmith," she said. "What is it you describe as a rum start?"

He came round, staring in bewilderment from me to the advancing figure of Miss Delamere, and Lady Worborough's glance followed the direction of his eyes. I had never guessed until that moment that Mary was known to Goldsmith, or had any reason to guess it.

"What is it," she demanded, "that you find surprising in the appearance of that lady?"

"I don't know," said Goldsmith, evidently bewildered by my gesture, and, as I can well guess, by the expression of my face. "I don't know that there's anything surprising in the young lady. Only, she's the last person id the world I should ever have expected to see here."

"Indeed!" said her ladyship, with set eyebrows, and keen, glittering eyes. "And why?"

Goldsmith spread his hands abroad with a deprecatory gesture.

"It's no affair of mine," he said. "If she's pleased to be here, and you like to have her here I've got dothing to say to it."

"Are you mad?" she asked him scornfully.

"Dot much I ain't," responded Goldsmith. "If you choose to have Miss Delamere about you, of all the yug ladies in the world——"

"What?" she shrieked, turning madly round on me, and tearing at the rugs which were folded about her. The cry was so shrill and piercing, so full of rage and amazement and terror that I seemed never to have heard anything like it before from human lips. Mary came forward swiftly in alarm at this wild cry, and the wretched woman, who had released her hands, waved them threateningly at her with a mad repulsion.

"You will do yourself a mischief," I cried, and made an effort to return the furs to

their position. She repulsed me with an unexpected strength, and then clutching the rug tightly in her thin, ungloved hands, sat, wordless at first, glaring at the new comer. Then her lips began to move over the white teeth clenched below them, and in a little while she spoke with a self-repression which was no less than horrible to look at. The white teeth were never opened, and she had a look of thinking that she had them fast set in something she was eager to rend.

"So you are Miss Delamere," she said. "You have come here watching to see me die that you may marry my husband. That is the meaning of your Christian charity and goodness, is it? You have come down to this great, lonely house to poison me. Oh, you traitress! You wicked, smiling traitress. If I could get at you I would pull you into pieces with my hands."

At first Mary was so bewildered at the cry, and so overwhelmed by this mad accusation, that she could answer nothing. In the very midst of its impossibility the accusation itself had a hideous kind of probability in it. Even to me, the fact that it could not in any distorted dream have entered my mind, carried no weight against it. It was hideous and unimaginable and beyond all conceivable madnesses untrue, and yet I really think that for the moment it struck as heavily as if it had been truth itself.

"You must have been a very wicked woman, Lady Worborough," said Mary, tremblingly, "to think such thoughts. You cannot really think them. You do not really think them. John," she stretched out her hands to me, and I took them in my own, "do you think that she can really believe a thing like that of me—of anybody?"

"You shall take nothing from the house," said Lady Worborough, still speaking with her teeth clenched together, and the same dreadful set expression of her rage. "You shall not go from here until everything you have is searched. We shall find poisons, and there is a law to punish you. Oh, you wicked, wicked, smiling traitress!"

"What are you talking about?" said Goldsmith. "Nobody wants to poised you."

"Are you in the plot?" she demanded, turning her eyes upon him.

"Yes," said Goldsmith. "I suppose I'm in about as much as there is of it. You'd better get id out of the cold at odce. You'll be catching your death if you don't, and thed there'll be no need for anybody to poised you. Put that rug up, and let me wheel you into the house."

Goldsmith's stolid indifference did something towards calming the rest of us. His disdain for her ladyship's suspicion was so real and unaffected that even she was a little disarmed by it. But she had at least a woman whom she recognised as a rival in her presence, and having never been easily placable in her own life was not likely to allow herself to be readily pacified here.

"You shall go," she said, "but you shall be searched before you go. You meant to poison me. Why else should you come here?"

"I never asked to come here," Mary answered, stooping gently over her, her voice and manner in strangest contrast with those of the woman she addressed. "I came because you asked me, because I thought you clung to me, and would rather have me near you than anybody else you knew. I came because I was sorry for you."

Lady Worborough looked darkly at her without answering.

"Go on," she said drily. "Wheel me back to the house. You go before"—addressing Mary. "I won't lose sight of you. You meant to poison me."

Goldsmith set the chair in motion, and Mary and I went on a mere trifle in advance, a foot or two only.

"Keep your eye upon her, Goldsmith," said her ladyship. "She wants to drop behind and run away."

Mary paused for an instant and laid her hand upon the wheeled chaise in which the poor thing sat.

"I do not know," she said with great gentleness, "how you can have thoughts so foolish and so wicked. I will go, if you wish it, and if you wish it you may have everything belonging to me examined."

Lady Worborough shot out a hand and clutched her by the wrist.

"Go on!" she cried to Goldsmith. "I have her now. She won't get away from me!"

Mary laid her free hand upon the hand which held her, and I saw that her eyes filled suddenly with tears.

"Can't you believe, poor thing, that I was sorry for you—that I was very, very sorry for you?"

Her ladyship suddenly released her, with a curt command to go on in front again. One of Mary's tears had brimmed over and had fallen on her hand. She brushed it away hurriedly, as though it had scalded her, and folded herself tightly in her rugs. I offered my arm to Mary, seeing that she was in need of some support, and begged her not to

give this monstrous accusation a moment's thought.

"I am not troubled by it," she answered. "How could I be? But I am very sorry for her."

I said something about its being a poor reward for all her kindness, but, to my momentary amazement, she answered that it was not unnatural, and, turning round upon me, demanded if she had been in the wrong to come here. I told her very warmly that she had acted throughout the whole matter like a saint, and after that we went on to the house without exchanging a word. I had known minutes before that the servants had heard Lady Worborough's first cry, for they had gathered in a knot at the hall door. Some of them were still standing there when we arrived. They were silent and respectful, but attentive. It was easy to see that they were curious as to the cause of the scream, and the set face of their mistress, and the traces of Miss Delamere's tears must have been enough in themselves to confirm their natural suspicion of a scene. I dare say that I myself showed some sign of disturbance, though I did not think of this at the time. The invalid chair which we had brought with us from London was standing in the hall, and was ready on our arrival.

"Lift me out," said her ladyship, "and carry me to my rooms. Let that woman go on before, and watch her, so that she cannot run away."

I conducted Mary up the stairs, and left her at the door of Lady Worborough's apartments. We waited there in the corridor until the invalid was brought up in her chair, then the door was thrown open, and Mary entering before her she was carried into the first chamber.

"Come in, Mr. Denham," she said to me in passing. "Come in, Goldsmith. Stay here, all of you."

Goldsmith had followed the chair up-stairs, hat in hand, and now stood the most self-possessed of any one of us, waving the hat to and fro, and grinning, as if amused, though his smile was certainly a little uneasy.

"Send everybody here," cried her ladyship to one of the servants when we had entered. "Send Lord Worborough's lawyer here and all the servants. Go some of you to this woman's room, and bring down everything she brought into this house. Everything! Do you hear?"

"Lady Worborough," I said as quietly and as firmly as I could, "I will not permit you to place any indignity upon this lady."

I turned upon Goldsmith and the servants, and bade them leave the room, and, a little to my surprise, they obeyed me. I had been there before in the old lord's time as his guest, and in close intimacy with their present master. A good many of the old servants had been re-engaged, or had never actually been discharged, and one of the men who had assisted in carrying her ladyship up-stairs remembered me. It was he who led the way, and the others followed him. Her ladyship raved, and commanded them to stay, and one of them did actually linger until I pushed him gently out from the room. When our accuser had gone quiet again I told her that since Miss Delamere

was pleased, in face of this monstrous accusation, to have her belongings examined, I had no objection to offer. The examination, however, should be made decently and in order. It was in itself sufficiently shameful and insulting, and nobody should witness it except they two, the doctor and the woman appointed to make the search. She, after a long battle, consenting to this, I rang for Lady Worborough's maid, and instructions were given to her to gather the whole of Miss Delamere's belongings, and to bring them to that room. Next I dispatched a message for the doctor, and he and the maid arriving at almost the same instant, I left the four together.

THE FLIGHT OF INSECTS.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A.

WHAT can be more familiar to our ears than the busy hum of insects on a fine summer day, or, to our eyes, than the happy insects themselves, as they flutter, dart, glide, or hover, according to their kind?

Yet I very much doubt whether one person in a thousand has the least idea of the radical distinction between the flight of insects and that of the vertebrates, or thinks that any real difference exists between the wings of birds and bats and those of the insects. But, except that in each case the wings perform the same office, they have nothing in common in point of structure, being evolved from different organs of the body.

In the vertebrates the wings are modifications of the upper pair of limbs, the necessary surface being obtained by a development of the skin in the bats, and in the birds by a development of hairs into feathers. No one ever yet saw a bird or a bat with four legs and a pair of wings in addition to them, or with four wings and a pair of legs. No vertebrate animals have normally more than two pairs of limbs, and if by chance such a creature should come into existence it would be a simple monstrosity, like the six-legged sheep or two-headed calf which may be seen in travelling shows.

But, as most of my readers are aware, all insects have six legs, neither more nor less, and in addition to them must possess two pairs of wings or their rudiments. The

wings of insects are therefore not obtained by modifying the limbs, and we ought therefore to ask ourselves the source whence they are derived. Again, let us take any flying insect—say a dragon-fly, as being easily examined—and note the manner in which the wings are connected with the body.

Both the legs and the wings are attached to the thorax, but in totally different fashions. The legs belong to the lower surface of the thorax, and are united to it by joints which resemble in general structure those of the vertebrates. But the wings are connected with the upper surface of the thorax, and not a rudiment of a joint can be seen. Again, the wings of the vertebrates are moved by external muscles of immense comparative dimensions, which quite alter the form of the creature; while, as in any of the butterflies, wings of enormous spread are often attached to bodies so slight and feeble, that we may well wonder whence the owner obtains the power to work them with such efficiency, and to sustain the body in the air for so long a time.

Nor do our difficulties end here, for we have to account for still deeper mysteries.

Some insects use all four wings in flight, such, for example, as the dragon-flies, bees, wasps, and may-flies. Some, like the beetles, locusts, and the "hemiptera," or half-winged insects, only use the hind pair of wings for flight, the first pair being greatly thickened, and forming covers called "elytra," beneath

which the flying wings can be sheltered when not in use.

In many insects, such as the common blue-bottle-fly and the gnat tribe, one pair of wings appears to have vanished altogether; but in reality they are only undeveloped, and still exist in a rudimentary form. In the case of the bluebottle they form tiny "alulae," or winglets, while in the case of the gnat they are shrivelled up into a pair of little slender spikes, the tips of which are knobbed. These rudimentary wings are called "halteres," or balancers; and small as they are, and insignificant as they appear to be, they exercise so powerful an influence on the flight that if one of them be cut off the insect seems quite unable to guide its course. The halteres are very conspicuous in any of the insects which are familiar to us under the title of "daddy-long-legs," and their structure can easily be made out with an ordinary pocket-lens.

Yet another mystery.

How are the flying wings folded under the elytra? Where are the muscles by which the folding is accomplished? How can an insect—say the common dytiscus—fold its wings both longitudinally and transversely; and how can the carwigs and rove-beetles pack their ample wings under such tiny elytra? Nothing but careful dissection can supply the key to these problems.

In the insect tribes, as comparative anatomy shows us, we find that nature seems to have taken a totally new departure in structure. The whole vertebrate system has disappeared, and is replaced by an absolutely different organization. There is no distinct brain, and the body is composed of thirteen horny rings or segments (the head being, for convenience' sake, considered as a single segment); and each segment has its own tiny brainlet or ganglion, which furnishes nerves to its own segment and to no other.

Then the whole respiratory system has been altered. Insects have neither lungs nor gills, but breathe through a series of apertures or "spiracles," set upon the sides of the body. These spiracles are the entrances to a most elaborate system of air-tubes, by which the whole of the interior of the insect is permeated, extending even to the ends of the limbs and the tips of the antennae.

Veins, arteries, and heart are alike wanting, the place of the heart being supplied by a single pulsating tube, called, from its position on the back, the "dorsal vessel," which extends from the front of the head to the extremity of the body. Instead of being

confined within arteries and veins, as is the case with the vertebrates, the blood is thrown loosely into the tissues, being driven round and round by certain valves in the dorsal vessels. Again, in the vertebrates the muscles are outside the skeleton, whereas in the insects they are inside it, and in consequence are not so perceptible as those of the higher animals.

The reader may probably wonder why, in treating of the flight of insects, I should think it necessary to describe the general form, together with the nervous, respiratory, and circulatory systems, while I totally neglect the limbs.

The reason is that the wings of insects are modifications, not of the limbs, but of the organs of respiration. They are composed of two membranes and between them run the "nervures" (which in their office much resemble the veinings of a leaf). Upon these nervures the double membrane is stretched, and all insect wings are formed on the same principle. You might naturally think that the delicate and transparent wings of a fly, and the thick elytra of a beetle can have little in common. In reality, however, they are both constructed on the same principle. The elytra possess the same double membranes, only upon them is deposited a considerable amount of "chitine," i.e. the peculiar horny matter of which the rings of the body are formed.

A similar structure is to be seen in the crustacea. When a crab or lobster casts its shell, the body is quite defenceless, being covered with a coating of soft material. But, particles of lime are rapidly deposited on the soft surface, and in the course of a few days a new shell is formed.

The nervures are composed of chitine, hollow, and contain within them the breathing tubes of which mention has been made. Any one can see the use of these tubes by watching a moth or butterfly when it first escapes from the chrysalis. The wings are nothing more than small knobs of soft, damp material, which give no intimation of their form or colour when perfected.

The insect clings to some support, always with its back downwards. It then begins to take a series of deep inspirations, which drive the air into the tubes and cause the wing to expand. The insect aids the process by continually slaking the wings, and in a short time these organs are ready for flight. Indeed, unless the process be rapid, the membranes become dry, and then the

wing cannot be farther expanded. Entomologists who breed their lepidoptera are careful to construct the cages so that the newly developed insect may at once climb to some elevated spot to which it can cling while shaking out its wings. Unless this precaution be taken, the insects will be "cripples," and valueless for the cabinet.

Now for their attachment to the body.

They are fastened, not jointed, to the chitinous plates upon the upper surface of the thorax, and to those plates, and not to the wings themselves, are attached the muscles that work them. These muscles, which look just like those of a lobster's claw, can be easily seen by removing the side of the thorax. A very simple experiment will show that the movements of the wings are due, not directly to the muscles but to the plates to which they are attached, and on which the muscles act.

Take a newly killed dragon-fly before it has had time to stiffen, and press with a pin-head or pencil on the upper part of the thorax just between the wings. You will find that both pairs will be suddenly thrown forwards, exactly as if the insect were alive and in the act of taking flight.

Unseen, unsuspected, but constructed with the same care as the remainder of the wing, is the mechanism by which the peculiar movement of flight is accomplished. Were the wing-beat to be simply up and down, the one would be neutralised by the other, and no progress would be made. But, by the mechanism which has been mentioned, the edge of the wing is presented to the air as the upward stroke is made (like the "feathering" of an oar-blade) and passes through it with but little resistance.

What is the mechanism by which the wings are folded?

Longitudinal folds, like those of the grasshopper or wasp, we can easily understand, the nervures working on their bases like the sticks of a fan. But when the wing has to be repeatedly folded transversely as well as longitudinally, we must look for some other structure. This is to be found in the wonderful wings of the earwig, one of which I have just spread and placed under the microscope. The outer nervure is of very great strength, and is twice jointed, so that it can be folded like the wing of a bird. From the wrist, if we may so call it, radiate twelve smaller nervures, looking very much like the bones of a bat's wing. These give off branches which reach to the edge of the wing, and these branches are furnished with

separate hinges of their own, somewhat resembling a pair of parentheses placed closely together, thus ().

The mode in which the insect folds its wings is as follows. First it closes the whole of the nervures, just as a fan is closed. Then it folds up the closed nervures at their three joints, so as to reduce the wing into a very small compass. Lastly it bends its long, slender body backwards, and with its forceps takes hold of the folded wings and draws them into their places under the elytra.

Still we have not answered the query respecting the power by which such a wing is expanded or closed.

As far as I can make out, it is as follows. Watch a common ladybird take to flight. You will see that the wings are flashed out in a moment. Watch it settle, and you will notice that the insect does not close them as rapidly as she opened them. On the contrary, the ends of the wings protrude for some little time from the elytra, and are drawn gradually inwards. It seems to me that muscular power has little, if anything, to do with the expansion or contraction of the wings, and as if we must look to a different cause.

The reader will remember, that the wings, being modifications of the respiratory system, have the hollow nervures filled with breathing tubes, which equally serve the office of blood-vessels. Now, supposing the wing to be collapsed, and blood to be forcibly injected into the nervures, the natural result would be to stiffen them, so as to expand the membrane which they support.

The folding of the wings is, I believe, purely mechanical, and due to the natural elasticity of the hinges, which remain closed until they are forced open by the injection of blood into the nervures. Take a newly killed earwig, draw out one of the wings to the fullest extent, and then let it go. No sooner is the force removed than the wing mechanically folds itself, as has been described, and will do so even when separated from the body. This property renders the spreading of an earwig's wing a task of some difficulty, the nervures springing back into their folded condition as soon as the external force is removed.

Some beetles, like the common rose-chaffer, can expand and close their wings without opening the elytra, a long and narrow aperture being made on their outer edges through which the wings can pass.

The rapidity of movement of an insect's wing is almost incredible, in many species,

such as the humming-bird, moth, and the hoverer flies (*Syrphus*) being so great that they are actually rendered invisible, and only look like a sort of haloon each side of the insect.

The "busy hum," to which allusion has been made, is due to the vibrations of the wings, and fortunately affords a means by which the number of vibrations can be counted.

We know that certain musical notes are defined by the number of vibrations which are required in order to produce them, thus

regulating the "pitch" of that particular note. Now there is an instrument happily called the "siren," because it sings under water, which can produce an almost illimitable number of vibrations, at the same time emitting the sound appropriate to that number. Attached to the siren is a dial which registers the vibrations as they are produced.

So supposing a certain note to be uttered, and we want to know exactly how many vibrations are required to produce it, the siren is set in motion. As its revolutions increase in number so do the vibrations, and when the note of the siren coincides with that which is on trial, a glance at the dial will give the number of vibrations. In this way it has been shown that the common house-fly beats its wings about six hundred times per second.

So varied are the wings of insects that there is



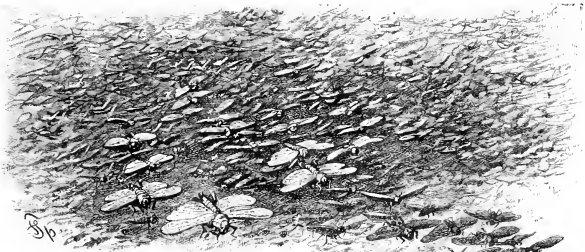
A SWARM OF GNATS.

no bird whose flight does not find a parallel in some insect.

For example, the flight of the butterflies are exactly paralleled by that of the night-jar, and imitated by that of the bats. The drifting flight of the owl finds its parallel in that of the soft-clad, thick-bodied night moths. That of the humming-bird moth exactly resembles the flight of the bird from which it takes its name, while the hawk-moths sufficiently explain themselves.

Some insects, such as the hoverer flies

which have already been mentioned, are strangely solitary in their flight. You never see two of these flies near each other, and



Flight of Locusts.

they seem to have a dislike of neighbours which much resembles that of the American backwoodsman, who is uneasy if another house be within ten miles of his own hut.

You may be standing, as I have just done, under the shade of a garden tree, when suddenly a syrphus appears. How it arrived you cannot see. You move a hand and it is gone, but how it went you cannot see, so swift is its flight. Remain quite motionless and it will reappear as mysteriously as it came, hanging suspended in the air, so motionless, except for the halo-like wings, that you can count every black bar on its flat yellow body. Another syrphus now appears, but in a moment is charged by the first-comer, who drives the intruder away and then returns to its former position.

Some insects fly in pairs, while many prefer company to solitude. Some, however, associate in such multitudes that they darken the sky, and at a distance look like black rain clouds. Even our own winged ants often take to the air in such multitudes that they have been mistaken for columns of smoke, and caused an alarm of fire to be given. Indeed, these insects never fly except in company, and such a sight as a winged ant amusing itself on the wing after the manner of the syrphus or butterfly is unknown.

There is even one butterfly which always appears in company. This is the celebrated *Bugong* of Australia, which makes its periodical appearances in vast flights, and for a time affords plentiful nourishment to the natives.

The common gnat is another of these socially inclined insects. In our country,

the
gnat
swarms
do not as-

sume any great importance, but in some parts of the Continent they are of vast dimensions, and as is shown by the illustration, can even shut out the landscape from sight.

The most familiar example of social flight is afforded by the locust swarms, with whose ravages we are all familiar. They are, however, not altogether injurious to man, for although they certainly devour the crops which he has planted, they in their turn afford a large supply of nourishing food, which can be dried and stored up as a provision for the future.

There is one point in these great swarms which has always struck me as a remarkable problem of insect life. These creatures when swarming are so close together that they look at a little distance like a solid mass and have no room in which to alter their flight. How then can each insect be so closely surrounded on every side by its companions and yet preserve sufficient space for the rapid movements of its own wings without striking against the wings of its comrades?

Lastly, I must mention that insects owe much of their buoyancy to the air-tubes that permeate the body, which in many cases, such as the cockchafer and the humble-bees, expand into chambers of considerable size; thus offering another parallel with the flying birds, whose large air-cells within the body, added to their hollow and air-filled bones, render their bodies very light in comparison with their dimensions.

"WEST HIGHLANDERS" AT HOME.

OF the many different breeds of cattle in the British islands the "West Highlander" is at once, far and away, the hardiest and handsomest. Of perfectest symmetry from lug to hoof, from crest to flank, from tip of horn to tail, he is, whilst still in the unmolested enjoyment of the freedom of his native glen, next to the stag, the handsomest creature of the wilds; and, harder than even the "antlered monarch of the waste," a genuine West Highlander will survive a long protracted winter, under the arctic severity of which the stag will droop and die.

Most of our readers are probably acquainted with the West Highlander only as they have seen him at the fairs and "trystes" of the South; and even then a drove of the right sort, pure-bred two and three-year-olds, will always attract a crowd of admirers; with the invariable result that even when markets are at their worst, and other kinds of cattle are driven off the stance unsold, a lot of genuine West Highlanders will always find ready purchasers. By the time he has reached the South, however, the Highlander has necessarily lost much of the fire of eye and stateliness of step and tread so characteristic of him in his own upland glen, while yet his hoof is on his native heath, and his name is MacGregor!

But to be seen aright, the Highlander must be seen at home; and if the reader will accompany us on a pleasant moorland walk of a few miles, we shall introduce him to something like close acquaintanceship with one of the largest herds of genuine West Highlanders in the kingdom.

It is a bright, breezy day in early August; and leaving the farm-house after a big substantial luncheon, such as you can eat only in the Highlands, and of quantity and quality sufficient to make you feel a sense of strength and comfort unspeakable, and fit, like Wellington's veterans, "to go anywhere, and do anything," we pass over an intervening ridge, and are in the glen beyond. We are two (three, if the reader is a good fellow, as we dare say he is, and he does us the honour to join us), for we are accompanied by a son of the farmer, or "tacksman," a fine young fellow of some twenty years of age, with Atlantean shoulders, and a frame of intertwined whipcord and steel, to whom a rough round of twenty miles among the hills is no more, dear reader, than is to you a walk in daintiest slippers across your study floor. Our young

friend is attended by a favourite collie, "Tweed" by name; an admirable dog we are assured, and as we can well believe, for he is of the old rough-haired breed, strong-limbed and compact of frame, with a pair of big brown eyes beaming with sagacity and *nonch*. Lightly clad, as best befitting a rather warm day, and what we know must be a long walk, and each of us with a stout stick in hand, our way is up the glen, along the right bank of a stream that winds its serpentine course by many a heathery bluff, and many a meadowy flat, and many a clump of birch, and mountain ash, and alder, in frequently recurring curves of easy sweep—true Hogarthian "lines of beauty"—downwards to the sea. The stream to-day is in full and varied song, if such a phrase may be allowed. On a perfectly calm day, or when the wind blows with something like steady breath, right up or down the glen, the voice of the stream, as heard from the path above, is a drowsy monotone, like the hum of innumerable bees. When, as to-day, however, the wind is from the south, blowing not up or down, but right athwart the glen, it is not the voice, but many voices of the stream that rise and fall in varying cadences, and make a weird, wild music of their own. To understand it you must notice that the glen lies east and west; and owing to the altitude of the hills on either side, the wind that blows from north or south can only find access by saddle-back depressions in the heights, by rift, and gulley, and gorge, and scour; and once in the glen it bustles and blusters about as if it had lost its way, strangely fitful and capricious in all its movements. As it goes wandering around, and crosses and re-crosses the stream, it takes up the river voices as playthings, and makes wild music with them. The hiss and sob of waterfalls, the flop and gurgle of eddying pools, the babble, and purr, and jingle of bonkery rapids and sandy shallows—these it takes up and tosses about the glen, and up and adown the steepes in a way that makes you understand, if philosophically inclined, how in the superstition of the North these upland solitudes are peopled by hosts of invisible spirits, whose voices are often heard in loud contention or friendly confabulation, though they be themselves unseen.

The shootings and fishings of this large farm, comprising, along with the meadowy strath below, many square miles of mountain

and moorland, and capable of "carrying," as the phrase is, something like five thousand sheep, besides cattle, are in the hands of the tacksman himself, and both are excellent. The stream, as we can see, is swarming with trout in every pool—not of large size, to be sure, oftener under than over half a pound—but an hour or two's angling gives you a basketful, and grilled or nicely fried they are about as delicious a concomitant as could be desired to the other good things of a tea or breakfast table in a first-class Highland farm-house. Grouse, too, are plentiful, as they themselves bear witness, rising in frequent covies to the right and left of us, with a whirr of wings and an angry "Goe-goe-tehirr-z!" on the part of the scarlet-eyebrowed male, which, being interpreted into human speech, is saying as plain as plain can be, "What in the world are *you* doing here? Don't you know that you are intruding?" We pass on, nevertheless, now and again rousing a mountain hare, which scampers away with curious kangaroo-like leaps and bounds, very different from the long, easy, *ventre-à-terre* stride of the brown hare of the grassy parks and cultivated lands below, when, startled from her form, she stretches to full speed, and, in Gaelic phrase, "her heart is in her mouth with fear." When one of these mountain hares starts to right or left of us, it is amusing to see how Tweed erects his crest and pricks his ears, for the instinct of the chase in such as he can never be wholly obliterated. He is too well-trained a dog, however, to go chasing hares; his business is with sheep and cattle, and, in any case, although Tweed would, perhaps, rather not confess it, he would have no chance at all after a mountain hare amongst those rugged steepes of knee-deep heather, and sprinkled along their slopes, as if from a Titanic pepper-box, with innumerable boulders.

Seeing us amused at Tweed's longing look after the scampering hares, our companion, with a tender regard for his favourite's feelings that would have insured him the benediction of St. Francis of Assisi, says, smiling, "He'll not be pleased, sir, unless he gets something to do. Do you see the sheep scattered over yon green slope, just beneath the far-away peak to the left? Here is my binocular with which you can see them better. Tweed shall go and bring them over here, and we can sit down and rest until they come." The working of a good dog on a steep hill-side is a really interesting and beautiful sight, and we are delighted with

the proposal. What is very remarkable, and no less pleasing than remarkable, is the quiet, confidential way in which our friend Duncan speaks to Tweed, and how readily the dog understands what is required of him. "He understands Gaelic best," Duncan observes with a smile. "Tweed, 'teich a mach thall.' Tweed, over yonder; away!" That's all, spoken in a quiet, kindly tone of voice, that has something in it, too, indicative of the speaker's conviction that the command will be obeyed. And obeyed it certainly is, and quickly too; for before the words are well spoken Tweed is dashing down the steep, with a perfect understanding of what is required of him, and a thorough knowledge also of how quickest and best to do it. Across the stream and up the rugged steep beyond goes Tweed at such a pace as soon brings him to a long, blue ridge above and behind the slope on which the sheep are feeding. Making his presence known by a bark, though he is too far away for us to hear him, he circles in a rapid sweep round the upper and outer sheep, and makes them close in on their companions, who are already huddling together lower down. There are some five or six score of black-faced wedders, and, having collected them into a crowd, Tweed's business is to drive them down from terrace to terrace and steep to steep into the hollow of the glen. Of all kinds of sheep, three-year-old wedders like these are the most difficult for a dog to manage, and it is a most interesting and beautiful sight to see how admirably the dog works, and the varying outlines of the flock, as adown terrace and ridge and slope they descend the heights. Now they are huddled together in a crowd that, in turf phrase, "might be covered with a blanket;" anon they spread out like a fan. Again, in an attempt to break away, there is a stream to the right, which the watchful Tweed no sooner checks, driving the runaways back upon their fellows, than there is a similar stream to the left, only to be checked in the same way; and so, with constantly varying outlines of formation, the snow-white cloud of sheep descends to the meadowy flats below. When they near the river, which has to be crossed, Duncan, with a wave of his hand, directs the good dog towards a shallow ford on the stream immediately below us, and by that particular ford accordingly the sheep are made to cross to our side of the glen. Another wave of Duncan's hand lets the dog know that he is to take the sheep up in our direction; and up they come, and are made to pass before us in close

order, like a body of troops before the commander-in-chief at a review. When they have passed by, a couple of quietly-spoken Gaelic words tell Tweed that "that will do." The sheep spread out over the hill-face and begin to feed, while we, mindful of the main object of the day's excursion, again take stick in hand and proceed on our way.

Half an hour or less takes us over the steep and rugged shoulder of Ben Garbh, and, once we reach the summit, before us lies the huge circular basin—more than a couple of miles across—of the famous *airi* or sheiling of Coirre-nan-Ian, an immense grassy meadow surrounded by a wild engirdlement of mountains, whose peaks, tempest-torn and grim, rise in all directions to an altitude of three thousand feet or more. In the exact centre of this richly grassed and magnificent corrie is a small tarn that, viewed from the height on which we are now standing, is a perfect oval of richest amethystine purple and blue, gleaming and glittering gem-like, as the sunbeams take it aslant, in beautiful and striking contrast with the dark emerald of the meadows around. We can see that a tiny streamlet issues from the lower end of the lakelet, and after winding through the meadow disappears in the depths of a wooded ravine below; and there is little difficulty in understanding that this streamlet, creeping like a serpent of silver through the emerald, is just the river of the glen, in the first infantine stage of its career, after just issuing from its source, the dark-blue, water-lilied tarn. From the ridge on which we have been looking at all this, it is an easy descent into the corrie below. On a small knoll in a corner of it is the herdsman's house, if house it can be called; a most primitive habitation in which the honest herdsman, Dugald Livingstone by name, lives an all-alone, Robinson-Crusoe life, whilst in charge of the cattle throughout the summer and autumn. Dugald sees us coming and advances to the foot of the brae to meet and welcome us. His hut—what archaeologists would call a survival of the "bee-hive dwellings" of the ancient Celts—is built of grassy turfs, with turfs too over a few birch cabers for roof. We have to stoop, as if "giving a back" in leap-frog, in order to get in; and our first feeling is that from the glorious sunshine without, we have suddenly crept into utter darkness within. It is not quite that, however; by closing our eyes once and again for a few seconds, and slowly re-opening them, the pupils soon dilate sufficiently for

us to perceive that we are in a pleasant twilight, "a dim religious light," a phrase, by the way, as applicable to Dugald's sheiling hut as to the choir of the proudest cathedral in the land; for, as we learn afterwards from our companion, Dugald is a man of sincere and fervent piety, saying his prayers evening and morning, and reading a chapter—sometimes many chapters—of his Gaelic Bible every day. Dugald has a wife and family in the strath down by the sea; but for four months of the year he lives here by himself in the solitudes of Coirre-nan-Ian. As we look around, we notice that the hut is circular, about ten feet in diameter. The turf wall is five feet in thickness, so that the four small recesses, with a foot-broad sill for holding such modest necessities as a teapot, cup and saucer, spoon, knife, &c., do not seriously affect their strength. These recesses are lancet-shaped and slightly canopied at top, just like the saints' niches on the buttresses of mediæval monasteries and chapels—Roslyn, for example. There are no stools or chairs, the only seat being a fifteen-inch broad projection of turf at a convenient distance from the ground, and running all round the inner wall. At one side about six feet of this turf sofa is recessed into the wall sufficiently to form a roomy enough sleeping-place for one person; and Dugald tells us that, spread with fresh rushes and ferns, and with a couple of blankets to draw over him, he finds it as dry, warm, and comfortable a bed as any one need desire. A large flag-stone in the middle of the floor indicates the fireplace; and a circular hole in the roof serves the double purpose of letting out the smoke and letting in a little light. There being no windows, the only way light can enter is by the low doorway and by this hole in the roof. Dugald keeps two or three she-goats to supply him with milk, of which we now drink a brimming bowl apiece, qualified by a dram from Dugald's diminutive "grey-beard," of antique shape, and which he assures us belonged to his great-grandfather.

But the evening is advancing apace, and we tell Dugald that we have come to see the cattle. Where are they? The reply is that they are in Cuil-na-Mointich—the mossland recess—a quarter of a mile away; and thither we proceed accordingly. On issuing from the hut our companion directs our attention to a green knoll a little to the left, and there we behold Tweed and Dugald's two dogs sitting on their haunches, their heads close together, and evidently enough in the full enjoyment of a friendly confabulation.

"There they are, sir," our companion says with a smile, "exchanging news! Tweed telling how things, from a canine point of view, are getting on in the glen below; and Dugald's dogs telling their story in return; very likely describing their last jolly hunt after an otter by the stream, or hill fox that ventured into the corrie in the hope of picking up a flapper duckling for breakfast from amongst the reeds by the tarn." Dugald suggests that Tweed had better be left at the hut till our return; and when, in some surprise, we ask why, it is explained to us that at sight of a strange dog, the half-wild cattle are apt to get into a state of dangerous excitement; and as honest Tweed is a stranger, it is best to leave him behind. Is Tweed then to be tied up in the hut, we wonder; not so; his master simply speaks to him two or three words in Gaelic, and the well-bred dog, although looking a little disappointed, instantly lies down beside the hut, and there awaits our return.

Cuil-na-Mointieh, where the cattle are grazing, is hidden from us by a long green mound of considerable height; and it is only when we have crossed a broad stretch of meadow and ascended to the top of this mound beyond that we are privileged to look, for the first time in our life, on a famous herd of "West Highlanders" at home. There they are, slowly feeding over the mossy flat—two score cows with their calves and sixty two- and three-year-old heifers (counting young and old some seven score head in all). The prevailing colour, we notice, is black; but some of them are dun, others reddish-brown, a few of a pretty dappled grey, and two or three of the six-months-old calves as creamy-white as the cattle of Chillingham and Cadzow. And now they have seen us every head is for a moment lifted high at gaze, and then they quickly form into a semicircle, facing in our direction, the cows and heifers in front, the calves in the rear. As we descend into the flat, in order to have a closer look at them, their excitement increases; the younger heifers toss their heads threateningly, whilst some of the cows depress their heads, their muzzles to their knees, and, bull-like, paw the ground with such vigour that big lumps of turf and moss are sent flying to the rear. All this, you must understand, because Dugald is accompanied by strangers—our friend Donald, to wit, and ourselves. When Dugald is alone they know him and his dogs too well to be in the least alarmed. Unaccompanied by Dugald we are assured, and can very well

believe, that any one venturing into the corrie would be in a position of no little danger. It was only a month or six weeks before our visit that a shepherd from a neighbouring farm thought he might venture to pass through the corrie, by way of making a short cut of it on his way to the strath below. He was accompanied by his dog, as a shepherd always is, and the moment the cattle got sight of him they charged down upon him in the wildest rage. Fortunately for the shepherd, the stream was close at hand, and he plunged in, the water up to his shoulders, and scrambled through to the opposite bank, whilst his dog, that did not so quickly take in the danger, had to put forth his utmost speed to escape the bellowing herd that pursued him for a mile. Even now, though under the protection of Dugald and his dogs, it is with a feeling of no little trepidation and alarm that we approach within some fifty yards of the excited herd. If the truth were known, we would rather have been a mile away. Donald, however, assures us that there is no danger; and what next happens is this; whilst the cows retain their formation, the heifers gallop away excitedly to the left, and then, suddenly wheeling round, they advance full gallop in our direction, coming to a halt in regular line like a troop of cavalry only when within ten or a dozen yards of us. As they stand there before us, tossing their magnificently-horned heads, they form a cattle picture such as it would have delighted Rosa Bonheur to transfer to canvas, and, without going so far abroad, such, too, as our own Gourlay Steel and Denovan Adam and John McWhirter could paint, and paint thoroughly well and to the life, if only theirs was the opportunity that is ours to-day. But we have at present to think of something else. A splendid dun, a three-year-old with a wonderful span of horns, bolder than the rest, takes a step in advance, and fiercely pawing the ground, looks as if she was about to charge. And however it may be with our friend Donald, who is probably familiar with such scenes, the writer of these lines is in truth becoming uncomfortable—*entre nous*, dear reader, very seriously afraid of the threatening attitude of the enraged beauty before us, when—not a moment too soon, as it seems to us—a single word from Dugald to his dogs so causes the aspect of affairs to change that in less than a minute we are reassured and completely at our ease again.

To understand what happened it is necessary to notice that Dugald's dogs are big,

powerful animals—a cross between the rough-haired collie and staghound, and they make the finest cattle dogs in the world, manifesting in happiest combination the *vous* and sagacity of the collie with much of the strength, speed, and hardihood of the deer-hound. Well, a single word from Dugald to his dogs, and they dash at the rampaging queys with a demonstration of fang and fury that makes them instantly turn tail, and scatter galloping over the meadow to the tune of “Deil tak’ the hindmost.” The clatter of hoofs is as of castanets and the swaying of horns as of trees in a gale. Although the dogs have almost instantly ceased pursuit away and away go the queys in wild stampede, never once stopping until they join the cows and calves that, we notice, have by this time resumed their grazing, as if a little study of the case had satisfied them that from our presence in the corrie no harm at all is to be apprehended. The queys, it is evident, cannot come so readily to the same conclusion, for they form again into close order of battle, and with heads erect, continue to gaze in our direction, still sus-

picious of our intentions, and watching our every movement.

But the fast-declining sun, and the black shadows of the north-west precipices, already creeping into the corrie, and in long streaks and curiously outlined patches, eating up the emerald of the meadows, warn us that it is time to turn our faces homewards; and homewards we go accordingly, with a brief halt at Dugald’s hut, where Tweed welcomes us with much intelligent wagging of tail, and in his full brown eye a look of very genuine pleasure at our return. A drop from Dugald’s grey-beard fortifies us for a quarter of an hour’s ascent of the south-eastern rampart of the corrie; and after that we are again in the glen, and fast following the windings of the river to the strath below. We do the distance to the farm-house in something like half the time we took in making the ascent; and by nine o’clock we are seated round the supper table, eating of the plenty before us with the appetite of men who, having had a most pleasant day among the hills, are now healthily and honestly an hungered.

“NETHER LOCHADER.”

THE BASTILE AND THE TOUR EIFFEL.

ON the Champs de Mars, in this autumn of 1888, meet two centuries, and so incredibly different are the associations of either that it is difficult to believe that in Paris lives a man, a scholar, a professor, still performing his duties, who might with the retentive memory of childhood have beheld the real Bastille overtopping the end of the Rue St. Antoine. Fifty-five years have elapsed since the writer of these lines saw another tiny child hang from a nursery window a coloured pocket handkerchief, on which was emblazoned the glowing countenance of William IV. It must have been “the king’s birthday,” and if the said writer were spared to survive intact another half century, the memory of that red-and-yellow handkerchief, flaunting against a row of trees in what was then the very heart of old Birmingham, would not have died away. M. Chevreuil, as he stares up at the iron girders of the Tour Eiffel, which looks like a series of railway stations piled one on the top of another, may therefore recall a cake purchased in the quaint old *pâtisserie* of St. Antoine, or the blue-and-red coats of the Gardes Françaises.

Of the Tour Eiffel the one charm will be the view from the top; if anybody ever gets there. It was said of an American rail-

splitter, that he could put up so many rails in a day that it took him two days to get back to the point whence he had started. That American is doubtless engaged at this moment on the Tour Eiffel, and when he has riveted the last bolt on the topmost bar it will take him a couple of months to come down! And then the tower will not be, morally speaking, as high as Notre-Dame, which dominates seven centuries. And the griffins, and the elephants, and the lions, and the devils who dwell up upon the cathedral towers (seldom remarked by visitors, but splendidly described by Victor Hugo); and even the tall thin angel, who never takes his stony eyes off that one particular spot in the Parvis Notre-Dame, will laugh silently to themselves at the notion of any tower built of iron bars rivalling the majesty of Notre-Dame de Paris. Nevertheless it will be a fine thing to be able to see over ninety miles of France, and all the windings of the Seine from St. Germain to Mantes, on to Rouen and - the sea?

The reproduction of the Rue St. Antoine achieves a very extraordinary illusion, and is much more thoroughly carried out than was our Old London. A long strip of the famous street, widening into a place, has to be tra-

versed. Somewhat smaller than the reality, but with proportions duly kept, the frowning height of the Bastille loses none of its effect. The gabled houses jut against the blue sky, and the Hotel d'Ormesson, which is still extant and may be found at No. 112 of the actual street, stand close to the church, its architecture that of the later Bourbons. The familiar dome of the church connects past and present in a really bewildering manner, but the interior is used as a curious museum. The slated roof of the Tavern of the Children of Bacchus overtops another little tiled roof *en pigeonnier*. Indeed the roofs are of all shapes and sizes, and appear to have been clapped on with a delightful disregard of all order or original intention. The tavern is painted in two colours, and the holly-branch, tied on to the old ensign of wrought iron, swings with it in the wind.

And so on, and so on of the other houses; the pottery, the printer's with its strange collection of hand-presses and antique tools, the shop where they sell the tricolour fans, and where a great stuffed bear leans out of the upper window with a fan between his paws; the elegant gable of the optician's, the public writer's open stall, the little tower with the sun-dial, and the Hotel of the Golden Lion, with its lordly ensign and creaking weathercock. All these are really bewildering to a spectator gifted with historic imagination. Is it all stone, or wood, or stucco? The scene seems solidity itself. Are we here, or there, or where? Enter for a moment through the portal of the church, and before you have gone ten steps you are confronted by the ghastly figure of Latude swinging in mid-air in his futile effort of evasion; beneath him are the dim roofs and towers of the town; it looks like *la vérité vraie*; and a sensitive visitor hurries on, unable to bear the sight. Three immense pictures are aided by real foregrounds, as in a panorama: a prisoner received by the Governor, a fine handsome young fellow, a scion of the nobility, defiance on his face, while two officials search his portmanteau and the pockets of his coat; another, Camille Desmoulins haranguing in the Palais Royal; the third, the pouring forth of the mob in the street. All these are as real as though windows were opened on each scene, and the light is skilfully managed from above. See also the Lettres de Cachet, and the piteous written appeals of Latude, victim of Madame de Pompadour.

Then, as you pass out again from the

portal, see the civic guard, the aforesaid Gardes Françaises, marching past in their blue-and-red coats and their cocked hats; they are playing a queer old tune, and they look—exactly like their own great-grandfathers! The woman who sits sewing in a tub has resumed her grandmother's place and occupation. The two men who are jogging along with the sedan-chair offer you the last chance this mortal life will ever afford you of riding in that antique conveyance. You can seize the opportunity for a slight payment. If you wish to try the sensation of swinging *à la lanterne* there is the rope ready in the air above your head.

But, ah! if you mount the steps to the battlements of the Bastille, on which many human figures are moving, you will look across the gracious imagery of the old street to a real Paris, in which the Tour Eiffel is slowly creeping to the clouds; to a Paris in which is no king, no queen; capital of a kingdom in which sit no secular provincial parliaments, long-robed and austere, elected by Provinces gathered one by one to the Capet Royalty, this by marriage, those by conquest, barter, or intrigue. It seems hardly worth while to climb so high to overlook the shifting panorama of the Champs de Mars, encumbered with huge scaffolding and miles of iron bars, where a factory which must be the mother of all the fog-horns in Europe gives out the most unearthly howls that ever broke the summer air—where the twentieth century is evolving its ideal, and nobody any longer thinks it worth while to "*prêter serment*" to anything at all. Probably had we lived in 1789 we should have idealised the times of the Grand Monarque as the embodiment of poetry; and had we been born with St. Simon we should have learnt the traditions of Henri at our father's, the old due's, knee. We have gained in average justice, we have gained immensely in average kindness. We no longer issue *lettres de cachet*, nor torture, nor *tax à tort et à travers*. Yet the heart has a touch of pain in returning again to the outer world; in saying, "Adieu, old times," when Frenchmen struggled mightily against a mighty past; times when Napoleon, a youth, had yet to rise upon the astonished peoples; when diplomacy owned a Talleyrand; when the villain of the piece was a Robespierre, and the year of grace Eighteen Hundred, with all its wondrous prophecies of science, was wholly veiled from the generation of Eighty-nine and Ninety-three!

BESSIE PARKES-BELLOC.



Ponto de S. Lourenço
and Lighthouse Island.

MADEIRA.

By ELLEN M. TAYLOR, AUTHOR OF "MADEIRA; ITS SCENERY AND HOW TO SEE IT," ETC.

FIRST PAPER.

TO many persons who, for health or for pleasure, undertake the voyage to Madeira, the approach to this "Queen of the Ocean" is full of interest and expectation.

The gradually increasing warmth indicates an approach to more genial latitudes, and within four or five days of leaving Plymouth or Dartmouth the arrival at Madeira in bright sunshine is a surprise and delight to the traveller who has left autumn fogs, winter frost, or east winds behind him.

There is, however, the reverse of this picture, at times through the winter, when heavy rains and a stormy sea may disappoint the traveller on arrival.

Porto Santo, the first of the Madeira group, discovered in 1417, lies about forty miles to the north-east of Madeira. Its name signifies Holy Haven, and was given by the tempest-tossed crew of a vessel from Portugal, fitted out by Prince Henry the Navigator, with the object of exploring the coast of Barbary. Instead of proceeding on their

voyage, the mariners determined to return to Portugal with the glad and exciting news of their discovery, which was received with great rejoicings, described in the old chronicles of "Gomes Eannes de Azurara," who wrote as early as 1452. Volunteers were quickly forthcoming, anxious to colonize this new possession of the crown of Portugal. And it is interesting to read in the chronicles of Fructuoso that Christopher Columbus at one time lived in Porto Santo, and married the daughter of Perestrelo, the first governor. He made a livelihood by making charts, and occasionally visited Madeira. Even at that time his charts were in great demand. Old writers suppose that it was he who first introduced the Madeira group into existing maps.

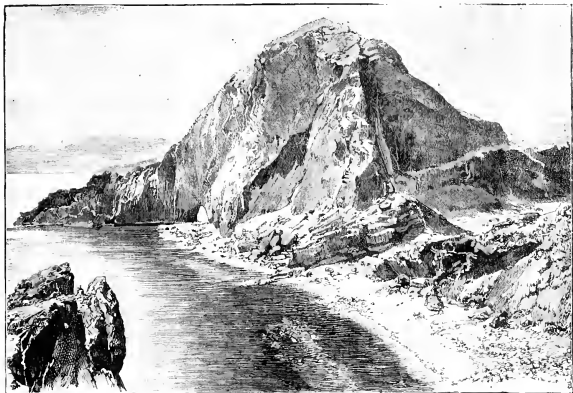
Fructuoso states that in 1486 a Biscayan vessel arrived at Funchal, much battered by storms, and the crew utterly worn out and famished. Columbus gave shelter and food to these men; but, weakened by their suffer-

ings, they all died, and their pilot bequeathed to Columbus their papers and charts, with valuable matter for thought and enterprise.

In 1419 Prince Henry fitted out another expedition, the command of which was given to João Gonsalvez Zargo. He made a short stay at Porto Santo, and set sail westward with a fair breeze, one morning in June; by noon his hopes were realised, and he and his companions beheld with joy and wonder a grand mass of mountains rising almost everywhere abruptly from the sea; high cliffs, verdant in some parts to the water's edge, whilst waterfalls dashed over their precipitous sides; inland a mountain range, thickly

clothed with wood, whose summits were lost in the dense cloud, which, attracted by these forests, had for so long obscured this larger island from the Porto Santo colonists. At once Zargo named this Madeira, signifying timber in Portuguese. A long range of rocks running out from the mainland obliged the commander to take a more southerly course, and on rounding the reef Zargo named it Ponto de São Lourenço, after one of his companions. A good lighthouse was erected on an islet at the extreme point some years since.

It seems difficult to believe that these rugged volcanic rocks can at times present a



Canical and Fossil Bed.

brilliant appearance to those who land for a ramble, when the gay blossoms of *Mesembrianthemum*, *Nodiflorum*, and *M. Crystallinum*, together with their frosted-like leaves and large seed-pods full of crimson juice, combine to give a fresh and bright aspect to these barren-looking rocks. The Fossil Bed is near Canical, the broadest part of Point S. Lourenço; and is a curious and interesting spot. Roots of trees, apparently in a fossilised state, may be seen strewn thickly near the surface; but scientific observation has decided that these beds have been formed by the fine sand, encrusted by the action of wind and spray on roots, which, though they have

crumbled away, have left their form in the hardened crust in which they were encaised. From this spot an extensive and grand view of the north coast is obtained; the rocks near at hand are very gay in spring. A large ox-eyed daisy, a beautiful sea-stock (*Matthiola Maderensis*), the golden blossoms of the common broom, and a recumbent vetch of a rich red and yellow colour, transform these rugged rocks into one of nature's lovely gardens.

Funchal, from almost every point of view, is charming, owing to its bright and sunny aspect. Zargo chose this part of the island for the capital, as it combined many advantages, and from the abundance of fennel he

called it Funchal. Situated at the foot of a mountain range 4,000 feet in height, it is in a measure protected from north winds. During the winter months, however, these hills assume an Alpine aspect after a fall of snow, and then the chilled air is felt even in the lowlands, but the atmosphere of Funchal, always so clear and clean, must be a comfort, even a luxury, to every one.

The streets and houses are very irregular, and in some parts picturesque, but much more so are the several roads which radiate from the town to the mountains. In many places, the rough trellises which project over plantation and garden walls present a luxuriant mass of bougainvillea one sheet of colour, or it may be the scarlet passion-flower climbing to the upper branches of tall trees; bignonias, roses, *Plumbago Capensis*, and many others, which bloom almost all the year round.

An avenue of plane-trees forms a good entrance into the town from the landing-place on the beach; it leads into the Praça da Constituição or Promenade, at one end of which stands the cathedral, or Sé, while at the western end the public gardens are a great embellishment to the town.

The rapid growth of palms, camellias, and other trees and shrubs, bears testimony to a climate in which almost everything will thrive. Tree-ferns, arums, roses, carnations, all seem to do well.

The Sé was begun in 1508. It has no claim to architectural beauty, beyond some delicately cut stone spiral pinnacles on the exterior of the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. Here a fine date-palm in an outer court adds to the picturesque effect of

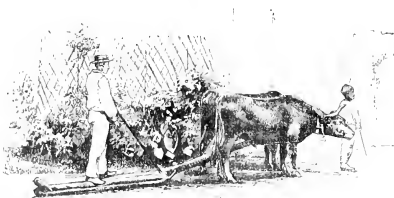
Antony of Padua, and the south transept is the Lady Chapel.

The large hospital on the north side of the Praça was founded in 1511. On the same side is the Sailors' Rest, and the Submarine Telegraph office. The south side is filled with shops of native industries; excellent wicker-work tables, sofas, chairs, and baskets, at moderate prices; embroidery, inlaid wood-work, walking-sticks, parrots, canaries, pretty little African birds, cages, and a variety of articles which, though inexpensive, are novel to a stranger.

In the Rua do Aljube, on the north side of the Sé, are several working jewellers' shops, and some pretty native gold work is attractive. Farther on we come to the *chafariz*, or fountain in a square. This is surrounded by small drapers' shops, who put on their gayest appearance on Saturdays, making a display of bright prints and gaudy scarlet and yellow handkerchiefs, to tempt the peasant women who congregate here, not only to buy, but also to sell.

On one side two or three are seated on the ground by their piles of homespun and hand-woven Sergilha, a cream-coloured, or brown linsey-woolsey, strong linen fabrics for household use, and good close-textured huckaback. Passing through with rapid steps are some strong peasant girls with loads of wicker-work chairs and tables on their heads, looking fresh and active, even after their walk of seven miles from Camacha, the mountain village where this industry gives employment to many. A family of charcoal-burners next appear, begrimed, and with a half-starved look, carrying their heavy burdens, and very anxious to dispose of them.

Sometimes two or three women from Ponta do Sol form a bright addition to the scene. They still wear the native costume—a very substantial homespun petticoat, striped with various brilliant colours, which, nevertheless, harmonize well with each other, the laced bodice over the high linen chemisette, and the large red



Impromptu Sleigh.

the whole. The roof is composed of the finest cedar, and panelled in quarteiroils. The north transept forms the chapel of S.

or blue baize cape reaching to below the waist, make not only a becoming, but very comfortable costume, and one cannot but

regret that limp-looking prints and dowdy shawls are fast taking its place.

One can hardly realise that this quiet, sleepy town of Funchal was once the scene of much turmoil and bloodshed, being sacked in 1566 by a large company of

French *corsarios*, or freebooters; their commander, De Montluc, being the son of the French Marshal of that name.

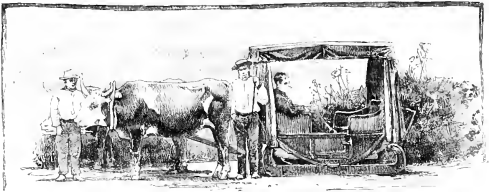
In October, very early one morning, a boat conveying some passengers from Sta. Cruz, a small town on the south coast of Madeira, to the adjacent island of Porto Santo, descried three large armed vessels at anchor off Villa Baleira, the little town of that island.

Landing their passengers as soon as they could at a distance from the villa, the *arraz*, or captain, of the boat determined to return to Sta. Cruz as speedily as possible and give the alarm. But the enemy had perceived them, and one of the ships lowered a boat fitted with armed men which started in pursuit. Although many shots pierced their sails, the Sta. Cruz boat, what with a favourable breeze and energetic rowing of the crew, left their pursuers far behind, who returned to their ship. Arriving at Sta. Cruz, just as the church bells were sounding the "Ave Maria," the *arraz* proceeded to the Church square and announced to the people there assembled the alarming news of the arrival of the dreaded French *corsarios*.

On hearing this the Capitao Mor of Sta. Cruz and Machico wrote a despatch then and there to the Governor of Funchal, Francisco Goncalvez da Camara, and sent on the *arraz* in his boat with the letter. The Governor's reply reached Sta. Cruz next morning, encouraging the people not to be afraid, as he considered the danger had been much exaggerated, little thinking, poor man, of the terrible scenes so near at hand!

During the morning the excitement at Machico and Sta. Cruz was much increased by the appearance of the French vessels rounding Ponto de Sao Lourenzo, and measures were taken to oppose the freebooters'

landing. To the relief of the people, the ships kept on their course, and passing Funchal, an-



Carro.

chored at the Praya Formosa, a long stretch of beach three miles to the westward. Here De Montluc landed his men, dividing them into three companies. They advanced on the town by separate roads, the commander taking the most direct. As he entered the *Carreira*, he was met by a procession of friars; Frade Alvaro de Miranda, who had as a soldier distinguished himself in Morocco, leading them and carrying a large cross. De Montluc ordered his men to fire, and the Frade with five others was killed.

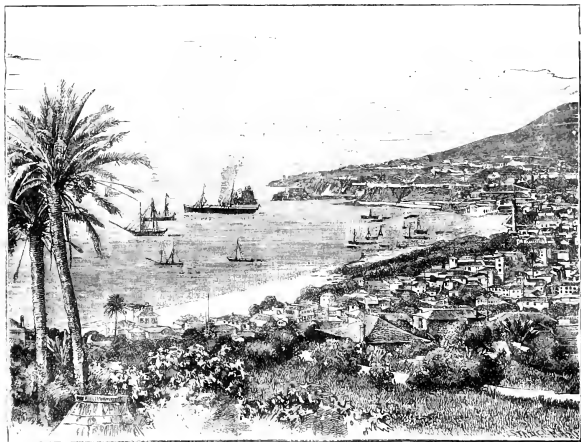
The freebooters reached the Governor's castle without resistance. So rapid had been their landing after anchoring their ships, that Da Camara, the governor, had not had time to collect his men, and moreover those he most counted on had fled to the hills. At the castle, however, they were met by shots from the artillery on the battlements, and getting into the neighbouring houses they were able to keep up a hot fire with their arquebuses, which so disheartened the gunners that on their officer, the Constable of the Castle, being killed they retired into the castle. De Montluc and his men soon effected an entrance, putting all they could find to death.

Finally, he, with his sword streaming with blood, entered a large reception-room, where Da Camara and about three hundred ladies and gentlemen were assembled awaiting their fate. As De Montluc advanced, purposing to kill Da Camara, the ladies cried for mercy, saying, "Sir, do not kill him; he is our Governor!" The French commander spared him, and assuring the ladies that they need have no fear, left him in their custody, thinking no doubt that such a craven-hearted governor was not worthy of a guard of soldiers.

While all this was happening at the castle the company who entered the town by the north gate had met with stout resistance from Gaspar de Braga, who met them in a narrow ascent; being a very strong man, he killed several Frenchmen before he fell mortally wounded. Near this ascent was the Convento de Sta. Clara, to which the freebooters directed their steps; but the very high walls surrounding the convent completely checked them. Although they

mounted on each other's shoulders, they could not effect an entrance, for stones thrown from within as soon as they reached the top of the wall completely dislodged them. The terror-stricken nuns eventually escaped to their property, the Great Curral das Freiras, literally the nun's fold. Thwarted here, the Frenchmen hastened to join their companions at the castle.

The company which entered by the south gate found themselves near the large Fran-



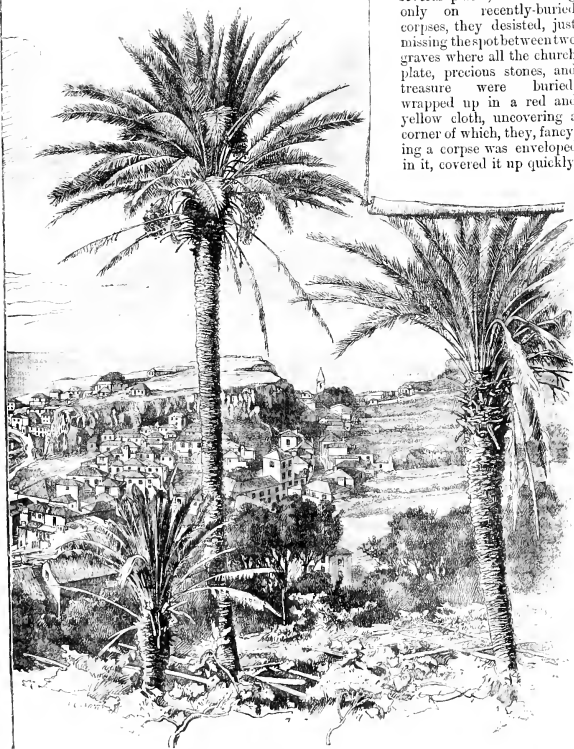
Funchal from the Palheiro Road.

ciscan Monastery, to which Frade Monteiro and the other murdered friars belonged.

This and the handsome and very wealthy church dedicated to St. Francis occupied the ground now laid out as a public garden. The vicar, Frade João, and the sacristan, Frade Roderigo, had been very active and hidden all the treasures belonging to the church, but had not had time to escape, so when the Frenchmen entered the church Frade João, who was an old man, had gone to his cell and got into bed. Frade Roderigo escaped into the bell tower, shutting the strong doors behind him; but he was at last captured and put to the torture, as he would

not divulge where the treasure was hidden; being true to his trust, he died bravely. They cut off his head and kicked it about the square. Finding Frade João, they made him get up, and putting him also to torture, he disclosed where the hidden treasure was, and so saved his life, but was obliged to attend upon and cook for the Frenchmen, who found the ample larder doubly well stocked with viands of every description in preparation for a feast, on the impending reception of a novice into the monastery. On taking possession of the hidden plate and treasure the freebooters were amazed and overjoyed at the value and beauty of their

booty, for the churches in Funchal had had many rich offerings when they were built. Their rage, therefore, was great when in the cathedral they found everything of value had been removed. After digging in several places, and coming only on recently-buried corpses, they desisted, just missing the spot between two graves where all the church plate, precious stones, and treasure were buried, wrapped up in a red and yellow cloth, uncovering a corner of which, they, fancying a corpse was enveloped in it, covered it up quickly.



Village of Camara de Lobos, or Santa's Town.

The vestments, crosses, altar frontals and hangings had been taken on mules to the mountains. The freebooters expended their rage and disappointment in mutilating and destroying all they could.

Meanwhile, the captain of Sta. Cruz, Thomé Alves, and Antonio de Carvalho, a gentleman of extensive property on the west side, collected as many men as they could, and by means of messengers agreed to effect a meeting and do what they could to stop the massacre and pillage in Funchal, but De Monthuc, hearing of this, sent them word that should they move a step for this purpose he would put to the sword Da Camara and the ladies who had taken refuge at the castle. Thus checked, the forces dispersed, much to the vexation and distress of their leaders, who felt angry and indignant at such a termination to their endeavours. In Funchal all were paralyzed with terror; hundreds had been massacred, all the churches despoiled and defaced, warehouses and shops ransacked, and the streets in a deplorable condition from the numbers of dead bodies lying unburied. On the fifteenth day after his arrival, De Monthuc, who was suffering from a wound on his knee, which had become much inflamed from great excitement and revelries, on hearing that the long and anxiously looked-for vessels from Lisbon with succour were announced as in sight, in a frenzy of despair and fear, died. His lieutenant, Bouchard, hastened to collect his followers, who to the sounds of drums and trumpets embarked. From their ships they fired on the town as long as they could, and then set sail for the Canaries, the vessels so filled with booty that they threw overboard much of what they had been laden with. The people of Funchal, helped by many who arrived from the country, endeavoured to restore order and cleanliness, burning the bodies of the dead, and of those animals which had died from neglect; but it took many years for the city to recover from this terrible disaster. The ships from Lisbon arrived too late to chastise the cruel Frenchmen, though a vessel had been despatched to summon aid from the mother country as soon as it was possible after the arrival of the *corsarios*; but we may suppose that the sympathy and help of the new-comers was very grateful to the people who had gone through such peril and distress.

Many of the country churches had also been pillaged. Several ladies and their children had fled to the mountains, and were nearly dying of starvation. These at once

returned to Funchal, and fortunate were those whose homes had not been burned to the ground. The old chronicler states the number of the freebooters to have been three thousand.

The absence of wheeled conveyances strikes the newly-arrived visitor, but the want is supplied by sledges drawn by strong oxen. These serve for transporting pipes of Madeira wine from the vineyards to the town, bringing luggage to and from the shore, and for various other purposes. As soon as their burden is deposited the driver jumps on to his empty sleigh and enjoys balancing himself steadily while his *candieiro* (literally *link boy*) guides his oxen and encourages them with his voice.

Impromptu sleighs are made of long poles tied together for bringing huge loads of firewood from the pine woods in the uplands.

The *carro* holds four persons comfortably, and the oxen can draw it up the steepest roads; but for any distance it is necessary to have two yoke. Far pleasanter is the hammock, in which properly-arranged cushions enable the traveller to undertake a long journey with little fatigue: three and even four bearers are required if it is a journey of three or four hours, that while two are carrying the others may rest.

Just out of Funchal to the west, in a commanding situation, stands the Hospício da Princesa D. Maria Amelia, in a charming garden. It was built in 1856 by the late Empress Dowager of Brazil in memory of her daughter, who died in Madeira. One wing is devoted to men and the other to women. The patients are of the poorest class, and are well cared for and nursed by the sisters of the order of St. Vincent de Paul, who also devote themselves with great earnestness to an orphanage and ragged school commenced by them. Out-of-door relief work amongst the sick poor is also carried on by the sisters with unabated zeal, and gives relief to many.

The orphanage is almost self-supported by excellent laundry work on the French system, in which the elder girls excel, also by plain needlework. The teachers undertake the fitting up of hammocks, &c. An annual bazaar for the raising of funds towards building the orphanage and schools has met with kind encouragement from some of the residents and visitors, including among the latter many persons of distinction.

Farther on a little way we come to the Seaman's Hospital, which was begun in 1882

by Mrs. Gordon Duff and Dr. Goldschmidt, with the hearty help and co-operation of Messrs. Blandy Brothers & Co. as trustees and treasurers. Sailors of all nationalities, except Portuguese, who have their own hospital, find a comfortable bed, good medical and surgical attendance, excellent nursing, and the cheerful brightness so essential to recovery. Several cases of bad accidents, including severe compound fractures, have been successfully treated, and amputation, when necessary, skilfully performed. It is with deeply thankful hearts that many sailors who have been landed at Madeira, after suffering terribly, in many cases for days, after a fall from aloft or from other accidents or illness, have left this house of rest, rejoicing that for their fellow-sailors who may be brought here in distress all will be done to alleviate their sufferings and every endeavour made to restore them to health.

Dr. Goldschmidt and Dr. Vicente Machado are the honorary physicians; Miss Van Schermbeck, a Dutch lady, the matron; and Mr. Thomas Thicke, the honorary secretary. The hospital makes a small charge for each patient, and is supported chiefly by donations and contributions.

Camara de Lobos is a small fishing town about five miles to the west of Funchal, very picturesque as you approach it, but dirty and redolent with fishy odours on a near inspection. Its name means seals' chamber, and was given by Zargo, when he and his companions reached this little bay, for many seals were seen on the reef which forms this inlet. It is worth while continuing this expedition as far as Cabo Girão, a sea cliff 1,934 feet in height. From thence a fine coast view is obtained of the coast as far as Ponta do Sol. The road, though roughly paved, is rideable.

The Camara de Lobos district produced some of the finest vines, but the *Phylloxera vastatrix* completely destroyed the vineyards here some years back. The peasants, however, are now replanting their lands with new stocks. Before arriving at Camara de Lobos you cross the Ribeira dos Soccoridos, and it is surprising to learn that this river-bed, broad as it is, contained a full flowing stream when Zargo discovered it, and the country looked so beautiful that two youths from Lagos, in Portugal, begged leave to be allowed to land.

Zargo permitted them, ordering the boat of Alonzo Affonzo to go on shore. The

youths thought to cross the river by swimming, but the water ran so rapidly that they were carried away, and would have been drowned but for their companions in the boat, who, perceiving their peril, succeeded in saving them. With deep thankfulness Zargo gave it its present name, which means "the River of the Rescued." Furthermore, this river served as a highway for the great logs of timber cut up in the ravines of the Great Curral, which were precipitated by slides into it. This timber, cut up into firewood, was the fuel used in the sugar-mills. Each mill-owner sent his own workmen, who put private marks on the timber, then floated it when the rains had increased the river's depth. Arrived at its mouth, where the river-bed was flat, they pulled it out with iron hooks fixed into long poles, and piled it in stacks against the sugar-making season. Many fatal accidents used to happen in this exciting work, and at times much of the timber was carried out to sea and lost, had the rain swollen the river overmuch. It is grievous to read of this wholesale destruction of these noble forest trees, and the consequent drying up of this grand river. One can form but a faint idea of former beauty from the remnants one sees now amongst the *Til*, *Vinhatico*, *Teixo*, *Pão Branco*, the graceful drooping cedars, and many others.

The scenery at the head of this Soccoridos Valley is very imposing, where the Ribeira do Cidrão (see full-page illustration) flows at the base of some of the highest of Madeira's picturesque terraced mountain peaks, before it joins the Soccoridos River. In winter, during heavy rains, this usually placid stream becomes a raging torrent.

On the way to the great Curral the wide river bed of the Ribeira dos Soccoridos is crossed by a temporary bridge, as the torrent one severe winter swept away the one first built. This ravine is one of the grandest in Madeira, and extends from the sea to the base of the highest mountains heading the Great Curral. In winter during the heavy rains the river is much swollen, a great contrast to the usually placid streams flowing amidst huge boulders to the sea.

The vegetation in these great ravines is full of interest. Cactus, euphorbias, fig-trees, bananas, sugar-canes, pomegranate, and myrtle clothe the more southern cliffs and terraces, while on the highest parts ferns, mosses, lichens, *sempervivæ*, and saxifrages abound in beauty.

(To be concluded next month.)

VIGNETTES OF A NORTHERN VILLAGE.

By MARY LINSKILL, AUTHOR OF "THE HAVEN UNDER THE HILL," ETC.

III.—THE LADIES OF LONE LEVENTHORPE.

CHAPTER I.

"**D**ARK—quite dark! and only three o'clock in the afternoon!"

"It has not been light to-day."

"You may say it has not been light this week, for the matter of that."

"It is never light in winter at the bottom of Leventhorpe Wood. I should have thought you had lived in it long enough to have found out that."

So the two ladies had broken the long silence of the November afternoon. Miss Wyvern was sitting by the fire with idle hands—always a cause of irritation to her. But since her sight was not good, gas not to be had in a district so remote, and candles too dear for her affording, the poor old lady had no alternative. Miss Caroline was, perhaps, less to be pitied. She was at least ten years younger; and the ten years between fifty and sixty are said to be years that tell. Miss Caroline could do many things that her elder sister had to forego to her sorrow. This very afternoon, for instance, Miss Caroline, by sitting quite near to the window, disregarding draughts, and straining her eyesight not a little, had been enabled to embroider nearly the half of the crown of a baby's cap. Poor Miss Caroline! What became of the babies' caps? They were slight matters to stand between a human being and starvation.

A grey day without and within; two elderly, grey-haired women sitting in a long, grey, narrow room. "Dreary, weary," if not with the long day's work, then with the long day's lone enduring. Yet they knew what work meant, too; they had had to know of late. What becomes of the fortunes that dwindle away when lone and helpless women are left with none to see, none to care? Do the shops and houses always disappear in landslips? Do the farmsteads always take fire just before the insurance becomes payable? Do the shares in shipping (as a rule uninsured) always get dashed upon hidden rocks in the ocean? Do railway bonds always come into collision, and so get themselves destroyed? Does fatality *always* lie in wait for feminine inheritance?

Of course, the answer lies ready:—"Feminine incapacity"—that covers all.

A daring woman might ask, "Incapacity for what?"

It would need a woman yet more daring to dare to answer the question during her lifetime. A true woman can only answer by her death.

I have known answers—few and brief. They were forgotten before the sound of the dropping earth had ceased to echo beyond the grave-yard.

"At the bottom of Leventhorpe Wood," Miss Wyvern had said, but these words would not have given any idea of the position of the tall, old, narrow house in the depths of a wooded ravine, at least a mile and a half from any human habitation. There was an atmosphere of rudeness and wildness about the solitary little place. A waterfall fell over the rock at the end of the small, uncared-for garden, and you reached the gate by means of a narrow, unsafe-seeming wooden bridge which crossed the Leventhorpe Beck just before it fell over the brown rock, and became Leventhorpe Foss. Nobody knew much about the foss in those days. There were no guide-books, and the two histories of Hild's Haven said nothing about so small a matter as the tiny foss at the bottom of the woods of Leventhorpe.

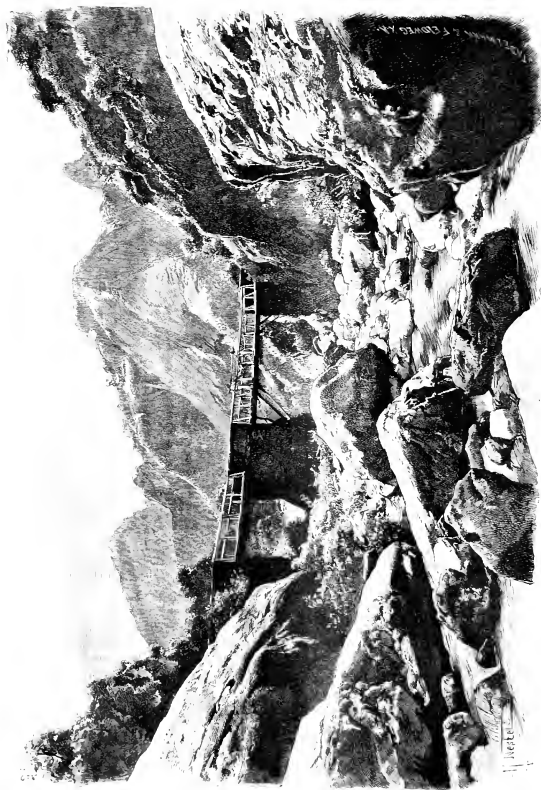
Grey and dreary the day had been; greyer and drearier was the twilight. The low dark clouds came up over the tops of the leafless trees, turning the greyiness to blackness. Down below the shadows deepened and deepened, till at last there seemed to be a very midnight of impenetrable gloom.

They were all alone, the two ladies; always alone. While their father lived they had kept servants; they had had horses and carriages at command. But that was long ago. All that was left of those days was sad yet rather proud remembrance.

They still had thankful moments, the two poor old sisters; they acknowledged to each other now and then that they should be grateful for the mere fact of a roof to shelter their fast whitening heads. They knew that there were women in the world as well born as they were, who yet had no foot of earth to call their own. When the Miss Wyverns locked the garden-gate at three o'clock, and then the door of the little courtyard, they yet felt important in their way.

"Only three o'clock and nearly dark," Miss Wyvern repeated once more with her wearisome iteration, as if she had forgotten that





THE RIBEIRA DO CIDRAO, IN THE GREAT CURRAL VALLEY, MADEIRA.

nobody ever expected more than six hours of daylight at Lone Leventhorpe in winter. It was not light till nine, or later, in the morning; and twilight began to draw in somewhere about two or three in the afternoon, according to the state of the weather. It was a long twilight, a longer night. No wonder the two poor old ladies were growing sad, depressed, and even worse than that, they were growing bitter; and they knew it.

They did not draw the old russet-tinted moreen curtains, and they did not light the candles—they seldom did till six or seven o'clock; but Miss Caroline stirred the fire into something approaching a blaze, and Miss Wyvern grumbled a little at her extravagance, and then by way of atonement put on an extra piece of wood. Life is always dramatic, if only in a subdued sense.

Yes; it was a dreary afternoon, very, very dreary; but it was only one of dozens; nay, hundreds. The two ladies relapsed into silence; the clock ticked loudly, slowly in the corner, the ashes dropped from the grate with startling insistence; and more than once a mouse stirred behind the wainscot. These were the sole reliefs.

It was five o'clock at last. There was a loud groan behind the dial-plate, a few more monotonous beats of the pendulum, then five loud, harsh strokes of the brazen hammer on the brazen bell. It required all the nerve that Miss Wyvern was possessed of to bear the hourly striking of that antiquated clock, but it is probable that either of the sisters would have risked an attack of palpitation, or even a touch of epilepsy, rather than have taken off the striking-weight from that ancient time-teller.

Five o'clock! In another hour Miss Wyvern would light the candle, and Miss Caroline would bring in the oatmeal jar with the saucepan, and then the making of the gruel for supper would fill up another hour quite busily. That was all—all the hope, all the event, all the excitement. Nothing was likely to happen at Lone Leventhorpe; nothing ever did happen, save the making of the oatmeal porridge. That was the one occurrence of the evening.

At present Miss Wyvern sat in her worn leathern chair dozing; but not as elderly ladies usually doze. The poor old mouth was drawn with heavy lines of misery and care; the poor closed eyes were sunken with dark rings that told of privation, severe, long-continued; of much suffering—silent, never-to-be-spoken-of, never-to-be-understood suffering.

XXIX—53

Miss Caroline was not in the mood for dozing or dreaming. Something—she could not at all say what—had stirred her soul, stirred it to thoughts of other days, when she was a young and happy girl, with a beautiful elder sister, a loving mother, a father who was passionately devoted to his children, without ever betraying his devotion, and a brother—one only brother—a winning, bright-haired, wild-brained boy. Caroline had loved her brother, and no one knew how she had grieved for him since the day when he had suddenly disappeared—driven from home by the severity of a father who worshipped the ground the boy walked upon. That was nearly twenty years ago. They had heard nothing of Carlton since then, not so much as whether he were living or dead. All that Caroline thought of in connection with him was that everything had seemed to go wrong at Lone Leventhorpe after the day of his departure, all had been dark after that—dark, and very desolate.

Dark! Everything was dark now, everything was silent. The silence alone was enough to make a living woman despair. And Caroline Wyvern was very much alive yet.

Still they sat there, the two sisters. Miss Wyvern had roused herself from her nervously painful sleep. Caroline saw that her eyes were open, fixed upon the flickering flame of the pinewood. Suddenly, very suddenly, they were opened more widely still; Miss Wyvern started in her chair, like one suddenly affrighted. And Miss Caroline had full sympathy for her. It was a trying moment that had come to break the monotony of Lone Leventhorpe at last.

CHAPTER II.

THE sisters rushed together to the still uncurtained window, and Miss Caroline made haste to open it.

The sound—the thrilling, moving, beautiful sound—did not cease. It was a woman's voice—a soft, low, exquisite voice, liquid, flowing, passionately cadenced.

A few moments the sisters stood listening, trembling, hand-in-hand, as they had not stood for many years.

They could not yet discern the words that the sweet and wonderful voice was singing out there in the darkness. Now and then it seemed to blend with the faint rush of the waterfall, now and then with the sobbing of the night-wind rising among the fir-trees.

"Let us go to the garden-gate," Miss Caroline said at last, and, stepping out through

the open window, they went down the gravel-path.

And yet the voice did not cease from singing. Miss Caroline could discern some words now :

In the land of Home together, past death and sea.

No more change or death, no more
Salt-sea shore."

So the beautiful voice went on, while the sisters stood, still hand-in-hand, like little children, still trembling, more because of the new and strange and sudden emotion than because of the chill, mist-laden wind, that was blowing through the trees.

There was a pause in the singing, a few moments of absolute silence. It was Miss Wyvern who broke it. She opened the garden-gate with a sense of extreme daring, and, taking a step or two forward, she raised her poor, weak, old voice to the uttermost pitch of which it was capable.

"Who is it? . . . Who are you? . . . Why are you singing out there in the dark?"

A slight rustle was heard somewhere in the misty darkness; a figure was approaching—a slight, tall, feminine figure. It drew nearer, came quite near, and stood for a moment as if in timid uncertainty. This was reassuring.

"Is it—is it any one we know?" Miss Caroline asked politely. "I thought once I seemed to recognise the voice."

"You have not heard my voice before—you have not seen me—no!" was the reply. And there was an unmistakable touch of some foreign accent in the tone.

"You are a stranger, then?"

"Yes, signóra; I am a stranger. . . . I do not wish to remain strange."

Miss Wyvern's hearing was not so quick as it had once been. She hardly caught the new-comer's words, but the tone of the voice, the inflection of it caused her perturbation which she could not understand.

"Who is it, Caroline? What does she want?" the poor old lady urged with some trepidation. "If it's anybody that wants to come in, why don't you ask them?"

"I do wish to come to your house, signóra," the girl replied. It was evident from both tone and manner that the speaker was no more than a girl. "I do wish it much. . . . I have travelled from very far that I might come to your home."

"Then say at once, please, who you are," Miss Caroline Wyvern demanded with increase of purely emotional dignity. She was amazed at herself, but she continued bravely. "We live alone, my sister and myself. We do not

know many people, and—well, I must tell you at once—we do not care to entertain strangers, not unless we know something about them."

"No . . . but that is wise. . . . Yet you knew something of my father. It is long ago, perhaps, yet you did know him. . . . He was your—your brother."

There was another pause, speechless, tearful, helpless.

"My brother!" Miss Wyvern said at last. "My brother!"

And Miss Caroline echoed, "My brother Carlton!"

"Come in; oh, come in, my child!" Miss Wyvern began in tears and tremor; but shall it be admitted that a shade of suspicion was creeping into Miss Caroline's soul. She followed her sister and the stranger into the house; then she lighted the two lamps and the four candles that were on the mantel-shelf and the brackets, doing all this with the unconsciousness of extreme nervousness. The room seemed quite a blaze of light when she turned, a little calmer for the effort she had made, to look into the face of the pale, dark-haired girl who stood, still with a certain timidity, as if awaiting her fate at the hands of these two bewildered old ladies.

"You are Carlton's daughter, you say?" Miss Caroline began, speaking in anything but reassuring tones. "What is your name? How old are you? And is your father living?"

The girl lifted her beautiful blue-black eyes calmly to Miss Caroline's face.

"The father?—no, signóra, he does not live since five weeks past. . . . I am eighteen, and my name is Adrienne."

"Won't you sit down?" the eldest Miss Wyvern asked, for once her sympathy getting the better of her fear of her sister's displeasure.

"Grazia, signóra," the girl replied, sinking wearily into the nearest chair.

Miss Caroline had seen now the pale worn face—the anxious look underlying the natural calmness; she had seen, too, certain unmistakable traces of resemblance, not so much to her brother Carlton, as to his long dead father. The deep mourning of the girl's dress was not without its influence. Miss Caroline was wearing an old claret-coloured merino; Miss Wyvern's dress was of much-worn myrtle-green cloth. The contrast in colour could not but strike to the heart of people so conventional as the Wyverns.

"Five weeks, did you say?" Miss Wyvern asked with a kind of awe.

"Five weeks, signóra."

"Tell us something more," Miss Caroline begged, sitting down close to the girl, unfastening her cloak and bonnet, and trying to hide the tears that would rise and fall. "Tell us more of your father. Remember it is nearly twenty years since we saw him."

"It is nineteen years since we heard of him," Miss Wyvern interposed. "And that was only a word, an uncertain word. A friend had seen some one like him at Rouen."

"At Rouen! Ah! I did not hear him speak of that. We did live in Italy—in Venice, in Milan, in Verona. . . . He is now in Venice. . . . He does rest there, since these five weeks, beside *mia madre*."

"Your mother?"

"Yes, signóra. . . . She did go to rest, to peace, many years ago."

"She was a foreigner?" Miss Wyvern asked, with a touch of something grating in her tone.

"A foreigner? . . . Ah, sì, signóra, un' Italiana. She was of Verona, the beautiful Verona, where the Ferraras have lived so long. She did sing at La Scala, that is at Milan; and she did die there on the evening of the last time she had engaged to sing. I was with her. I was only a little child, but I remember so well. The beautiful colours, the lights, the lovely flowers. And *la madre* sang so—oh! they said more glorious than ever before. And she did seem overcome; and when she was sinking down, I did run to her; but she would not look at me; no, nor speak to me, not once, though I did entreat her so."

"And your father, where was he?"

"He was near her, but she was not aware. He had leapt out from the box to the stage; but she did not know. . . . And then for a long time, for many days, he did not know—he knew nothing. There was no one but old Biancea to speak to me at all."

"But he *did* get better. . . . That was long ago, you say?"

"Ah! yes. . . . But he was no more quite well. . . . And at the last he did say to me that I must come to England, to you; and every day he gave me more of the instructions. . . . But—but, signóra, I will tell you of these things another time. . . . I . . . I am a little weary now."

The girl had spoken with increasing difficulty, as the sisters were beginning to discover; and now she sank back upon her chair in silence, in deepening pallor, while the Miss Wyverns busied themselves in making tea and toast. It was at least an hour later before Adrienne felt strong enough

to answer the many questions her two aunts were burning to ask. Their interest grew with what was given it to feed upon.

CHAPTER III.

It would perhaps be a mistake to say that Miss Wyvern was a more blunt-mannered person than her sister, Miss Caroline; but there were decided differences in the kind of bluntness each sister displayed. Miss Caroline had the brusqueness of quick nerves—too quick and entralling at times to enable her to perceive that other people might be suffering from the same painful sensations. Miss Wyvern's manner was, in general, ungracious and ungainly; but this largely because she had no social nerves of any kind. She could say a keenly rude thing, ask an exquisitely painful question, without dreaming of human trespass. Miss Caroline could, on occasion, be equally rude, equally painful; but, as a rule, she was aware of it, especially a moment after the thing had been irrevocably done. Now and then she excused herself by imagining that circumstance had goaded her on to the bitter word, the ungentle deed; but the excuse was not always satisfactory. She was acquainted with the suffering that comes of self-accusation.

Naturally one of the first inquiries made of the new niece was this: "Why had she chosen to introduce herself at Lone Leventhorpe in a manner so unprecedented?"

The girl had had a cup of tea, with sufficient food of a sort, and she was resting after a long and arduous journey—resting in more ways than one. The light of the lamp, the glow of the pinewood fire, lent a new warmth to her countenance, the deep blue eyes took a new lustre; altogether, though she did not dream of it, the stranger was looking very lovely, very gentle, very winning. She aroused herself to answer her aunt's question.

"Why?" she said softly, wonderingly. "Ah, I do not know why. . . . Shall I confess to you that I had been out there, in the—the *bosceto*, the woodland—yes, for many hours—since the early train did come from York?"

"And you stayed outside all day?"

"Yes. . . . I could not come to your door. No, I could not. I was a—a coward, you call it? Yes, I was that!"

"I can't understand that sort of cowardice."

"No! I cannot understand. It came to me all at once, and then it did become worse. I think it was because I am poor. If I had had money I could have come—yes,

I could have come then! I did try to come; but no, I could not—not till the darkness *made me* come. I was afraid of the night out among the trees. . . . Then it did occur to me to sing, and I sang the song my father loved always, ever since the mother did sing it to him first. . . . It seemed to me that I could sing it, and then die. . . . But you came, and I shall not die—no, not yet.”

The girl had much more to tell—the story of her later life, her wandering to and fro with her father—now in possession of apparently unlimited funds, and now in the despair of almost absolute want. It had been a strange life for a young girl to live; yet her father's care had been close and sheltering; this even the Miss Wyverns could perceive. It needs no deep knowledge to discern the purity, the beauty of a human soul.

It was late for Lone Leventhorpe when at last Miss Caroline showed the stranger to her own room. For that one night she herself would share her sister's room. Better arrangements could be made on the morrow.

It was a touching evidence of the state of her emotion that she had lighted a tiny coal fire. It was blazing in the grate cheerfully, and everything that Adrienne could need was awaiting her.

“You say your boxes will be at Thurlsoe to-morrow?”

“They are there now, Aunt Caroline. . . . And you are very good, yes, and very kind. . . . My father said you would be kind always.”

“He was not kind to us,” Miss Caroline said in her own brusque way.

“Was he not? . . . But he was sad when he spoke of you, of his home—yes, he was very sad and sorry. And often he said, ‘Too late, too late!’”

“And it is too late!”

“Is it? Is it too late for everything? Is it too late for you to love me a little? For me to love you it is not too late at all, if you will let me. And I hope you will; I do hope that! . . . I have been so lone, so very lone!”

“And I have been lonely too,” Miss Caroline said; “more lonely than you have been. . . . You had your father; I had no one.”

“No?” Adrienne replied questioningly, and wondering inevitably what sisterhood might mean. She had not lived long enough to know how little the word might include, still less could she know or dream how much the word might cost.

There was a brief silence. The fire burnt a little less brightly; Miss Caroline stirred

it into a blaze, and then stood back, leaning against the foot of the old oaken bed.

“Aunt Caroline, *you* are not happy—no, you are not really happy,” Adrienne said, coming forward and grasping in a warm, affectionate grasp the yielding arm of the older woman. “I can see, I do know, that you are not happy! . . . You will let me try to—to make things different? You will not shut me out because of what is past? . . . No, I know you will not! . . . I need that you should love me . . . yes, and it may be that my love will grow to be something to you—I mean that you may come to care for it, that is, if I am good, and I will try to be; yes, and I do feel it will be so easy to try. . . . Aunt Caroline, you will let me love you?”

Miss Caroline had no words; she strove to stifle the sobs that rose, and struggled for expression. “Love,” the love of a cat, a dog, a bird, would have been something to be grateful for. And now to have a warm, throbbing, genuine, spontaneous human love offered to her—this was too much. Lone Leventhorpe was all at once enchanted with happiness. But Caroline Wyvern did not say so; no, not even to herself.

CHAPTER IV.

It need hardly be said that the coming of this young girl, though not of too bright a nature, as brightness goes in these days, yet made a noticeable difference in the life of the elder ladies of Lone Leventhorpe. Adrienne, when once fairly rested, proved to be stronger far than she had seemed at first—to have more vitality, more capacity for planning and arranging; in a word, for making the dreary, abject life lived hitherto into quite another thing. And all was done with such gentleness, such felicity, such lovingness, that a new atmosphere began to diffuse itself, an atmosphere of brightness, of happiness, such as had never even been dreamed of at Lone Leventhorpe.

At first, the poverty, the grimness, the terrible lack of all life's finer courtesies and signs of affection, of refinement, had weighed upon her with an almost deadly weight. It was all so new, so strange, so unexpected. That she should have had, or found, strength to cope with a state of things so painful, so depressing, so unaccustomed, was a little satisfaction to herself. There was no one else to see, to understand, to encourage.

She had been used to uncertainty; to staying now at the Hôtel Cavour, at Milan, and now living in an attic at the top of some

palazzo on the Grand Canal at Venice. But the attic had been flooded with the roseate light that steals over the Euganean Hills ; it had had a marble floor ; it had held nothing grim or wretched, and the dinner of fish, or fruit, or light vegetables had seemed always delicious, and more than sufficient. But though all was altered at the bottom of the Leventhorpe Woods, the ability to make the best of what might be remained. The disposition had been hers from the beginning.

It was of use in the new surroundings. Change had to be wrought gradually, gently, almost imperceptibly, and Adrienne seemed to know how this was to be accomplished. Not one improvement was brought about with abruptness. She suggested a morning walk for herself ; found the way to Thurlsoe, to the market-garden there, and brought back her threepennyworth of vegetables with triumphant, if silent, pride. Another day she was enabled to reach Thurlsoe-by-the-Sea, and to return with two or three small whittings, a crab, or a tiny lobster. Such inexpensive dainties (and they were made into real dainties by Adrienne's skilful hands) were unknown at the bottom of the woods of Leventhorpe. The two old ladies, wearied with years of boiled potatoes and cold mutton, were not ungrateful.

Almost daily Adrienne went to the one village or to the other. Lone Leventhorpe was about equi-distant from each. For the most part she had to pass over ice-bound roads. The winter sun shone at times ; the ice crackled under foot ; the air was exhilarating. The girl would return with a flush on her pale, thin cheek, a brightness in her deep-blue eye ; a look that now and then was like the foreshadowing of happiness ; and the look did not fade away all at once ; often it lingered through the day.

"What is it ?" Miss Caroline said one afternoon. "Is it the sight, the sound of the sea ? You always come back from Thurlsoe looking as if something had happened."

"And something does happen, Aunt Cara, every time I go to the haven. . . . Ah ! I have never told you *all*, not quite all ; I never could, because I never knew how much was mine to tell. . . . Yet he loved me—I *know* he did. Yet why should he go away all at once without really telling me ?"

"Of whom are you speaking ?" Miss Caroline asked in her own chill way. And Adrienne could not reply in the tone she had been using.

"Oh, only of—of the Signóre Arnold

Leland. He did come to Venice with the gunboat, the *Clytie*. And we, that is papa and I, came to know him, and he, the father, liked him much ; and then—then I liked him too—no, I did love him ; but he had first loved me. . . . Yet he went away so suddenly, before the *Clytie* went. And I—we did never know why."

"There was some reason, you may depend," Miss Caroline said sententially.

"Yes ; of course, without a doubt. . . . But, ah ! it is sad not to know."

The door of the room was opened as Adrienne finished speaking.

"Going to snow !" Miss Wyvern exclaimed, imagining she was echoing her niece's last words. She was growing deaf, speaking louder every day now. "*Going to snow !*" she repeated with a touch of sarcasm. "Well, if you are not too much occupied, you will see that it is snowing now."

CHAPTER V.

CAROLINE WYVERN looked up. Her lip and cheek seemed to grow suddenly pallid in the grey twilight. Turning to glance at the face of her sister, she saw the same fear, the same apprehension.

It was certainly snowing ; not the big white flakes that may mean a passing shower, but the fine white powdery snow that descends at first like a soft veil, and almost invariably means a prolonged snow-storm.

There was silence in the room for awhile. Adrienne did not understand quite all that the silence meant. She saw that the small white flakes were beginning to fall faster and faster, drifting all one slanting way, from the sullen east to the yet more sullen west ; she saw a sudden whirl when the wind came from the seaward, which swept the snow more closely against the window panes. But no fear touched her heart as yet. She did not dream how it was with the two poor old ladies by her side ; how the heart of each was sinking with the weight of far-off years of bitter experience ; how each one was involuntarily recalling the experience of other homesteads of the neighbourhood, which had been "snowed up ;" and, though there were often men and horses on the spot, had yet suffered to the point of starvation. For some winters past the Miss Wyverns had endured the touch of fear from time to time ; and whenever it had been possible to them they had laid up such small stores of provisions as might help to save them from death by starvation, an event never far off from the

thoughts of unprotected and unprovided-for women. The event itself would surely have less of horror than the lifelong dread of it.

As the sisters knew, there was especial reason for dreading a prolonged snow-storm just now. The pecuniary result of the last half-year's settlement which they had had with the man who acted as their agent had been less by some pounds than usual. The five or six tenement cottages at Thurlsoe-on-the-Moor, which were now all their possession, had each required something in the way of repairs, and two of them were unlet. The tenant of a third had declined further tenancy without the formality of giving up the key, or paying the rent, so that the children of the hamlet had been enabled to enjoy the cottage as a play-room for several of the severest weeks in winter, with the result that not a pane of glass remained in any window, or a panel in any door. All available fire-wood, including three rude wooden bedsteads, with the screen between each one, had helped to make a "Fifth of November" bonfire. That cottage was a wreck. All these trifles helped to make up the sum of pain on that evening when the snow-storm set in.

"But no, it may not be so bad—not so *very* bad," Adrienne said cheerfully, going to the window, trying to look up through the gradually increasing, gradually whitening fall. Of course she only yet partially comprehended the fears of the sisters. "But if it is bad, Aunt Elizabeth, if even it is very bad, I can go to Thurlsoe in the morning. Oh, yes, I should like it; I should like it much! I can be home in two hours; and I can ask the miller to bring you in his waggon all that we shall want; yes, all that would suffice for a snow siege! It will be—yes, it will be what the English people call 'fun.' Oh, yes, it will, truly. And now let us prepare—let us make a list—a catalogue of all the things we shall want. I will begin now, in my pocket-book. First, the tea; we cannot live, we English ladies, without our tea. How much must I buy, Aunt Elise?"

There was a little silence, a little sniff, half of misery, half of annoyance.

"I thought you had had more sense, Adrienne," Miss Wyvern said, with cap-ribbons quivering, and odd little breaks of indescribable nature in her voice. Presently she added in softer, more regretful accents, "You forget, child, we haven't a sovereign in the house."

"No, Aunt Elise? Is it so?" the girl said, looking up in perplexity. Then, in brighter

tones, she added, "Ah, I remember, I do remember I have both the two sovereigns—the two that remained when my travail did end. How glad I am! It is not much, no; but it will buy the tea and some vegetables for the potage; yes, enough for a lengthened snow-storm. . . . And you will let me go, yes? Say you will?"

Miss Caroline had been watching the snow-fall silently, but now she turned from the window, saying with utmost gravity—

"Adrienne, you will not go to Thurlsoe to-morrow, no, nor the day after. And it will not be your Aunt Elizabeth or myself who will hinder you. . . . Don't say more now. I feel that I have been to blame. This has been on my nerves for days past, only I couldn't put a name to it. Now I can. We must make the best of it. Don't say any more."

CHAPTER VI.

THE three ladies of Lone Leventhorpe slept in the same room that night. It was a long, low, bare-looking room, and a couple of ancient screens insured sufficient seclusion; while the sense of comfort and security afforded by the nearness of companionship was very great.

Every now and then through that first night Miss Caroline left her bed and crept silently to the window. Miss Wyvern heard, the creaking of the old flooring affording a betraying sound. She sighed heavily behind the ancient green moreen curtains, then asked in a whisper—

"What is it like now, Caroline—any better?"

"No better at all. There is no change."

"It's still snowing?"

"It is snowing heavily."

"And the wind? Is it that I hear; or is it the sound that is always in my poor head nowadays?"

"It is the wind."

"It keeps on rising?"

"It seems worse every hour."

So the dialogue was repeated at intervals throughout the night with trifling variations. Neither sister slept; Adrienne slept and dreamed fitfully.

At daybreak, or rather when the day had broken as much as it was likely to break, the white desolation that met the eye everywhere was as beautiful in appearance as it was terrible in significance.

The snow was still falling, whirling in clouds that seemed to be of greyish dusky yellow if you looked upward, of the softest

and most exquisite whiteness if you looked down.

For awhile thought itself seemed lushed.

Adrienne looked from the tall narrow window at the end of the passage, gazing with half-unwilling admiration. Never in her life had she seen such strange wonderful beauty. Its influence was felt to the uttermost depth of her soul, but as yet it was all untainted by fear. Not even the intense white faces of her aunts could induce her with any feeling that could be called dread.

The breakfast-table had been arranged by her own deft hands with even greater daintiness than usual, the small pinewood fire was burning cheerfully. The Miss Wyverns sat silent, pale, fearful; yet Adrienne strove to turn the edge of their anxiety, were it but a little. There was no response.

"You are not thinking hard thoughts of me, Aunt Elise?" she said, after a longer pause than usual, broken only by a deeply hysterical sound that had become a sob, rather than the usual "sniff." "You are not thinking that I am careless, unsympathetic, that I do not suffer with you? I do, I do! I have been looking over all the—the stores, and——"

"And there isn't two days' food," Miss Caroline interposed brusquely.

"There is but one loaf of bread," said Miss Wyvern, with another and a deeper sob; "and there is not a basinful of flour."

"But the loaf, Aunt Elise, it is a monster," Adrienne said cheerfully, sliding her one slice of dry toast under the edge of the big old-fashioned tray as she spoke. "And there are the biscuits—nearly half-a-tinful. And of the flour there is some more in another jar; yes, enough to make a *panellino*. And there are the potatoes; and oh, yes! there is the dried fish, I had forgotten. Oh, we shall have sufficiency for a long, long while. And we will be happy and have hope. Do say that we will, Aunt Cara!"

"Let me see the tea-caddy?" Miss Wyvern begged in tremulous tones.

"Yes, Aunt Elise. It is not much, the tea, no. So I did make it very thin this morning, yes; and it is not disagreeable. I do like it much better myself; but for you it is not so nice, and I am sorry. Oh, do think again, do relent, do let me go to Thurlsoe before the snow is deeper. I would get some one to bring me back with the purchases. Do, please let me go."

Miss Caroline's temper was on the verge of giving way.

"Don't speak of that again, Adrienne,"

she said with suppressed vigour. "You know nothing of an English snow-storm, of the state of English country roads, especially of such roads, such snow-storms as we have in the North Riding. A volume couldn't contain the account of the deaths on the moors and by lone hedgerows, that have happened in my lifetime, in our own immediate neighbourhood. Only three years ago a man was lost, not five miles from Lone Leventhorpe, and his body was not found till seven weeks later. Then the snow melted, and the poor fellow was found with eyes wide open, a smile on his face, and the general appearance of one who had died within the hour. He had tried to cross a few miles of the moor to dig a grave for a young mother who had died in childbirth. Instead, he found his own grave. That is one instance out of twenty that have occurred within my own recollection, and you wish us to let you go to Thurlsoe—to let you go alone? Perhaps a little consideration will show you how *we* are looking at the matter."

"I do see, Aunt Cara, I do see. And you are too good, too thoughtful. Yet cannot you look a little at the matter from my side, too? I have been here so long; I have eaten of your bread, I have never repaid you, and I know that but for me there would have been more of—of everything in the house. Oh, I have seen how you have tried to hide from me the—the difference. And now, *now* when I might be of use, I—I may not. Yet, I will be good. I will do as you say; and not speak of it—of going to Thurlsoe any more."

"You will not speak of it? Good," said Miss Caroline, laying an impressive hand upon the girl's arm and looking into her face with eyes expressive of much determination. "But I want something more than that. I want a distinct and decided promise that you will not try to go from Leventhorpe without our knowledge. You must give me your word that you will not go outside either of the gates without permission. One word will do. I can trust you."

The girl looked up with a pained face. "You have taken away all my hope, all my pleasure, Aunt Caroline. But I will give you the word. I will not go."

"You had meant going?"

"Assuredly."

"We can die together," Miss Wyvern said with another depressing sob.

Adrienne spent the remainder of that day

in such brushing and sweeping and scouring and brightening, as made the old house almost sparkle in its dreariness. When noon was fairly past, and no change came in the weather, she put on her hat, her jacket, her thickest boots, and went out to the yard, to the woodshed, and found work enough there to keep her warm till the late twilight. She was proud enough then of the pile of wood in the recess beyond the kitchen fire; while poor Miss Wyvern could hardly conceal her dismay at the sight of a veritable woodstack immediately under her precious shelves of old blue delft. It was a sort of desecration, inevitable doubtless, yet awakening much the same emotion as was awakened in her poor old heart whenever she remembered the tradition of the stabling of horses by Cromwell in the nave of York Minster. A pile of pinewood knots under the shelves of ancient blue stoneware!

"We can't freeze for awhile, Aunt Elise, that's one comfort."

"How much coal is there in the coal-house? None, I suppose."

"There is some, not a great store. You were going to send for some more this week. But look at this wood. Think of the cheeriness that lies there, and of all the warmth. But for me, I do not think I shall ever want to see a fire any more. I am so warm, so—well, yes—so happy, if only that doesn't sound cruel. But, oh, my aunts, be happy, too! Let us try to make the best of it all, at any rate till we come to the worst. Then we will be brave, quite the three bravest old ladies that ever were snowed up at the bottom of the Woods of Leventhorpe."

CHAPTER VII.

THE second day was as the first had been; the third day passed more slowly and heavily than the second. The fourth day of that white entombment seemed as if it must surely be the last.

There was no attempt now to keep up the ordinary routine of living. Adrienne yet did what she could to keep up a show of bravery. Now and then she read aloud for awhile; and as a rule, when she did so, the two Miss Wyverns fell asleep, the one in her own old chair, where she had slept away many precious years, the other on the sofa, which was a rare occurrence. But it was well and wise that they tried to sleep. The hunger pain was less; the fear was kept in abeyance. Yet the waking was very terrible.

It was growing more terrible, and as the

hours went on they awoke more frequently; and each time the facts of their present existence had to be faced afresh.

More than all, Adrienne dreaded these frequent awakenings.

"Caroline, where am I? . . . What is it? Why is the fire so low? Why is the light so bad?"

"You are waking again, Elizabeth! Why can't you remain quiet?"

Then would follow a pause, a struggle, a long, low heart-rending sob or two. Then more quiet, more sleep. Then another awakening. So the fourth night passed.

None of the ladies of Lone Leventhorpe went to bed on the fifth night.

The snow was still falling, falling. The heavens above were still black; the earth beneath still frost-bound, and impassable—more impassable than ever.

At about three o'clock in the morning of the next day the ladies were all awake, all shivering with cold, though Adrienne had kept the fire burning, and had over and over rearranged the shawls more warmly and comfortably about her aunts. Yet they could not sleep. They sat there, cowering forward in the faint yellow firelight, looking more wan, more death-like than ever.

"Adrienne," said Miss Caroline presently, "can you sing? Have you strength left to sing?"

"I think so, Aunt Cara; I will try," the girl said with the quiet sweetness of her happiest days. "What is it that you would wish me to sing?"

"The hymn you sang last Sunday night."

"The one to the spring?" was the surprised inquiry.

"Yes . . . if you can, if you will."

Without more ado the girl began singing the beautiful hymn, "For all Thy Love and Goodness." For a time it seemed as if no more inapposite words could have been chosen; but when she came to the verses:

"Oh, to awake from death's short sleep like the flowers from their wintry grave!"

(Thy Name, Lord, be adored!)

And to rise all glorious in the day when Christ shall come to save!

(Glory to the Lord!)

"Oh, to dwell in that happy land where the heart cannot choose but sing!"

(Thy Name, Lord, be adored!)

And where the life of the blessed ones is a beautiful, endless spring!

(Glory to the Lord!)"

when Adrienne came to these words she understood, and she sang with a fervour, an intentness of aspiration, that seemed to change the aspect of the hour completely. She would have been glad to die that mo-

ment herself, and she knew that those who were listening eagerly to her every word would have been equally ready to lay down the heavy cross of life at that moment.

Then for awhile they spoke to each other, not in words to be recalled or written down.

When it was nearly daybreak again, Adrienne felt weary, more wearied than ever before.

"You must lie down again now," she said to the aunts; "yes, you must sleep for an hour or more, and then you shall awaken to find a little secret. . . . I have kept it long, till the last. . . . But, yes, sleep now, for a little while."

To Miss Caroline it seemed certainly as if the "little while" might mean the sleep that knows no waking. Yet she composed herself with some sense of satisfaction, and in her ears the words were echoing over and over,

"Oh, to awake from death's short sleep like flowers from their wintry grave!"

And then Adrienne set herself to the revelation of her little secret—none other than the preparation of a breakfast for her two aunts, to be composed out of the hidings of the four days past, the food she herself had pretended to eat. None but a skilful cook could have prepared such a meal from such resources. When the Miss Wyverns awoke and found it all ready, looking dainty and tempting on the table by a bright fire, they could not keep back the unbidden tears.

"What has happened? Has some one been here? Has the food been sent to us?" Miss Wyvern asked. But Miss Caroline understood it all at a glance.

"Where is the child?" she said, trying to stop the hysterical sobbing that assailed herself at last. "What has become of her? Adrienne! Adrienne! Where are you?"

CHAPTER VIII.

THEY found her presently. She was lying on her own bed, in the chill, dull room; duller for the still falling snow, which was as an outside curtain; grey, and cold, and heavy.

Yes, Adrienne was lying there, and alone, but yet not silent. The power to keep the keys of silence was gone.

Miss Caroline heard the murmured words before she reached the side of the bed; and her own name was among the first sounds she could distinguish.

"I did tell you, Aunt Cara," the girl was saying. She was lying outside the bed; and she was not undressed. Her face was pale

and drawn, her eyes were half-unclosed, but evidently "the sense was shut." "I did tell you, Aunt Cara, I did tell you much; but there was much yet that I could not tell you; no I could not, though I wished it so greatly. . . . I could not say how I hated—yes, that was the word, *hated*—the Signóre Chinali. And when the father did wish so much that I would—would like him, nay, that I would marry him, would be his wife, as he did wish and pray, then it did seem a sin that I grew to hate him more and more. And then—then there was Arnold—Arnold who loved me so, and did so entreat that I would give a little love to him. I, who would have died for him; and yet I had to seem so cold and stern. But I did tell you of that, of how he came to Venice, and how he was the commandant of the ship-of-war; did I not tell you all? . . . Commander Leland! . . . How I did dream of his very name, yes, night and day, night and day; and I did hardly know which of the dream was of waking and which of sleeping. . . . And I can see it all now, the day, the hour, the time when I used to walk with old Bianca up and down the Riva della Schiavoni; and Arnold was there; and he used to pass; and first, after he was introduced to me, he did bow to me, and then after we had met at the consul's palazzo, again then he did speak. . . . And we came to love each other, oh! so soon. I did not know, I could not tell, that love might come to one so—so unexpected. . . . And it was then that Arnold went away, and I did not know why. . . . Some day I shall know. But it will be too late; yes, it will be too late!"

"Adrienne!" Miss Caroline said, taking the girl's chill hands in her own, which were equally chill. "Adrienne! Nothing is too late for you, nothing! . . . Be brave, be bright, be good; yes, be good, and obedient!"

The girl seemed to listen; to try to recover herself at the sound of these words.

"Obedient! Aunt Cara! . . . Have I not been that? Have I not?"

"Yes, child, that and more than that, a thousand times more! But now I want you to try to taste a little of the soup you made, and left for us. We have had some, both of us; and now I want you to take a little of it, a very little, just to please me."

"The potage, yes? I have forgotten. Was it not nice? No, it could not be, it could not; you were not able to eat it? No?"

"Adrienne!" Miss Caroline exclaimed in a sharp, painful key of expostulation. She

could say no more. At last the brave nature yielded to nature's cruel pressure; at last the strong nerves, or the nerves that had tried to seem strong, gave way. Caroline Wyvern bowed her head and wept, wept with the abandonment that is only possible once or twice in a lifetime. And there was none to stay her weeping.

It was some comfort to the two women that they could weep together.

And still the snow was falling, falling upon the frozen snow of six past days.

It was a long hour, that hour of silent, hopeless, hungry weeping. Quite hopeless it was, so hopeless that when at last a sound broke upon the stillness it caused only the faintest fluttering of wonder as to what the cause of it might be. What could happen now?

The sound was repeated, more distinctly, more impatiently.

"It is, it is, some one knocking at the door, Aunt Caroline!" Adrienne exclaimed, raising herself from her pillow, and listening with dilated eyes and recovered strength. And a third time the sound came,—convincingly enough now.

"I will go, Aunt Cara," she said springing, from the bed with all the flushed tremulous excitement of extreme weakness. "I will go. . . . Yes, let me go to see who it is."

"Be quiet, child! Your Aunt Elizabeth has opened the door. She is talking to some one!"

The girl listened; the sound of a voice, a strong, deep, unforgotten voice came echoing up the cold vault-like stair where the mist seemed to have gathered, and to hang like a white canopy overhead. And as she listened she grew less pale than before, her thin hands twined themselves tightly together, her pallid lips unclosed.

"Aunt Cara, let me go!"

"Why? . . . Why do you wish it? . . . It is some stranger."

"It is no stranger. . . . He is not strange to me. . . . It is—I know it, I hear it, I know the voice, yes, I do know it too well. . . . It is Arnold. . . . It is Captain Leland!"

It was perhaps even a merciful thing that once more all consciousness left Adrienne's brain; and this time to a more serious extent than before. The Miss Wyverns had opportunity for making explanations, painful, humiliating explanations that the girl did not hear. Waiting only to leave one kiss upon Adrienne's cold white brow Arnold Leland rode away again, a sadder man than when he came.

It was nearly three hours later when he

came back, driving a dog-cart from the inn at Thurlsoe, and sharing the seat with Doctor Tatham. At the back sat a woman, an old nurse, "My friend, Mrs. Mortimer," the doctor called her. She was comfortably wrapped up, and had in her charge some baskets of very carefully chosen provisions. She had instructions given to her before leaving Thurlsoe; instructions she was well able to comprehend. She knew how things must be at a place like Lone Leventhope during a prolonged snow-storm.

"Do your very best, Mrs. Mortimer!" Arnold Leland begged as he unpacked the dog-cart of its contents; and then ushered the old nurse into the presence of Miss Wyvern, who was first a little dignified and tried to be stern, and then broke down pitifully.

"Never mind, ma'am, never mind!" said Mrs. Mortimer, understanding only too well; and, taking from Captain Leland's hands a flask of good port, she poured out a glassful. "Never mind, ma'am; I've seen folks cry afore to-day, an' for worse reasons. We'll be all right in an hour or two. . . . An' now, where's the other ladies?"

* * * *

Two hours, two whole long hours had passed by before Adrienne came down to the grey drawing-room where Arnold Leland was awaiting her—standing there alone in the dim fire and candlelight. Yet it was not so dim as to prevent him seeing afresh the loveliness of the woman he loved. It was a wan, pallid loveliness; almost he feared that she might fade from his side while he watched.

He was a brave man, but not a bold one. Though his hand was outstretched readily, though there was a bright, glad smile on his brown, but not too-handsome face, he yet hung his head a little, as if some doubt or fear had to be met and conquered.

He held her hand—both her hands—and he drew her nearer to him by degrees. She did not seem strong enough to bear the passionate demonstration he yearned to make.

When at last she lay with her head on his shoulder, sobbing out her gratitude, her love, her relief, then the doubt, the fear faded from his countenance rapidly.

"You *do* love me, Adrienne—you do love me a little? For all you have been so cruel, yet say you love me a little."

"I *do* love? . . . Cruel to you?"

"Yes; what else was it? hiding yourself from me like this?"

"But you did go from me, from Venice; and you did not even tell me why."

"I thought that you knew why. I was made to believe that you did. It was something old Chinali said; but I won't weary you with that now."

"No, you shall tell me after; and I have much to tell to you. It was all so strange, so terrible!"

"You shall spend your life in explanation if you will. Only *now* you must sit down on this sofa, and let me make up the fire again; and put your feet on this footstool, and this shawl round your shoulders. . . . Look at it—straight from Persia, but not half good enough for you! . . . No, don't even look at it now. . . . I cannot bear that you should give any attention to anything but me. . . . I am greedy; hungry for every look, every word. . . . Give me another kiss—just another."

The kiss ended in a sob, half of pain, of yet unforgotten terror.

"Arnold, think of it! A few hours ago I was dying, dying not of hunger for affection, but of hunger for bread. Help me that I do not forget. . . . It was so terrible, so much worse than you can think! . . . And I do believe that the experience did come to me that I might *know*, that in my own heart and soul I might know the terror that comes of the thought of dying for the need of food. . . . It is not the pain—no, it is not the physical pain—it is the horror, the inexplicable mental horror—the horror that seizes the soul. . . . I cannot tell you what it is—no, I have no words . . . *but I can always feel*; so long as I do live I shall feel that spiritual terror of dying for the need of common human bread."

"Adrienne, my child, my child, don't speak of it again to-night!"

"I will not."

"You shall speak of it after—you shall tell me after; and God grant that we may never so much as suspect that any human being is in want without doing the utmost we may do to relieve the want. Of course I don't mean that we can do much to stem the wide torrent of human misery; but we shall be the more alert to discern the needs of such as seem only on the verge of the current. And I fear much it is they who suffer the more keenly."

Later in the year Arnold Leland came to see by slow signs and rarely betrayed confessions that his fear in one instance at least had not been misplaced. When the two Miss Wyverns had set up their precious household gods in a pretty cottage at Thurlsoe-by-the-Sea; when they had made friends and neighbours everywhere; when they could go to church twice on Sundays and thrice in the week, without being more than drenched by a shower of rain; when they had acquired full command of their new maid-servant, who had come from a farmhouse on Langbarough Moor—then they did not mind confessing how life had gone with them during the terrible years that had preceded the coming of Adrienne.

And Adrienne herself? Well, I heard from her yesterday, a long cheerful letter, written from a Portuguese "Quinta." She is happy; she says that her husband is, if possible, happier; but she reminds me once more of the winter she spent at Lone Leventhorpe.

THE END.

A MODEL FACTORY IN THE VAL-DES-BOIS.

BY THE REV. M. KAUFMANN.

THE spinning factory of Harmel Fils is situated in a broad and thickly-wooded valley at no considerable distance from Reims. It is reached by an avenue of trees, chiefly poplars, which hide from view the weaving-sheds and homely cottages of the operatives, until the traveller comes up quite close, when suddenly he finds himself in the midst of a group of buildings, all bearing the stamp of sanitary comfort and peaceful ease. Every cottage has its tiny vegetable garden, and there are general recreation grounds. There are schools, libraries, baths, and lava-

tories, even a hostelry for unattached bachelors, all on a modest scale, but well calculated to fulfil their immediate purpose of ministering to the material and moral requirements of a contented community. The principal and most costly building of the place is the chapel, placed in a central position, and at once reminding the visitor that the bond which unites the families of employers and employed is that of Christian union and religious sympathy. As he lingers on the spot, he will notice with agreeable surprise, frequent exhibitions of free and happy inter-

course between the masters and the men, strangely contrasting with the prevailing conditions of factory life in the neighbourhood.

Here we have an instance of the practical effects of Christian socialism, and, as such, it deserves our attention none the less for the fact that we meet with it in the country which may be said to be the cradle of modern socialism, and which has been most fruitful in the production of socialistic schemes and failures, when these schemes have been subjected to the test of practical experiment.

The factory in the Val-des-Bois was founded in 1840 by the father of the present owners, *le bon père*, as he was usually called by the working people of the place. He had left his home and paternal factory in the Ardennes to establish himself in this locality, and on his arrival was much struck with the contrast in the religious and moral habits of the working people in the two places. His first endeavours were directed towards the improvement of the moral and religious condition of his own workpeople. For twenty years he continued his efforts, but in vain. He met with nothing but apathy among his own people and antipathy in the irreligious outside world. At last he called to his aid a few Sisters of Charity and Brothers of the Ecoles Chrétiennes for the purpose of educating and Christianizing the employés of his establishment, and the change, he tells us, was marvellous. The account of his subsequent successes reads like a strongly-seasoned missionary report, though evidently written without any conscious design on the part of the writer to lend sensational interest to the story, how the organization of "*La grande famille*" became complete by infusing the religious ardour, or to give point to the moral drawn from the tale as to the duties of the Christian employer—"la mission sociale du patron."

It is unnecessary, however, to dwell on this part of our subject, interesting as it would be to draw a touching picture of simple faith, not free from a touch of superstition, in one of the modern captains of industry, not by any means deficient in common sense and business capacity. We would rather proceed to describe the industrial life in and the working of economic institutions connected with the establishment.

In the first chapter of the "*Manuel d'une Corporation Chrétienne*," by M. Léon Harmel, giving a full account of its scope and intention (a work to which we are mainly

indebted in the present sketch), we have clearly laid down the principles on which it is based. It thus speaks of the employers' responsibilities:—

As "industry without religion and without faith has produced pauperism, that malady of modern societies, in which material misery and moral degradation are found side by side," it must be the first duty of the employer—and Harmel fils practise what they preach—not only "in strict justice to satisfy the demands of his workmen by paying fair wages," but also from a spiritual and temporal point of view to fulfil the duties of a father towards them. Unless this is done, the demoralizing influences of factory labour in destroying family life, and the loosening of the personal bond of union between the masters and the men where industry is carried on on a large scale, will seriously affect the purity and peace of society. Nay, more than this, the "question about work and wages must be referred to the law of God, which sometimes obliges the employer to grant more than what the laws of supply and demand can compel him to do." These are commercial principles of a much higher order than those generally met with among employers of labour. They are, if faithfully carried out, the best refutation of such random statements as that of Guesde, a prominent socialist, in his pamphlet on Collectivism, that the exactions of the feudal lords were nothing in comparison with those of modern employers, whose profits he stigmatises as "*la dime et la corvée patronale*." A glance at the rules and regulations of the Harmel factory shows on the contrary that not only justice, but generosity, guides these "*seigneurs du capital*" in their dealings with those whom they employ.

Permanent engagements are the order of the day in the Val-des-Bois. "We are extremely reluctant to dismiss the men. With us, it is well known, they are not looked upon as instruments to be got rid of when lengthened use has diminished their value. During the stoppage of work, owing to the factory being burnt down in 1874, salaries continued to be paid as before; and the same happens now whenever a partial discontinuance of work occurs in consequence of a break-down in the machinery." The result is that the workmen are attached to the firm and regard themselves as members of the family. There are no disputes about wages, and they rarely leave their present employment to "better themselves" elsewhere. Wages are paid partly by the day and partly

by piecework. Premiums are thus held out to encourage superior skill and energy whilst securing a certainty of weekly earnings. The rate of wages is made independent of the ordinary vicissitudes of trade. "We have never lowered our tariff, whatever the crisis we ourselves have been affected by, our wages have always followed an ascending scale."

Man is not regarded in the light of a machine in the ateliers of this "Usine." His moral and religious welfare is looked after and promoted by a network of associations, whilst every effort is made outside the factory to cherish home-affections and to preserve or restore family life, and also to protect the employés against contamination by the flip-pant irreligiosity and immorality of the outside world. "The object of our organization," says M. Léon Harmel, "may be summed up under these two heads: The associations are intended to militate against the temptations of evil surroundings; the working men's councils to support the direct authority of the employer, so often defied in these days of vaunted equality." We will introduce our readers to both, and first to the associations.

In a population engaged in factory labour, owing to the disturbed condition of family life, the need of association is felt keenly. The dulness of the lonely lodging and the sense of utter isolation weighing upon the mind, left to its own resources, inclines men to associate and to draw strength and cheer from mutual companionship. In France, where home-life, under the most favourable circumstances, has fewer attractions than in this country, community of interests incline men of the same calling to meet in public places of resort, and one variety of these are the "cercles," or working men's clubs, which are most of them tinged with socialism, as e.g. the "Cercles d'Etude," where all the burning questions of the day are discussed in a wild, revolutionary spirit. To establish associations on a totally different principle was one of the first things undertaken by the managers of the factory in the Val-des-Bois. But they felt that community of interests, such e.g. as bind together the various members of a benefit club, is not sufficient, having only selfish ends in view. "An association does not become a civilising power until it is founded on the principle of mutual love," and the chief characteristics of such associations are that they proceed from a religious principle, that they try to work out the moral and material welfare of the members—in short, to use the words of

Wordsworth, most aptly describing what is here aimed at—

" Social life
Through knowledge spreading and imperishable,
As just in regulation and as pure
As individual in the wise and good."

First and foremost comes the "Cercle Catholique d'Ouvriers" in the Val-des-Bois, a kind of Christian working-man's club for the purposes of recreation, the organization of fêtes, musical performances, theatricals, also of religious processions and other aids of the religious life and worship. The masters preside over the weekly meetings of its councils; but, in order to maintain independence in the expression of opinion, all decisions are arrived at by means of secret voting. In fact, these council meetings have been organized chiefly for the purpose of facilitating mutual intercourse between masters and men on the principle of Christian equality: "When one sees in the workman a brother of the Divine Carpenter of Nazareth the love felt for Him enables one to get over the most formidable obstacles;" and, again, "Our Catholic societies prefer plainness of speech; the heart here is open for all who can offer good advice." The members of the council become "apostles" among their comrades, and in their religious propaganda are aided by the Almoner and Director, who represent the ecclesiastical authority under which it is carried on. Corresponding to this association of men there is the association of St. Ann, consisting of "Christian Mothers," also holding their council meetings in such a way as not to interfere with home duties. The ladies belonging to the employers' families preside over them, and there are corresponding ecclesiastical superiors to aid them in their charitable efforts for the promotion of the social and spiritual welfare of other women and children. There is an association of young girls—L'Association des Enfants de Marie, and of young children, L'Association des Saintes Anges, not to mention minor varieties, all of which form a network of societies, uniting the various members of the community for religious and social objects, to supplement the deficiencies of family life, but with no intention of substituting for it the common life of the association.

There is another organization, a "Service charitable," to render reciprocal services of kindness and sympathy to those who stand in need of it. Every Monday a "réunion de charité" takes place, consisting of ladies and house officers, to take into consideration cases of sickness and distress: every Tues-

day a kind of working party, consisting of workwomen with a lady president, meet for the purpose of providing for nursing and tending the sick, or looking after babies when mothers are temporarily disabled by confinements or casualties—in short not only is everything done for the people, but a great deal is left for the people to do for themselves under the fostering care of the heads of the firm. The factory is being moralised, and attempts are made at the same time to increase material well-being among the employes, on the simple principle of mutual good-will. The patriarchal authority of the employer is not brought into conflict with the personal liberty of his people, and Christian equality and fraternity are recognised in all relationships between the heads and the hands engaged in the factory. The avowed objects of the *chefs d'industrie* throughout is not to gain popularity among the workpeople, or to win the esteem of their fellow-citizens in the vicinity. "All these ends would be unworthy of us; what we want to do is to increase the number of the children of God, and for this purpose we must transform our workers, to make of them men who will do their duty, who will provide for themselves and their families, and be devoted to their children and those near them. We must fight egoism by supernatural devotion; luxury and the love of enjoyment by simplicity and a moderation of desire; sensualism and debauchery by Christian life and purity, that heavenly flower which perfumes human souls with its divine fragrance."

Nor let it be supposed that the economic side of the social problem is neglected in this model establishment. The "Christian Factory" is carried on on business principles, and it is called "La Corporation Chrétienne Ouvrière du Val-des-Bois, Religieuse et Economique." For this reason we will now turn to its purely economic institutions, to show that success in these is by no means incompatible with religious fervour and moral aims, although the "Manuel" lays it down as a general principle that "economic institutions, though necessary, in themselves have no moral force, they are like the body without the soul, and require the vivifying breath of charity."

A special council, called "Conseil Corporatif," consisting of the masters, the "Gardes de la Corporation," chosen conjointly by the masters and the men, and a few foremen and others selected on account of their business capacity, all being members of the "cercle,"

occupies itself with questions affecting the family, work, the purchase of necessaries, and methods for making provision for future contingencies. Its main object is, however, to cement the homogeneity and harmonious co-operation of all the members of the establishment. Here discussions are raised as to the purchase and sale of goods and measures of administration, as to the nomination and appointment of new employes, as to general expenditure and such-like economic questions. The effect produced is not unlike that of Conciliation Courts in England, where masters and men meet round the same table, and where unreserved discussion on both sides leads to absolute confidence. Whilst the Harmels thus delegate much of their power to subordinates, and share it with them as on an equal footing—objecting on principle to centralized authority or bureaucracy, which they regard in the light of "social materialism," they maintain, without difficulty, their sovereign rights as masters, though they were inclined to regard them as a spiritual trust rather than as a temporal right. Theirs may be said to be a limited industrial monarchy, and themselves to be rulers by the grace of God, whilst the consultative bodies they call in to share their own responsibilities save them from many troubles which are inseparable from absolute government. In short, the corporation is a religious and economic society, formed voluntarily by the heads of families connected with the industrial enterprise, and administered with the concurrence, and for the good of, the employed. The purely economic institutions for getting and spending and laying up in store for future use, such as the Mutual Assurance Society, savings-bank, co-operative flour and bread company, and others, have for their main object restful contentment, rather than providing merely the means of augmented material enjoyment. "The social question is not only a question of nourishment, shelter, and clothing, it is above all things a question of peace of mind; what is important is not so much that the labourer should be more or less rich, but that he should be contented with his lot." Now there is nothing more likely to produce this temper of mind than a comparative security against unforeseen contingencies, such as being thrown out of work by a commercial crisis, or becoming incapacitated for work by illness and growing infirmities in old age, or the dark possibility of sudden death, which often leaves a large family unprotected for. Under the able management

of the Harmels, every opportunity is offered to their employés to make provision against such possibilities if inclined to do so. The advantages of the benefit society, savings-bank, and distribution stores are offered on the spot, and on the security of the firm, without infringing on the liberties of the members. In the latter respect the community compares favourably with the *familière* of M. Godin: "The good done here," says a private correspondent of the present writer, referring to what he had seen on the spot, "is not the carrying out of certain very sage principles, as is the case with M. Godin, and the manufacture of certain more or less contented and flourishing human automatons, but rather the establishment of a working example of human sympathy and kindly mutual forbearance, acting as the chief motive sentiment of an industrial group—'never mind elaborate systems but love one another'—is the beginning and the end of the Harmel philosophy."

Let us glance at a few of the results of this method of increasing thrift and foresight. There were, according to the last report published in 1886, 646 members belonging to the Mutual Benefit Society, whose deposits amounted to 7,605 francs 75 centimes for the previous year.

The Savings-bank, founded on the principle that if you make labourers *petits rentiers* you will succeed in moralising them—"though it is not the economy which makes them moral, but the morality which makes them economical"—had at the same date deposits from 129 adults and 206 juveniles, with an aggregate sum total of nearly 60,000 francs. By a peculiar arrangement a bonus of 5 per cent. is received by all purchasers of articles of consumption bought by the firm direct and from favoured tradesmen, and sold again in retail to the working people. A bonus of seven-eighths of net profits is paid to members of the "Corporative" Society, and the proceeds of both are held in reserve for them to accumulate as savings, and payable on their fiftieth birthday, or to their survivors should they die before attaining it. About 159 families were interested at the time of the last report in this fund with an amount of 3,564 francs 35 centimes to their credit. It may be as well to add the following figures:—Out of the whole number of working people, representing with their families from 800 to 900 persons in this "Corporation Chrétienne," there were 472 who made use of the three available forms of laying up savings; that 63,203 francs 15 cen-

times were put aside in this manner out of 509,354 francs wages received, or 12·50 per cent., and that the percentage of both depositors and deposits has been steadily increasing. The sum total of the "Corporative bonus" paid to purchasing members *pro rata* on articles of consumption either furnished by the favoured tradesmen, or bought direct by the Corporation, from 1875 to 1885, amounted to over 49,280 francs 55 centimes, i.e. an average of nearly 5,000 francs per annum.

Not to weary the reader with too many details, we omit statistics referring to minor institutions, and pass over others of an educational and benevolent character to conclude our account in the words of M. Léon Harmel, giving the experience of the masters in thus dealing with their men on the combined principle of patronage and free co-operation: "We have found in these simplenatures, under an outside crust, sometimes a little rough, loyal souls, capable of great devotion. The union of employers and employed in the source of their benefits; the time we consecrate to these efforts and the pecuniary sacrifice which they imply, are they not sufficiently compensated, speaking from an industrial point of view, by conscientious work, intelligent care, greater steadiness, and that kind of kindly understanding and confiding affectionateness which make the work of administration much more easy? Is it nothing to see frank looks and open faces, to live surrounded by men who love us, and whilst loving, respect us sincerely and with genuine devotion?"

M. Léon Harmel has lately visited some towns of the South and South-west of France to promulgate his views there among the employers of labour. Well might he point to the dreadful scenes, like that of the murder of M. Watrin at the mining works at Decazeville, where some ten thousand "hands" rose in insurrection two years ago and kicked and trampled the sub-manager to death, an atrocity which M. Basly, a working man's representative in the Chamber of Deputies, characterized as an act of execution on tyrants; well might he point to other similar disturbances at Menecaux-Mines, at Lyons, and more recently at Vierzon, all of comparatively recent occurrence, and say: Look on this picture and look on that; contrast the peace and amity in our establishment with the sad dissensions and disputes elsewhere, and you will agree with me that as the gulf which separates classes widens every year, and

hatred bred by selfish greed multiplies discontent on every side, nothing but the Christian spirit penetrating the masses from above can preserve society from the abyss. "The revolution has no other weapons but those of force . . . we have no other but conscience; liberty is our primary instrument, and the Christian Corporation shall give to the labourers that kind of independence which they vainly seek to attain by revolutionary methods . . . When these Corporations shall have become more numerous we shall have inaugurated the resurrection of France, we shall have saved our country by the Christian organization of labour."

This strong belief in the divine mission of "La grande Industrie" is very remarkable in the present religious condition of France, nor has it failed in stimulating other employers of labour to adopt the principle of the "Christian factory." There are at present no less than eight hundred manufacturers members of the Industrial Commission connected with the ("Euvre des Cercles Catholiques Ouvriers," with which the Harmel factory and its associations are affiliated, and of which le Comte de Mun is the general secretary. It may be said, and M. de Haussonville, referring to these efforts in his recent articles on the *Combat contre la Misère* has said it in so many words, that the attempt to return to the mediæval corporation, as a form of modern industry, is an anachronism. But to restore what was good in the spirit of these institutions, and to replace the present inadequate system of free contract between employer and employed by something like a "bargain between Christian partners," and in something better than purely money considerations, is not quite impossible. Pious masters, acting on religious principle, may do much towards restoring something like a patriarchal relationship between themselves and their working people; and so, too, may those masters who themselves lack faith, but have charity, and in whom a high sense of duty or conscientious regard to social obligation supplies ethical fervour in the place of religious enthusiasm. These will carry with them, or succeed in eliminating gradually, that lower residuum of employers who take the simply business point of view. Even these, persuaded by such examples as that in the Val-des-Bois, learn that a humane organization of labour has peculiar advantages of its own, though it may lessen the margin of profit at times. People cannot have their cake and eat it too.

Sir William Sidney Smith could not quench his own thirst with the cooling beverage in the bottle he tendered to the dying soldier on the field of Acre; but then, had he done so, one noble deed less would have been recorded in the world's history. So, too, those employers who, like *le bon père* in the Val-des-Bois, follow a high calling of social duty in sacrificing personal ease and economy in liberally providing for the material and moral welfare of their subordinates, will at least deserve and earn the distinction of benefactors of humanity. Papal briefs, episcopal letters of commendation, and even royal words of encouragement like those received by the managers of the model factory of late years, congratulating them on their success in changing hatred and dissension into mutual affection in the practical application of the "social doctrine," are a proof of this. But more telling than these complimentary epistles, and more touching, is the testimony of the men themselves who have participated in the benefits of the "Christian factory."

On Monday, March the 3rd, 1884, and in the eighty-ninth year of his life, Jacques Joseph Harmel, *le bon père*, died, and sad and sincere were the manifestations of mourning in the Val-des-Bois. During the last week of his life small groups of his old workmen were admitted into his presence and blessed by him. Once more, on the Sunday following, he expressed a desire to give his final benediction to the working family, represented by the Conseil Intérieur. To the very last he thus remained true to his character of a father in the exercise of his parental authority over his industrial family. On the day of the funeral garlands of flowers covered his coffin, placed there by the work-people, who also carried him to his last resting-place. Nearly two thousand people followed the funeral, many of them former employés, who had left the factory years before, and came from long distances, and at considerable expense of time and money, to pay the last tribute of esteem to their former patron. The following sentence, extracted from his last will and testament, explains the reason of this undying affection of the men for their master: "Love your work-people; they were my children. You will be their father in my place; you will continue to bring them towards God and do them good."

Such was the work and such were the words of what may truly be called a model employer of labour. The industrial world would be none the worse if there were many more like him.



“ON GREAT WATERS.”

THE ship has crossed the harbour bar,
And leaving home and friends afar,
Sails forth beneath the evening star.

With prayer of watchers left behind,
It sails before the springing wind :
Strong is the bark, and God is kind.

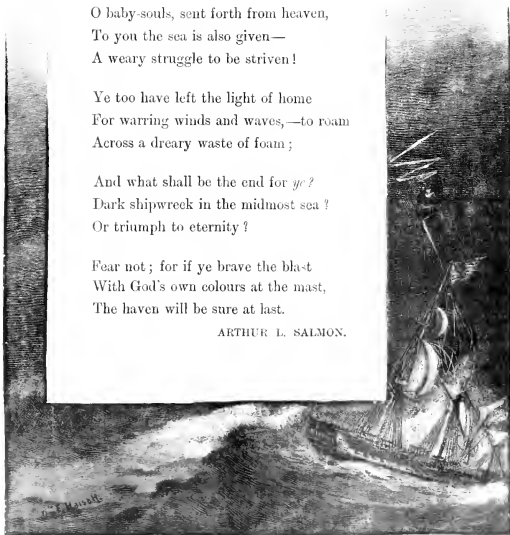
O baby-souls, sent forth from heaven,
To you the sea is also given—
A weary struggle to be striven !

Ye too have left the light of home
For warring winds and waves,—to roam
Across a dreary waste of foam ;

And what shall be the end for *ye* ?
Dark shipwreck in the midmost sea ?
Or triumph to eternity ?

Fear not ; for if ye brave the blast
With God's own colours at the mast,
The haven will be sure at last.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.



"IN QUIETNESS AND CONFIDENCE."

BY THE REV. GEORGE WILSON, EDINBURGH.

TO live a healthy human life, in quietness and confidence, is not easy in our day. The pace is so rapid; the strain of nerve and muscle is so incessant; the world of thought and opinion has become so large, complex, and baffling; the work of life has become so vast and the day of life so short, that in our struggle to keep the wolf of failure from the door the demon of worry gets into our heart. The modern hero is the man who can preserve a central calm amid such ceaseless agitation, and who, in an age of suspicion, can still trust God and man with the heart of a little child. But it is well to remember that in seeking to live our life in quietness and confidence we may acquire a restfulness and a trustfulness that are counterfeit and unreal. We may create a world of our own in which to live at peace. In that world we are supreme. We make up our mind that noise and hurry shall be unknown in it, by securing that the things which distract and disturb shall be shut out from it. We sustain a spirit of quietness by simply fleeing from noise and a spirit of confidence by nourishing self-reliance. Thus shut in with ourselves and our own interests we pursue our way, thanking our stars—for in that state we have no God to thank—that our digestion is not deranged by worry, and that we have nothing to confide in but our own likings. Quietness and confidence on such lines are purchased at a fearful price. The man who is thus self-bounded and self-confiding is in no sense heroic—in no sense helpful—either to himself or to others. The problem before us is how to secure quietness and confidence, and yet stand true to every duty, sharing honestly the world's work, keeping the heart keen in sympathy with the world's sufferings, paying ungrudgingly the tax of helpfulness to the age and sphere in which we live, shutting out none of the great elemental facts of our outward life and suppressing none of the faculties of our own complex nature. When in the world, just as it is—noisy and busy—in the conflict with the true and the false, the right and the wrong, to play a true, manly, heroic part there, restful and trustful, unhalting and yet unshaking, robustly reasonable and yet with simple faith, is, we think, the life indicated by "Quietness and Confidence."

To the wearied, the worried, and the distracted, seeking quietness and confidence, we

commend what the Bible calls "life in Christ." By life in Christ we mean the life in which Christ is supreme as the force that renews, the influence that moulds, the light that guides, the will that commands, and in which likeness to Christ is life's great reward. When there comes to us that personal collapse which the Bible calls a sense of sin, a state in which we see life's ideals shattered, life's hopes quenched, and life's moral strength gone, the Christ of the Bible is presented to us as God's great gift, the light in which His love beams on us, the hand by which God lifts us and draws us to Himself, the refuge and home He provides for us as His wandered children. To see Christ in this light, to bow at His feet, to put our shattered life into His hand, to give Him up our will, and henceforth to be in-ruled and over-ruled by Him as the Master of our life, is, as we understand it, a man coming to terms with God, and entering on the life which God has appointed him to live. This is sometimes called the Christian life, sometimes it is called the new life, and sometimes the spiritual life. We need not trouble ourselves about names. We think of it only as the true life, the life that takes in all the facts, meets all our needs, strengthens all our duties, tempers all our trials, and makes the most and the best of both worlds.

There are few things more blessed in the experience of this "life in Christ," when it is thorough, than the way in which it ministers quietness and confidence. We do not attempt to analyse the experience. When we enter the realm of the spiritual we are in the sphere of mystery. The place is holy ground, and it is not possible fully to articulate all that is there. But the children of men, in all the ages of the Church, and all the diversity of human conditions, have testified that their wearied, worried life has found in Christ a home-like peace and rest and trust. We are content to emphasise these elemental facts, that Christ has promised to those that labour and are heavy laden "rest," and that thousands of hearts can testify that He has kept His word. The "rest" has come to some minds as a calm, trustful, spiritual affinity with the mind of God; it has impressed others as the blending into harmony of all the jarring notes of their own inner life; to others it has brought the quietness and confidence

born of a new attitude and purpose towards their fellow-men; others yet again have passed into the calmness and the confiding spirit that springs from the conviction that the right order of life has been discovered and the true lines of life entered; while some know it best as bringing into time the blessed hush of eternity. For all of us and for each of us the fact is enough that quietness and confidence are among the heritages of the devout Christian soul.

This quietness and confidence is not a mere side or aspect of the true Christian life. It does not merely concern the still life of the soul in the still hour of devotion and meditation. It is an abiding frame of mind, an all-enduring and an all-pervading spirit. It has to do with the active as well as the passive side of life. It is the spirit of the battlefield as well as the spirit of the sanctuary; it goes with the true man into the business-day as well as into his inner room when the feverish day is over. Indeed its priceless value lies in the fact that it pervades the anxious activities of life. If we were never calm, never restful, never in a confiding spirit, but when under the spell of prayer and praise, and devout meditation, the unhealthy retreat of the convent and the monastery would have a strong plea in their favour. But God has called us to live our life in the free air of open intercourse and with the great ordinance of hard work as a main feature in our worship of Him. And in this the calm, restful, trustful spirit of Christ our Master abides with us. He himself lived in a fevered environment the calmest and most placid of lives, never fleeing from a storm of human rage, never turning away from a scene of conflict or existing distress, never closing an ear to a cry of pain, or withholding a hand from a drowning man; ever active, ever earnest, ever industrious and ever peaceful, unworried, and unharmed. As Christ was in this world, He makes those who follow Him through like busy scenes under like active conditions. And this wonderful placidity of the Christian temper rests on solid principles. Christ sends us into the busy working world, as men of rectitude, as men of love and as men devoted, in all things, to the will of God. Righteousness, love, consecration to the divine will, are all springs of life that issue in quietness and confidence. And may we not affirm that where these principles are absent, or any one of them, there will be friction, irritation, fuss and weakness in all our work? There is therefore open to us in Christ, as busy, earnest men, workers, true

and honest, in this great workshop of a world, the power of a calm, strong life, where the step may be free, steady, and sure; where the eye may be pure, clear, and swift; where the judgment may be balanced and true; where the will may be reliable by being surrendered; and where fevered brain and heart are unknown.

This life of quietness and confidence is within our reach on reasonable conditions. We reach it by trust in Christ. We are aware that to many this is not an easy condition. Questions of a grave kind lie behind it. Is the record that represents Christ credible? Is the picture of Him as the God-Man reliable? Is the idea of atonement consistent with the honour of God and the state of human nature? Are the miracles of the Incarnation and the Resurrection sober facts? Those of us who, with our fathers, can answer these questions in the affirmative, are still in sympathy with the devout minds in doubt over them. This is not a place to grapple with these difficulties, and ours is not the pen to do it. We can only express the conviction that if a man waits till these difficulties are all removed from the intellectual side, before becoming a Christian, he will never enter into the Christian quietness and confidence of which we are writing. Inspiration, Incarnation, Atonement, Resurrection, are words for realities of which we cannot in this world know more than fragments. But in the Bible, and in history, and in our own spiritual discernment, we have evidence to satisfy us that Christ is trustworthy as the power and the pattern of our ideal life. On this evidence we are asked to make a complete and entire surrender of ourselves to Him. Trust goes out to Christ on the ground of His trustworthiness, and when He is made the rest and stay of our souls, many of the difficulties of the intellect concerning Him are removed by the witness of the heart and the testimony of the life. As Coleridge would say, He has found us. He holds us by the satisfaction of our whole spiritual man, and we realise that we only need to know more of Him, and to be more like Him, in order to be perfectly blessed. The great purpose of our life comes to be to trust and obey Him, and in this our life grows deep and calm.

And the conditions on which this life is sustained and developed are also reasonable and simple. We must at any cost secure for ourselves quiet spiritual resting-places for fellowship with Him whom we have chosen as Master. The quiet Sunday, the simple

worship of the church, the hour of quiet reading or meditation that lifts the heart to God, and the time of private prayer, are institutions in our Christian life that the world must not take from us. To give up these is practically to surrender all. If we are to be truly Christian in purpose and spirit in the activities of life, and if the calm temper of Christ is to be manifested by us in all circumstances, we must often stay the soul on God in seasons of face-to-face communion. These are not the only seasons in which the spiritual life is lived. Spirituality is the

underlying permanent element in the Christian life. But where such seasons never come round, and where there is a neglect of that life apart, in which things unseen and eternal are more to the soul than things seen and temporal, there will be very little of the Christian purpose and the Christian temper in what is called our common life. It is at such seasons, and in such communion, that we are endowed with grace to manifest in a busy, earnest world that we are Christ's living epistles of quietness and confidence.

"IT COULD NOT HAPPEN NOW."

FRE country ways had turned to street,

And long ere we were born,
A lad and lass would chance to meet,

Some merry April morn ;

The willows bowed to nudge the brook,

The cowslips nodded gay,

And he would look, and she would look,

And both would look away.

Yet each—and this is so absurd—

Would dream about the other,

And she would never breathe a word

To that good dame, her mother.

Our girls are wiser now.

'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,

Extremely strange, you must allow.

Dear me ! how modes and customs change ;

It could not happen now.

Next day that idle, naughty lass

Would re-arrange her hair,

And ponder long before the glass

Which bow she ought to wear ;

And often she'd neglect her task,

And seldom care to chat,

And make her mother frown, and ask,

"Why do you blush like that?"

And now she'd haunt with footsteps slow

That mead with cowslips yellow,

Down which she'd met a week ago

That stupid, staring fellow.

Our girls are wiser now.

'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,

Extremely strange, you must allow.

Dear me ! how modes and customs change !

It could not happen now.

And as for him, that foolish lad,

He'd hardly close an eye,

And look so woe-begone and sad,

He'd make his mother cry.

"He goes," she'd say, "from bad to worse !

My boy, so blithe and brave.

Last night I found him writing verse

About a lonely grave !"

And, lo ! next day her nerves he'd shock

With laugh and song, and caper ;

And there !—she'd find a golden lock

Wrapped up in tissue paper.

Our boys are wiser now.

'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,

Extremely strange, you must allow.

Dear me ! how modes and customs change !

It could not happen now.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

BISHOP KEN.

By FREDERIC W. FARRAR, D.D., ARCHDEACON AND CANON OF WESTMINSTER, ETC.

SECOND PAPER.

IN the year 1683, while Ken was living quietly at Winchester, the incident occurred which decided his future destiny. Charles II. designed to build a magnificent palace at Winchester, and he visited the city with the Duke of York and a crowd of courtiers. House-room was not easily provided for so many, and as Ken was now a royal chaplain, his prebendal house was fixed upon as a suitable lodging for Nell Gwyn. Ken refused to admit her. "A woman of ill-repute," he said, "ought not to be endured in the house

of a clergyman, least of all in that of the king's chaplain." "Will you not, then, comply with the king's demands?" he was asked. "Not for his kingdom," was the bold reply; and he rendered the attempt impossible by putting his house in the builder's hands and having the roof stripped off. Nell Gwyn was lodged in the house of the more compliant Dean, and every one thought that Ken's hopes of preferment were finally ruined. But Charles II., though a bad man, was no hypocrite. He knew Ken

of old. "I must go and hear little Ken tell me of my faults," he said when he went to listen to one of his sermons at Whitehall. Charles could respect in others the integrity and purity of which he was himself destitute.

In this same year Ken accepted the chaplaincy of the Fleet, and accompanied Lord

Dartmouth to Tangier in the hope of improving the morals of the soldiers and sailors in that sink of iniquity. At this period we have a few glimpses of him through the unsympathetic eyes of Samuel Pepys. But a change was at hand. In 1684 Bishop Morley died. Mews, Bishop of Bath and Wells, was promoted to the see of Winchester; and



After the Portrait engraved by Vertue.

(Print Room, British Museum.)

Bishop Ken.

when courtiers were applying to Charles for their friends for the vacant bishopric, Charles replied, "Odd's fish! I must have Bath and Wells for the little black fellow who would not give poor Nelly a lodging." He was consecrated on January 25, 1685. Evelyn shows us the brilliant scene of wickedness which was enacted in the long gallery of Whitehall on that Sunday evening, and on the Sunday evening following. It was a scene of inexpressible luxury and profaneness, which has been described in the vivid pages

of Macaulay and depicted by the glowing pencil of E. M. Ward. "I was witness," says Evelyn, "of the King, sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarin, &c.; a French boy singing love songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about 20 of the greatest courtiers and other dissolute persons were at Basset, round a large table, a bank of at least £2,000 in gold before them; upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflexions with astonishment. Six days after all was dust."



Medal to commemorate Acquittal of Seven Bishops.

For on February 2, Charles had an apopleptic stroke. Ken was summoned with other bishops, and for three days and nights he stayed by the King's bedside. "Ken spoke," says Bishop Burnet, who in general views him with but little admiration, "with great elevation both of thought and expression, like a man inspired." But the King was and had long been a Roman Catholic, and though, on Ken's remonstrance, he dismissed the Duchess of Portsmouth from his dying chamber, he listened with cold obstinacy even to Ken and Saneroft. They barely thought themselves justified in pronouncing the absolution over his imperfect penitence; but he made excuses when they urged him to receive the Lord's Supper. Finally, the room was emptied of its crowd of courtiers, the priest, Robert Huddleston, was smuggled in by a back stair, and Charles received the last rites of the Church of Rome.

Ken went to the beautiful palace of Bath and Wells. He was a poor man, and had to borrow the money for his fees and furniture. Instead of the usual wasteful consecration banquet, he sent £100 to the building of the new St. Paul's. The day had not yet come for that incessant routine of toil and feverish episcopal activity of which the initiative was given by the late Bishop Wilberforce; but Ken set a beautiful example of meekness and charity, and invited twelve poor men to dine with him every Sunday. On April 23, 1685, he walked beside the new king, James II., in the procession to the Abbey, and stood by the steps of the throne at the consecration. During the wretched and ill-starred rebellion of Monmouth he distinguished himself by deeds of mercy to the unhappy prisoners. On July 15, 1688, he was appointed to attend

Monmouth at his execution, and he tried to do his duty faithfully, but seems to have shown less tact and sympathy than usual. After this followed the horrors of the Bloody Assize. Ken had the courage to remonstrate with the brutal Jeffrey, and when his appeals were unavailing, he devoted himself to the task of alleviating, to the utmost of his power, the anguish of the miserable victims. He also exerted himself to collect funds for the French Protestants, of whom thousands had been reduced to destitution by the bigotry and despotism of Louis XIV., when he revoked the Edict of Nantes on October 18, 1685. He still continued the life of a loving pastor and strict ascetic. Even when he visited London it was noted of him—

"Whilst other prelates ride in brave carosse,
On foot this humble-minded prelate goes."

The quiet round of his episcopal duties was rudely disturbed by the King's first Declaration of Indulgence, on April 4, 1687. At first many of the Dissenters were deceived by an act which had no other purpose than that to which, with headstrong fanaticism, James devoted his whole heart—the total subversion of the Protestant religion. Both at Bath and at Whitehall Ken preached sermons which were intended as manifestoes on behalf of the Church of England. On April 25, 1688, James issued his second Declaration. He tried to pose as the apostle of toleration and liberty of conscience, while he was usurping an illegal power to dispense with the test of office imposed by Parliament, and was straining every nerve to fill all the important dignities in the kingdom with Romanists and time-servers. Unhappily for himself, and happily for England, James ordered the clergy to read his second Declaration aloud in their churches. The clergy, almost to a man, refused, and thereby saved



Reverse Side of Medal.

the liberties of England. The unanimous courage shown by nearly the whole body of the London incumbents was chiefly due to the manly determination of Fowler, Vicar of St. Giles, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester, who, at a meeting of the clergy, got up and said that whoever read the document he would not. Then it was that Sancroft summoned to Lambeth as many bishops as could be convened. On May 18 the seven bishops—Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, Lloyd of St. Asaph, Turner of Ely, Lake of Chichester, Ken, White of Peterborough, and Trelawney of Bristol—signed their memorial petition, and taking it with them, dropped down the river from Lambeth to Whitehall. Sunderland refused to read it to the King, but informed him that the bishops were present. With the same blindness which marked all his conduct, he expected only some flattering acceptance of his cherished design, so that though it was past ten at night he graciously received them. They presented their petition kneeling. He bade them rise, and as he read it grew agitated with rage and disappointment. "This is a standard of rebellion. I am a king; I will be obeyed. Is this your Church of England loyalty? This is a great surprise to me. I did not expect it from some of you;" and then, in his usual fashion, he went on reiterating the sentence, "This is a standard of rebellion." At last Trelawney grew indignant, and answered with great spirit. Ken pleaded with the angry king with calm and noble dignity; and when his arguments were of no avail he simply said, "God's will be done!"

The bishops retired to Lambeth by water, and next morning found to their amazement that some one—was it Sunderland?—had treacherously made their petition public, and that the hawkers were selling it in the streets of London to enraptured thousands.

It is needless to repeat the thrilling story of what took place on the following Sunday, or to narrate the trial of the seven bishops, which every one has read with breathless interest in the matchless narrative of Macaulay. For some time Ken was one of the most prominent men in the kingdom, and during those days of anxiety, and amid the blaze of popularity which followed it, no word escaped him which was unworthy of his stainless reputation.

Then followed the Revolution. On November 5th, 1688, William, Prince of Orange, landed at Torbay. On December 18th James fled. Ken took no part in the Revolution.

He joined, indeed, in the unanimous vote for the declaration "that it was found by experience to be inconsistent with the safety and welfare of the Protestant religion to be governed by a Popish prince;" but he was in favour of a regency, which was the secret wish of Mary herself—and he would not declare the throne vacant. William, however, refused to be "his wife's gentleman usher," and said that if he was not made king he would simply leave the nation to itself, and to the tender mercies of James. The resolution was then passed "that William and Mary should be declared King and Queen." Ken was one of the twelve bishops who protested against it. He opposed the new oaths which were required of the clergy, which all but a few of the bishops ultimately took. Among these were Sancroft, White, Frampton, Lloyd, Turner, and himself. On February 12th Ken left the House of Lords for ever and retired to Wells.

His final decision was not arrived at without hesitation, and for this hesitation he was "vehemently assaulted and suspected by both sides." In 1689 he went up to London to consult his old and dear friend Dr. Hooper, Rector of Lambeth, who had taken the oaths. He never withdrew his love and respect from those who in a question of difficulty took a different side from his own, and one evening the Rector almost persuaded him to yield. Next morning, however, he told Hooper that while he did not question that he and others had taken the oaths with a good conscience, he must beg his friend to urge him no more, "for should I be persuaded to comply, and after see reason to repent, you would make me the most miserable man in the world." Upon which the Doctor said, "he would never mention the subject any more to him, for God forbid he should take them."

Intellectually Ken was in the wrong, but morally, with the views which he had always entertained, he was supremely in the right. Like other saints of God, he was desperately afraid lest his interests should tempt him into the opposite direction from his duties, and the fact that by taking the oaths he had nothing to lose and everything to gain, constituted to his tender conscience an argument of overwhelming force against his doing so.

He was allowed to stay at Bath and Wells for a year, and efforts were made to find some *modus vivendi* by which the deprivation might be avoided. It was in vain. On April 5, 1691, the non-juring bishops were



Bishop's Palace, Wells.

deprived, and in June, 1691, Richard Kidder was appointed to the bishopric, which meanwhile Beveridge, out of respect to Ken, had declined. Kidder said afterwards that "he had often repented of accepting it, and looked on it as a great infelicity." On November 26, 1703, he and his wife were killed as they lay in bed by the fall of a stack of chimneys, blown down upon the roof of the palace by the storm of that tremendous night.

Ken retired to poverty and homelessness. He had as a bishop distributed his income in the cause of charity, and from his six years' episcopate he took nothing away but £700, which accrued to him from the sale of his effects. He used to be seen going on a "sorry nag," and in a threadbare cassock, yet he was not wholly unhappy. He had made a great sacrifice in the cause of conscience. He was welcomed into the houses of his brother Non-jurors, and also of those who continued to be his loving friends though they had taken the oaths. His chief home was the stately residence of his friend, Lord Weymouth, at Longleat, and Longleat derives a far deeper and sweeter interest from the fact that it gave shelter to a saint than from all the other annals of its noble owners. He meekly

bore the taunts and persecutions of the Anti-jacobites, and lived for some time a life of danger. Yet he stoutly resisted the attempt of some of his non-juring brethren to perpetuate the schism by the clandestine consecration of two others as bishops, and he bore all the odium of refusing to go to extremes with his own party.

A gleam of brighter happiness shone on his closing years. On September 6, 1701, James H. died, and he was followed to the grave by William on March 8, 1702. Queen Anne was kindly disposed towards him, and, after the death of Kid-

der, in accordance with his own wishes, the vacant Bishopric of Bath and Wells was offered to his old friend, Dr. Hooper. There is no doubt that he might himself have been restored to it, but he had long determined to end the non-juring schism by a voluntary resignation. He urged his friend to accept it, and resigned. He writes,

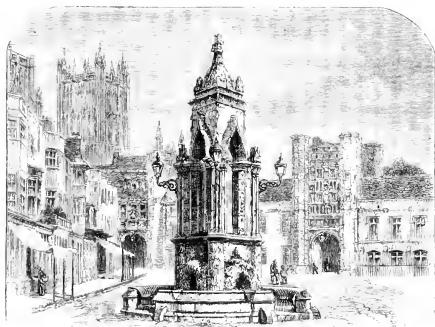
"I crushed by state-decrees, and grieved with pain,
The pastoral toil unable to sustain,
More gladly off the hallow'd burden -shake,
Than I at first the weight could undertake."

But Ken was not forgotten. The Queen, at Bishop Hooper's suggestion, gave him a pension of £200 a year from the Treasury. Ken, now old and in feeble health, to whom Lord Weymouth had already granted an annuity of £80 a year, accepted the kindly offer, and the last seven years of his life, after the fourteen years of trial which had elapsed since his deprivation, were passed in peace and comfort. On March 10, 1711, he became conscious that death was near, and spent the evening in destroying all of his papers which were likely to perpetuate any bitterness. On March 19, at Longleat, he peacefully breathed his last. On March 21, twelve poor men bore his body to the quiet grave in Frome Selwood. His funeral and

his tomb were of the humblest description, in accordance with the character of his life and his own desire.

So passed away the "seraphic doctor" of the English Church. It has been said that by his three hymns—the Morning, Evening, and the less known Midnight Hymn—he has conferred a greater benefit upon posterity than if he had founded three hospitals. It had always been his devout and earnest wish that the saints of God might praise God in words of his; and that wish has been abundantly granted. His other poems, though they are always beautiful in sentiment and often bright in language, are practically dead. They are poems of a saint, but of one who did not possess "the vision and the faculty divine" of the poet. But it was not in vain that he, like another displaced bishop to whom he compares himself—St. Gregory of Nazianzus—devoted to sacred song what he calls "the small dolorous remnant of my days." There is a value in the thoughts which he expressed apart from the too prosaic verse in which he enshrined them, and they brought him the most powerful anodynes for his many sorrows. If ever he were inclined to sigh that he had been unable to take that view of duty which had been innocently taken by the great majority of the English clergy, and among them by not a few for whom he felt the deepest regard, yet, on the other hand, he must have felt that he had been ennobled and purified by suffering, tried by fire even as silver is tried, that every speck of dross may be purged away. A saint's career hardly ever seems to be perfect unless it be crowned by sorrow. Ken rebuked the Duke of Monmouth, and stood beside him on the scaffold. He had been the spiritual director of Queen Mary; he had been honoured by Queen Anne; he had changed into admiration the sullen dislike of William III.; he had braved the narrow, gloomy,

and remorseless fanaticism of James II., after sharing in his coronation; he had faithfully told Charles II. his faults while he lived, and exhorted him to repentance as he lay dying. But though he stood before kings he never could and never would be a courtier. One king imprisoned, another deprived him. Thus he had played his part like a man on the glaring stage of success and publicity, but his figure acquires a yet more heroic and pathetic grandeur as he faces poverty and exile from his home, and devotes the last twenty-one years of his life to song, and piety, and meditation. The Church of England owes him a deep debt for the holy example which shed around him a far brighter lustre than his mitre could confer, and she will ever remember with gratitude that after he had shared with his non-juring brethren their great self-sacrifice, his exquisite moderation and charity healed the schism which otherwise might have been continued for many years. He is perhaps the loveliest figure in an age full of moral catastrophe, and there is no reward which he could have more desired than the one which God has granted to him—that as for the past two centuries so for many a generation yet to



Market Place, Wells

come, it is in *his* words that in many an English home the outgoings of the morning and evening shall praise God.

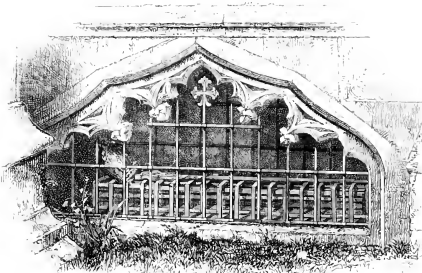
In this paper we have only given the

briefest outline of his life ; but all who love his memory will find their reverence for him fully gratified in the new biography by the Dean of Wells. I will end by quoting two verses from the graceful lines upon his grave by the late Lord Houghton :—

" Who was this father of the church,
So secret in his glory ?
In vain might antiquarians search
For record of his story ;
But precious tradition keeps
The fame of holy men ;
S'there the Christian mules
and weeps
For love of Bishop Ken.

" A name his country once
forsook,
But now with joy inherits,
Confessor in the church's
book
And Martyr in the
Spirit's !

That dared with royal powers to cope,
In peaceful faith persisting,
A braver Becket—who could hope
To conquer unresisting."



Bishop Ken's Tomb in Frome Selwood.

SAVED AS BY FIRE.

By E. M. MARSH, AUTHOR OF "MARAH," "EDELWEISS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.—DOT'S PROPOSAL.

BLIND ! St. Maur fell back on his pillow and struggled with this new terror. He tried to face it, to grapple with it. Never had his belief in an all-pervading, all-embaciating goodness, received such a blow. Oh, the cruelty of it ! What had he done that this great source of joy should be closed for him ?

A blind artist ! Serried ranks of doubt stood up with sharp and jagged points like the Merlin Scars to shipwreck his faith. All his life he had gloried in overcoming difficulties, but then he had not been deprived of light and beauty ; nature had filled in all the gaps that might have been wanting to round his existence. Oh, that he had died instead of living an animate log, moving at the will of another ! He seemed to have no foothold—none. Instead of grasping anything solid, his hands were full of treacherous seaweed ; the rocks he thought invulnerable had turned to crumbling sandstone. He heard once more the roar of the waves, the breaking up of the schooner, a sudden blow, and—darkness. "Oh, Christ, have mercy !" was all he could say, and out of the darkness a voice came clear as if spoken aloud,

"Be still, and know that I am God."

And there was a great calm. He lay as in a trance ; he had fought a hand-to-hand

fight and had been conquered, lying helpless at his victor's feet, expecting nothing but a sharp stroke and then the end ; but the blade was turned aside and the face of a friend looked down on him, a cool hand was laid upon his heated brow. The eyes of his imagination seemed vivified when his outward sight was blotted out. As if in beatific vision he could say, "I have seen the Christ."

"Thus far" he had been permitted to act, now he must learn to endure. But the sorest part of the trial was that "Thus far" was said to his art, that which had crowned his life with glory and delight, his greater self, the outcome of all his thoughts that had beautified and idealised his very being.

"Know that I am God." Had he not recognised Him in the sunshine and seen Him in every flower ? Was He hid because a cloud had dimmed the sun ? What would his painting have been without one grey tint ? and was his life to be one unclouded joy ? Would it not be but a poor work of art, this life of his in the end, if the shadows were left out ? Yes ; he could "be still." So Dot found him. She had fled to her room and flung open the casement ; she would suffocate.

"It can't be true," she moaned. "It can't be true !"

Then a strange gleam like a sudden flash of the westerling sun woke in her face, gradually settling into a grave, sweet earnestness of purpose, the grey of the twilight that promises a brighter morning. When she saw the peaceful look on *Cœur de Lion's* face, she fancied he could not have understood.

"Is that you, Dorothy?" he asked. He often forgot the "Miss" now.

"It is I, my lord. I will wait with you till Sir Bernard comes back, if you care to have me."

"I feel like imprisoning a bird to keep you caged in a sick-room, little one."

She made no answer; a slight sob choked her voice. He glanced up anxiously. "Dorothy, what are you crying for? Sit down. I want to ask you a question."

Was it about his sight? No; he only asked quietly—

"Was it a protest against my words that made you take my hand that night? It was you, was it not?"

If he could only have seen her blush! She managed to stammer, "It was not true, you know."

He half laughed. "How do you know it was not? Who would care if I were in my grave to-morrow? My next heir would probably say, 'Poor fellow!' and then set about claiming his inheritance."

"Care! Why Mamsell, and Sir Bernard, and Phyllis, and—" she pulled up abruptly. "Oh, it is cruel to say we should not care!" She felt safe in the universal "we."

"And you took the trouble to go all the way to the cliff to show me I was not utterly unthought of?"

"I had not said good-night to you, and I pictured you drowned—dead—as I thought you were when I held you."

She had gone on impulsively, feeling as if she must speak out all the pain of that terrible night; but all that might be implied in her words struck her suddenly. She paused in confusion, then went on hurriedly, "I mean when the doctor was looking at you."

"Dorothy, you were not down in that crowd and storm the whole time?" His tone was impatiently eager.

Tears brimmed over the girl's eyes. Now he thought her unmaidenly.

"Was it wrong?" she pleaded. "I could not, indeed I could not stay away. Fancy, if you had been brought home dead!" Her voice sank to a whisper. "It would have killed me; I know it would." She spoke passionately, then shrank into a corner. How

she had betrayed herself! She was on the point of darting off, when Lord St. Maur's voice arrested her.

"Humming-bird, where are you? Give me your hand."

She went forward and laid her small fingers in his.

"Dorothy, do you know that I am blind?" He felt a tremor go through her. "Do you not think I had better have died?"

"Ah, no, no!" she answered piteously.

"Why not? It had been better surely than to live a lonely, sightless man, a trouble to others."

"I wish I had four legs," interrupted Dot. She must say something to prevent herself crying or becoming sentimental, she dared not give way.

St. Maur looked surprised. It seemed a somewhat heartless remark. "Why?"

"I might be your dog Tray then."

"Poor little chained dog," he said, half playfully, half tenderly.

"Chained, no; it would be better than liberty elsewhere."

"You have a self-sacrificing disposition, Dorothy."

"Self-sacrificing, I? You are laughing at me, my lord."

It seemed to matter little to her now that he knew she loved him, he would pass on and forget; only if she could be his little dog Tray, to wait upon him, to guide him, to cheer him and make him smile as she had often done, at any rate until he was strong enough to find one of his own seeking in his own sphere. What noble lady in the land would not be proud to be his second sight? and now he mocked her with the term self-sacrifice, when it would be the glory of her life to look back upon the time when she had been useful to him. How could he understand her presumption? She tried to disengage her hand, but found it held more firmly.

"Laughing at you! you move me almost to tears. Child, do you know what you are doing, offering to throw away your fresh young life upon one maimed, whom you would have to lead about? You tempt me sorely to say, come and be my eyes, my joy, my wife; but my dog Tray must be some hireling, not my winsome Dorothy Mark ham."

He let go her hand. Dot listened in amazement, wondering delight, and tremulous doubts and fears. Had she misunderstood him? When he loosened his clasp, she felt like a child who has lost its way. She

sunk on her knees and laid her forehead on his strong right hand; it moved, and was laid tenderly upon the bowed head.

"Dorothy," he said softly, "do you love me?"

"My lord," she answered humbly, "I am only a little flower for you to pluck or throw away as you will; but if not yours, none else's."

"I will pluck you and wear you in my bosom." Her whole frame vibrated to his words. "Little bird, are you afraid of me? Nestle close, your home is in my heart." Then he sighed wearily.

"Dorothy, I cannot see you; it seems but cruel kindness."

He felt her lips touch his sightless eyes. With his one free arm he drew her towards him, and for a moment her soft cheek rested against his. Then she hastily disengaged herself; she had heard footsteps. Springing to the door she encountered Miss Dallas, and nearly upset the old lady's equilibrium by flinging her arms round her neck and giving her a great hug; but before Mamsell could expostulate Dot had darted down the stair, and without hat or cloak had disappeared into the garden.

"That madeap child!" exclaimed Miss Dallas, as she went up to Lord St. Maur. "I thought Bernard was here; you have surely not been alone all this while?"

"No. Dorothy went away for a short time, but came back to keep me company."

"I really shall have to tell her she is no longer a child, to fly in and out of a gentleman's room in this way. You must excuse her, my lord, she is so unsophisticated and guileless."

"Had she not better remain so?" replied St. Maur quietly. "But I hope you will not scold her now, Miss Dallas; it does not matter, for Humming-bird is going to be my dog Tray."

"Your what?"

St. Maur lightly touched his eyes. "Do you not know, my dear friend, that these are useless?"

"I feared it," she answered gravely; "but perhaps it may be only temporary. I have heard of such cases."

"Oh, that it might be so! But I will not think of it lest it should be an illusory hope. I have had a hard struggle to say, it is well; but I have said it and now I am content, for Dorothy came and said to be my dog Tray would be an enviable position, so as I thought her worthy of a higher station I have asked her to be my wife, and she has

not said no. It seems almost wicked to bind her to a blind man, but the temptation was too strong."

"I cannot realise her as anything but a child," said Miss Dallas, with astonishment depicted on her countenance. "I should as soon think of Dot with a toy as with a coronet."

St. Maur smiled. "I think she has shown a brave, womanly spirit lately, dear friend."

"Yes, she has. You are sure, my lord, that it is more than mere fancy or gratitude for her evident delight in ministering to you that has prompted your offer? I should be sorry for dear Joy Markham's daughter to be the plaything of an hour. Forgive my question, it implies no doubt of you, but your generous heart might be deceived."

He extended his hand. "If regaining my eyesight entailed the loss of my little Dorothy, I would remain blind; will that content you?"

"Dot will indeed be a happy woman," said Miss Dallas. "My dear lord, she is the luckiest girl I know; she has the making of a fine character, and to no one could the moulding of it be better entrusted than to yourself."

"You flattering Mamsell! as those who love you call you," said he with a gleam of his old gaiety in his face. "I feel a new man," he continued, "and when Bernard comes back we will have a talk about these eyes of mine, and you will let me see, I mean feel, Dorothy's presence as much as I can; she is like a draught of wine to me, and small as her hand is, you can't imagine how cool and firm it feels, soft to the touch yet reassuring and strong. Hush, I hear her fluttering outside, half afraid to enter; it is wonderful how one can hear when one can't see. This world is made up of compensations. May she come in?"

Miss Dallas went to the door. Shyly glad, with a tremulous smile on her lips and a flitting colour on her cheeks, Dot faced the old lady.

"Come in, dear child, you lucky child!"

"Mamsell," she whispered, "I am so glad he's blind."

"Naughty girl. Why?"

"Because it is a sort of handicap, like points in billiards. And even then I am far behind."

"You enigmatical Dot," said Miss Dallas, smiling.

The girl stepped up to the bed. He raised her hand softly to his lips as she bent forward, saying,

"Cœur de Lion, the sailor and the boy Ben are going away to-morrow, they want to see you and thank you. May they come up? They are with Sir Bernard."

"Don't let them know I can't see, it might distress them," was his reply. "Let them come by all means."

If gratitude could have made up to St. Maur for what he had suffered he would have been well repaid, and after hearing the sailor's story his sympathetic nature felt in great measure rewarded.

Ben was the son of a woman the man had loved from boyhood, but when she grew up she married his more favoured rival. Two years previously to the wreck she had been left a widow in straitened circumstances, and he had again asked her to be his wife. She had refused him, telling him he was worth better than a second love; but he had persisted, and nothing contenting Ben but a seafaring life, he had promised to be surety for the lad on condition that she would have him if he brought her son back in safety.

Tears rolled down the rugged fellow's cheeks as he almost blessed St. Maur for giving the boy life and himself happiness. St. Maur's threatened blindness had got wind in the village and this added piquancy to the man's distress. It was a trying interview, and very angry was the doctor that it had been permitted; so as a punishment "Cœur de Lion" was kept extra quiet. Dot did not mind, for she was allowed to wait on him, and soon learnt with deft fingers to dress his wounds and bandage his arm. By the time he was stronger she had quite regained her elasticity, and teased and tormented him into temporary oblivion of his being an invalid; but under all her gaiety was a gnawing anxiety to hear the verdict of the oculist who was sent for from London. She felt angry with herself for not wishing it to be favourable, it was so wicked; but she could not help it, for then Lord St. Maur would not need her. She had not in the least realised that he loved her, irrespective of the use she could be. He had accepted her sacrifice, as he termed it, and that was enough for her; but if he could see again, he might regret that he had in a fit of generosity, fostered by his weakness, bound himself to her. Had she not, in fact, proposed to him? It had seemed an easy thing to do when he was blind—he could not see her blushes; but oh! to face him and meet his eyes! She would run away and hide rather. She inspected herself in the mirror and frowned

at her image; she measured her height from the ground, and stretched her small figure to its utmost, and put on her highest-heeled shoes; but with it all she could not make it much more than five feet.

"Ridiculous!" she cried, and gave her foot its customary little stamp of determination and annoyance. "Yes," shaking her head at her reflection, "simply ridiculous. Dorothy Markham, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You Lady St. Maur, indeed! Poof! only a midge, when he ought to marry a queen or a duchess. You are perhaps fit to be his little dog Tray, but not his countess!"

She gave a short laugh, more satirical than mirthful, then the large brown eyes filled with tears; she extended her arms as if in renunciation, calling St. Maur by the name she had never used to himself. "Geoffrey, dear love, I will only stay as long as I can be of help to you, and then——"

* Open, Father; I am come
Broken-hearted to my home. *

St. Maur thought it was anxiety on his behalf that made her so quiet and yet so tenderly watchful of his every need that day on which his fate was to be known. While the oculist was with him Dot wandered into every vacant room from sheer restlessness—it seemed life or death with her.

At last she heard Miss Dallas calling. In the old lady's beaming face she read her doom.

"Dear child, it is better than we could have hoped. Mr. Carstairs calls it displacement of the retina, I think, requiring a careful operation, but with every prospect of success."

Dot shrank at that word, but Miss Dallas continued cheerfully:

"He will have to be kept quiet for some weeks, and then he will probably be as well as ever again."

"When is the operation to be?" asked Dot calmly.

"To-morrow."

Save for her old nervous trick of twining her fingers in each other the girl showed no emotion. She stood gazing out of the window at the growing dusk, then with strangely laggard step left the room. Slowly she mounted the stairs and paused a moment at St. Maur's door; a sigh, almost a sob, escaped her, and passing by, she put on her things and went out.

She walked up the cliff and stood staring at the sea. It looked so cold, so like some

face on which the grey tints of death were settling down, that she shivered. She hardly knew which was worse, this calm aspect or when lashed into fury—there was action there, something to do, something to battle against. Now it was death. Wearily she wended her way back. “*Cœur de Lion*” must find no change in her; her face, thank God, he could not see.

How cheery the house looked when she returned! Hope gleamed in the lamplight that shone on the pretty china tea-service; hope danced in the brightly burning fire and seemed reflected in Miss Dallas’s kindly face, and spoke in the cheery ring of her voice as she welcomed the girl.

“Just in time to give us ‘the cup that cheers but not inebriates,’ my dear. Is Bernard still with Lord St Maur?”

“I do not know; I have not been in.”

“No?” The old lady looked surprised. “When you take up his tea, you can tell Bernard his is ready. I must apologise; Mr. Carstairs, Miss Markham.”

Dot bowed frigidly. She hated the man who was to bring back light to “*Cœur de Lion*” and plunge her into darkness.

Soon she rose and found her way to the invalid’s room. Eagerly St. Maur said, “Naughty Dorothy, why have you not been to congratulate me?”

“I felt restless and went for a walk. I remained out longer than I intended.”

“Were you so fearful the verdict would be unfavourable? Ah, I shall see to paint once more! Think of it, Humming-bird, are you not glad?”

“Do you require me to tell you? How can I but rejoice?”

There was that in the sound of her voice that told St. Maur’s quick ear something was amiss. He nearly scalded himself in drinking his tea quickly, lest she should disappear before he had finished.

As he handed her back the cup she said gently,

“Won’t you rest? You have done too much to-day. I will sit by the fire and not disturb you till Sir Bernard comes back.”

His only reply was to take her hand; it felt icy cold; then he passed his fingers over her face, the cheeks were flushed and the eyelashes wet.

“Convicted,” he said quietly. “Sit down by me—so.”

She seated herself in a low chair by his side.

“Humming-bird, are you sorry that your self-sacrifice will not be needed, and that

after all I shall not require my little dog Tray?”

Poor Dorothy! her worst fears were realised. He would not want her now. She had once showed that she loved him, now she could be brave to hide it. He had been generous in his response to her outspoken desire to give herself up to him; he would have been good to his little wife, she knew; though he might regret the bond he would not show it to her; he liked to caress and pet her as a child, but he would want a noble, clever woman for his life’s companion, and she was neither; so she answered simply,

“I would not have minded, but of course it is better for you; you always made me think of the sun-god; joy always seemed to flow from you, and you will be glad again, ‘*Cœur de Lion*,’ and make others glad.”

“My little Dorothy,” he said tenderly, “I shall never forget that you were willing to bind yourself to a blind man. Thank God, for your sake, that you will not be called upon for your sacrifice; I always felt I was asking too much.”

Dot did not wait for the conclusion of the sentence, but hastily left her place; she could endure no more. As she softly kissed his hand a big tear fell upon it that she had been vainly struggling to keep back by winking her eyelashes. Before he could call her, so great was his astonishment, she had swiftly left the room. While he lay in his easy-chair distressed that he could not rush after her to ask an explanation, she was on her couch stuffing her handkerchief into her mouth to try and stifle the sobs that nearly choked her. It was all over. St. Maur’s words, in their cruel kindness, had pierced her through and through. She could only weep helplessly, hopelessly. She had thought herself so brave, but the poor little heart was well-nigh broken. Gradually her sobs died away, and she remained still and passive; she felt as if everything were paralysed, all her powers of impulse suddenly frozen in their course. She wanted to be still for ever, to lie still till she died. “*Cœur de Lion*” no longer required her sacrifice! Oh, that dreadful word!

How long she lay she did not know. When the maid went in with hot-water as a signal for dressing for dinner, she asked her to tell Miss Dallas that she had a headache, and begged to be excused.

Now as Dot had never had a headache in her life, Miss Dallas immediately went to see what was the matter. She found the room in darkness, the fire nearly out, and Dot

in her favourite position, stretched on the hearthrug. There was such utter abandonment and exhaustion in the attitude that Miss Dallas felt alarmed. She stooped over her and laid her hand upon the girl's head. It felt in a burning fever. She lifted heavy eyes to her friend's face, hardly seeming to recognise her at first, than she started up.

"Oh, Mamsell, you should not have troubled, I am all right, only a little cold."

The old lady looked at her earnestly.

"Dot, there is something on your mind. I have noticed it all day. Have you and Lord St. Maur quarrelled; or are you selfish enough to wish to keep him in darkness for the sake of being necessary to him?"

Dot's lips quivered.

"It does seem wicked," she exclaimed passionately, "but I can't be glad, no, I cannot!" she continued vehemently. "I did not expect him to love me as much as I love him; how could he? but so long as he was blind he needed me, but now I am only little Dot Markham again. He said he should never forget my willingness to sacrifice myself for him, but he no longer needed his little dog Tray. Did he think I would bind him to his word? It was only because I felt something within me that told I could brighten his life that I let him see. Why, I nearly asked him to marry me. At least I showed plainly that a prison with him would be better than liberty without him, and he calls it still a sacrifice! I his wife! I was crazy to think of it. He will go out into the world again and find a noble woman whom he can love. Dear Mamsell, let him think it was only a child's passing fancy. I will go home. I would not wound him for the world. I find I am not so brave as I thought."

Her sobs broke out afresh. Miss Dallas stroked the curly hair that was tossed and tumbled about with reckless disregard of tidiness.

"Dot, do you know you are but a child after all. I think you are wronging Lord St. Maur. You must have misunderstood him, or your preconceived ideas have coloured your views of his words. I will tell you what he said to me when I asked him whether he was certain of himself, and you can judge of the depth of his affection. He said, 'If to regain my eyesight entailed the loss of my little Dorothy, I would remain blind.'"

Dot sprang up with a cry of joy, her eyes flashing like lightning through a thunder shower. But again her face shadowed over.

"Mamsell, I am not worthy; he is so great and good."

"Gaining or losing his sight does not alter that fact, my dear."

"No, but I get no points." A faint tinge of sauciness gleamed in her smile. "Then you think he will want me whether I am of use to him or not?"

"You silly child!" exclaimed Miss Dallas, patting her cheek; "men don't marry women only for their utility."

"No, perhaps not," said Dot humbly, "but then you see, I am not even accomplished, and only five feet high. I thought he might not see my imperfections and idealise me, but there seems no chance of that."

Then she brightened up.

"I will tell him, if when he sees me again he is disappointed, not to mind saying so. I will try and bear it. I will go and say it at once, it will relieve my mind."

The dinner-bell rang. Dot looked dismayed at her tumbled garb and dishevelled hair.

"It does not matter," said the old lady kindly, "you can dine with Lord St. Maur."

Dot clapped her hands, and hastily arranging her dress, went to St. Maur's room. She opened the door very softly and crept in on tip-toe. All her nervousness had come back. She felt inclined to run away again. St. Maur was impatiently waiting, wondering what he had said to grieve his little Dorothy, when he heard a sigh, and a tremulous whisper of "*Cœur de Lion*."

"Dorothy," he cried, "little bird, where did you fly to? You have deserted me nearly all day."

"Did you miss me?" she said softly.

"Miss you! how could I do otherwise?"

"Perhaps now; but soon you will not want your little dog Tray."

Again that sigh; and this time it seemed akin to tears.

It began to dawn upon St. Maur what the girl's trouble was. It seemed so utterly incomprehensible to him that she should so have misunderstood his love for her that he could only hold her silently in his loving clasp. Then he drew her down closer till his lips almost touched her cheek, saying,

"Dorothy, am I to lose my wife because I gain my sight? cruel Dorothy!"

She rubbed her curly head against his shoulder, then said shyly,

"You are quite, quite sure you want me for a wife?"

"Who else?" giving her a gentle squeeze.

"Why, somebody grand and clever: a big."

"How was it you did not discover I re-

quired so much before you proposed to me?"

A mischievous smile crossed his lips.

"I only proposed to be your dog Tray. I did not expect——"

The rest of the sentence was lost as she burrowed her head farther out of sight.

"You did not expect that I should want some one, little and piquant and brave. Child, look at me, I like to feel your eyes, though I cannot see them. When I heard that I should regain my sight, my first thought was that I was not dead to my art, you were not first simply because I believed I should have my wife in any case; but next, in the delight of seeing, was the fact that I could watch each ripple on your speaking face, could see it blush and answer to my every thought, could gaze into the eyes that from the first moment I saw them were like lode-stars to me. What do you think brought me here and kept me here? Some one who is not grand nor big, but quite clever enough to keep my intellect from rusting, some one who like the *minosa* vibrates to every passing breath or faintest touch. If I am Apollo, that some one is my lyre. Dorothy, you are the music of my life. I had expected a truer note of joy than ever to-day, but instead, some jarring chord has marred its harmony. What is it, little one?"

Dot had remained quite still while he spoke, his voice and words were like heavenly melodies to her tired, craving heart. Her only answer was to stroke his face contemplatively, then as he did not speak but seemed to like the process, she remarked coaxingly,

"*Cœur de Lion*, will you say just once, 'Dorothy, I love you better than any one else in the world, and I will try not to be disappointed with you when I see you again?'"

She seemed so much in earnest that St. Maur gratified her by repeating it very gravely. Then he kissed her over and over again, as if by that means to express what mere words could not say.

Oh, the happy weeks that followed, so peaceful and so still, so unruffled! Geoffrey St. Maur always looked back to them as to a time of rest, a putting aside to strengthen for life's work: he could look back and thank God.

At last the day came when he was to see the unclouded light of day, when his eyes could bear the garish sunshine. To say that Dot looked in her mirror oftener and longer on that morning than she had ever done before would not be a libel. She put on

her brown plush dress—he liked her in brown, she knew—then she robbed the small greenhouse of some of its choicest gold chrysanthemums and fastened them in her lace ruffle. When this was accomplished she surveyed herself from top to toe in Miss Dallas's bedroom, where there was a pier-glass. After a critical examination of the whole effect, she heaved a great sigh, and with a melodramatic sweep of her hand, remarked aloud,

"Well, if he is not satisfied, I cannot help it. I can't do better."

Then she went with a beating heart to the sitting-room.

Once again Geoffrey St. Maur looked out upon God's world; the winter sun shone mildly yet cheerfully, not sufficient to make a glare, but sufficient to gladden and give a clear sparkle to the water. With intuitive sympathy he had been left alone to look upon the face of his friend, his fair goddess, Nature; but for once she did not satisfy, he was just beginning to listen for a well-known sound, when he heard a light footfall, the handle of the door moved hesitatingly. He kept his back turned, to see what she would do. She went swiftly up to where he sat, and placed her hands across his eyes.

"Guess!"

He leant his head back, and she saw the smile upon his lips as he said,

"My Dorothy."

Her hands fell down, and his eyes looked into hers. Oh, they were as blue as ever, and their light seemed to dazzle her as she started back and deprecatingly put up her hand, giving signs of precipitate flight, but he sprang up, and caught her in his arms.

"Humming-bird, your wings are clipped, come and let me look at you."

He held her from him, and gazed his fill at the dainty little figure, the glowing, brilliant face. At first she kept her eyes down, but as a flower is drawn upward to the sunlight, so at last they were lifted as if unwillingly, half-pleading, half-roguish in their expression. How he revelled in every dimple, in the short curly hair that would stray at its sweet will in spite of every effort to keep it within bounds, in the sweep of the long lashes, and the exquisite curves of the rosy mouth that seemed made for kissing! But she could not bear his gaze longer, she drooped and paled.

"*Cœur de Lion*," she pleaded.

Then he showed some compunction.

"My little brown bird, my precious little Dorothy, *Cœur de Lion's* Queen of Hearts!"

She nestled in his arms.

"Geoffrey, you are not disappointed?"

He dropped on one knee before her.

"Countess, I kiss your hand."

She laid hers on his head.

"My true knight!"

Then she stooped and for the first time kissed him on the lips.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—ON PILGRIMAGE.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE in Paris—a typical Christmas, of keen frost, of ruddy faces and rubicund noses. It was about four o'clock, and a never-ceasing flow of pedestrians patrolled the streets, preferring locomotion on the pavement to trusting themselves to the four-footed animals sliding along on the slippery asphalt. Everything looked so cheerful, everybody wore an air of gaiety, those who had plenty of money and those who had not looked forward to *étrennes*, whether costing one thousand or one single franc mattered not to the recipients, both would be equally pleased; the value of a gift depending very much upon one's monetary horizon, a single piece of silver looming as large in the eyes of a half-starved child as a hundred thousand in those of a millionaire.

Phyllis heard the children's laughter and exclamations of delight as they inspected the brilliantly-lit and decorated shops, with an answering thrill of joy. She had been making little purchases to take home with her, for she had promised to be at Castlemount e'er the old year had been tolled to his funeral. And it was Christmas-tide. How differently spent from the last! yet she was not unhappy, though she had gained and lost so much; the gain would remain, the loss only be for a time, and so she looked at the representations of the Babe in the manger, or with outstretched hands seated on the knee of the "Queen of Heaven," with an almost childish sense of nearness.

To many a little one the Child Christ comes in the happy Christmas hours, for is He not one of themselves when cradled on His mother's breast?

Phyllis quickened her steps, the sharp air required rapid walking to keep up the circulation. Passing rapidly along till she reached her dwelling her foot was on the threshold, when she turned and saw a small dark-robed figure a few paces in front, reel slightly, then fall. In a moment the girl was by her side, and lifting her up, regardless of on-lookers, who evidently thought the poor creature an impostor, bore her into the shop.

Madame Barret hurried forward with the exclamation, "*Mon Dieu!* it is *Sœur Madeleine*;"

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she has been starving herself to do good to her poor."

With Madame's assistance Phyllis carried her up to her own room, and removing the thin cloak and crushed bonnet, proceeded to apply restoratives and warm the frozen limbs. Gradually *Sœur Madeleine* recovered. The first moment that her glance rested on Phyllis, she abruptly drew her hands away that the girl was chafing, and covered her face.

"Don't touch me," she said hastily, "I am not worthy." Seeing Phyllis's look of surprise she struggled for self-possession, and laying one hand on her shoulder as she knelt before her, said, "You are like *La Sainte Vierge*, and I am a sinner."

There was intense self-loathing in her expression as she spoke.

Madame Barret, who had entered with a cup of hot soup, negated this statement with a vigorous shake of the head.

"*Mademoiselle*, she is an angel of goodness. See, she is just dying by inches to have somewhat to give to others."

"Nay," replied the Sister, "it is because I must go on Pilgrimage that I am saving, then I shall be healed, but not till then."

"Ah, *petite Sœur*," cried Madame, "*Priez pour moi*, the saints will listen to you, I have so little time to do anything for them, and they seem so far away, but they come near when one is on Pilgrimage, they say. You will remember me to *Notre Dame de Lourdes*."

Sœur Madeleine looked up. "Madame Barret, I shall be content if when I lay myself at her feet I hear the Lord Christ say, 'Neither do I condemn thee.'" Then she closed her eyes wearily for a moment, and said, "May I rest here awhile? I must be back by seven."

"You are too ill to go," said Phyllis eagerly. "Won't you stay all night and let me nurse you? you are too weak to move."

"Thank you, you are very good, but I have my work to do, and the time is short. I sometimes get these attacks of faintness, but they soon pass. Rest and warmth will revive me."

Phyllis fetched a pillow and made *Sœur Madeleine* lie down on the couch, covering her up with a rug, then seated herself in an easy-chair opposite, *Lion* at her feet. The Sister glanced uneasily at him, and said, "Would you mind putting your dog in the other room? I am rather nervous."

Phyllis complied. *Sœur Madeleine* covered her eyes with her hand and lay so still that

Phyllis thought they were closing in sleep, but under the shade of the slender fingers they never faltered in their unwearying gaze. They saw a pale, oval face, so pathetic in its look of patient waiting. Her head was thrown back against the chair, and her whole attitude betokened a sweet restfulness, partly engendered by fatigue that welcomed the quiet of the little chamber, and partly by the thought that in another week she would be clasped in Bernard Maxwell's arms and hear his tender whisper of "My St. Ceelia." She little knew how a tiny flush stole into her cheeks, and her lips broke their sad line and melted into a delicate curve, the faint shadow of a smile.

Sœur Madeleine watched her with, oh! such a longing, yearning, passionate desire! It told of a wonderful power of self-restraint and self-abnegation, undreamt-of once, that she was able to lie there, still, as if unconscious, holding fast to her purpose, of which the first step towards fulfilment she intended to execute that night. Six o'clock struck, she started, she had not much time to spare. She found that Phyllis had fallen into a sound slumber; the girl's nerves were overstrung, and her cold walk had made her drowsy.

Slowly the woman on the couch rose, she had been accustomed to sick chambers, so that her step was very noiseless; she donned her bonnet and cloak, and approached the sleeper, and no one was by to rouse her, to say, Wake, Phyllis, wake! Sœur Madeleine stretched out her hands with an appealing gesture, then knelt and kissed a fold of the girl's dress. Softly she went to the door, opened it, and paused an instant as if irresolute, but a low growl from Lion, who though imprisoned heard and disapproved of the stealthy steps, made her close it hurriedly. She went swiftly down the stairs, no one was in the shop; she gave a sigh of relief and darted out into the street. How bitterly cold it struck! She shrank and shivered, but went on, heeding nothing, feeling nothing, but that the end was near. To save her strength she was just going to call a cab when a plaintive voice fell on her ear. Two thinly clad pallid children were crouching on the ground, trying to infuse warmth into each other by sitting close. One, a delicate-looking boy, was saying to a small pinched girl, "Mimi, if we only had a loaf to take home to mother! I wonder why people are glad at Christmas, when we are cold and hungry? Mother looked so white and only smiled when I kissed her. I wanted

to ask her if we were to have no supper, but I couldn't; she never complains, does she, Mimi?"

The boy stopped, for a hand was laid on his shoulder, and he found in his palm something hard and shining. When he lifted his head the donor had vanished. Eagerly clutching the coin he took it to the nearest lamp-post. Yes, there was no doubt about it, it was a Napoleon. "Mother said the Babe in the manger always brought something good," he cried; "come, Mimi, we shall have supper after all."

Sœur Madeleine sped on, she had no money now to spare. Up the long steep ascent of the Rue de Lafayette she toiled; its very directness was welcome, her one idea was to go straight to her goal. She arrived at the Chemin de Fer du Nord in time, and taking a first-class ticket, got into an empty compartment; she wanted to be alone. She did not attempt to lie down and rest, but sat in the corner gazing out on the ever-shifting scene. The train bore her on, through the straggling suburbs of Paris, past long lines of sentinel-like poplars that stretched their gaunt arms over the canals, no longer waterways but frozen hard, a silent thoroughfare. The sky was cold and clear as steel, the moonlight making every outline stand out with razor-like sharpness, and throwing in shadows with Indian ink, so black they loomed. The woman saw it all, but was only conscious of the stars throbbing, each pulsation beating in her brain with maddening persistency. All senses were lost in the one of feeling. She felt the pulsing of the stars, each like a pinprick marking out the past, tracing the pattern of what *had* been, of what *might* have been. The night passed like a dream; she knew she was on the sea by the hissing and the swirl of the paddles as they turned, and they too seemed to mark the beats of time, of time which would so soon end for her. Once more she stood on English soil; four years before, she had left it broken in pride and spirit, but with the wonderful power of beauty unimpaired; now her foot trod the old accustomed ways, and not her most intimate friend could have recognised in the haggard, old, dying woman, the one who had reigned a Queen of Hearts. No, she was safe from detection. Soon she found herself in London, and after taking a light breakfast, wandered through the streets. It was Christmas Eve. Oh! the happy faces everywhere; and she, an outcast, stood before the door of the house she had once occupied, a bijou residence in Park Lane. How well she re-

membered its elegant fittings, its soft carpets, the whole redolent with the scent of flowers! and she could see the dainty mistress in a flowing velvet robe distributing her smiles as impartially as her pretty cups of tea, and as some like their Bohea sweetened and others do not, so flavouring her conversation with piquant railery, or tender sentiment, or with graver natures making her large brown eyes put on an absorbed deeply thoughtful look, more intoxicating, because more rare and unexpected from so apparently light-hearted a butterfly. But one night was graven in *Sœur Madeleine's* memory, when a man had flung himself down at her feet and prayed her to be his wife, and she had drawn her very skirt from him, and he saw the loathing and the scorn in her eyes and had gone out, and the next she heard was, he had spurred his horse over the cliffs and lay a shapeless mass on the rocks below. Like *Helen of Troy*, the love of her had brought sorrow to many a life; but this man's death had caused her no regret, he had deserved it she thought, but now that cold dark face came up before her, and the slam of the street door as he had gone out in the darkness seemed to echo like a knell in her heart.

Once again she was being whirled along; it had been snowing heavily, and in the gathering gloom the land looked weird and ghostly. "My grave clothes," she murmured wearily. She had reached her bourne at

last. There were three miles to walk from the station, a sharp frost had set in, and the snow crackled crisp under her feet. The small, dark, moving object was the only living thing to be seen for miles. Little twinkling lights peeped out here and there, telling of a home; the wayfarer shivered, but plodded on, each step dragging more heavily. She gazed upwards, one by one the lamps in heaven were lit by the angels; she covered her face with her hands, for the sky seemed full of eyes, looking into her inmost soul; but the beating in her brain had ceased, it felt numbed. Still she pressed onward, her strength was failing, but the cottages became more numerous, and she saw the river flowing darkly, silently; if she could but lay herself on its breast! As she neared the village, where the road dipped down between the woods, the snow had drifted and impeded her progress; but the sight of the church tower through an opening in the trees infused new courage. "At last, Marion, I have come!" she cried. With tottering steps the churchyard was reached. Hurriedly she made her way to where a marble statue gleamed white against the blackness of the heavens; snow lay on the steps, and as if in some warm bed or long-looked-for home, *Sœur Madeleine* laid herself down at the base of the pedestal. And the moon rose, glorifying the upturned chiselled face, and faintly outlining the dark figure lying at its foot.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR NOVEMBER.

By THE EDITOR.

FIRST SUNDAY.

I.—WHAT IS MEANT BY LOSING OR GAINING THE SOUL.

Read *Psa'm xxxvi*, and *St. Matth' w xvi. 21* to end.

WHEN our Lord puts the well-known question, "What is a man profited should he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" we are led to ask, What did He mean by the soul and its loss or gain? The ideas commonly attached to these expressions are very unreal. Many think of the soul as if it were a portion of their nature which may be made the means of either rewarding or punishing themselves; as if it were an entity which is saved when it is put into a place called heaven, and lost when it is put into a place called hell. Closely connected

with such views is that class of questions often put by those usually termed "revivalists," when they ask, "Is your soul saved?" thereby meaning, "Have you reached an assured belief that when you die you will, for Christ's sake, be perfectly safe?" A few brief reflections on the significance of what Christ said may help us to see the true relationship of salvation to the "soul."

The first thing which arrests us is the fact that the word translated "soul" in the Authorised Version is the same as that which is rendered "life" in the preceding verses, where it is said, "Whosoever will save his life for My sake will lose it, and whosoever will lose his life for My sake the same will find it." How utterly confused would this become if we were to substitute "soul," in its usual

sense, for "life," and read "Whosoever will save his soul for My sake will lose it, and whosoever will lose his soul for My sake the same will find it." We have only to make such a transposition in order to learn that Christ could never have employed the term "soul" here in its common modern acceptance. Adopting the Revised Version our Lord's words ought to be read thus, "What shall a man be profited if he shall gain the whole world and forfeit his life? or what shall a man give in exchange for his life?" What life? Certainly not bodily life, because He had been just telling His disciples that it is a life they would lose if they refused to die for Him, and a kind of life which would be only deepened by death endured for His sake.

It is therefore clear that by the loss or salvation of the soul Christ meant a spiritual condition which constitutes either the life or the death of a man, a state of character which is heaven, or a state which is hell. To perish spiritually is consequently not to cease to be, any more than the man who has lost his memory or reason ceases to exist. He who loses his soul, in the sense in which Christ speaks of it, may live on and feel and think in this world or the next; but if he has quenched that kind of life which ought to have been his, as made in the image of God and redeemed by Christ, then has he lost "himself" in the most real signification, because he has lost the great gift involved in his humanity.

For the true life of a man is that which links him to the eternal. The purpose of his creation and redemption was that he might be in fellowship with the divine mind. When we possess this life we are joined to the whole family of God in heaven and on earth; when we are without it we cannot enter the kingdom of God or perceive its glory.

That this kind of life is the end and satisfaction of our being is evidenced by the instinctive craving in every man for God and for the absolutely good, and fair, and pure. We all know that there is a life which ought to be ours, a life which cannot be measured by days or years, nor be disturbed by any change of outward circumstances; it is the life of goodness, love, purity, joy; it is the very life of God Himself, and it is the ideal life of man, on the loss or possession of which his salvation depends.

But we are not left to the groping of our better instincts to discover its character, for Jesus Christ has revealed it. "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men." "The life was manifested, and we have seen it, and

bear witness and show unto you that eternal life which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us." We can, therefore, never know what we possess in humanity, or what it is possible for us, as men, to reach, until we see our humanity as it is in Christ.

We are, perhaps, in a better position now to understand the question—What is a man profited should he gain the whole world and lose this life? It is put as an affair of merchandise. In one scale is placed "the whole world," by which we may understand all that a man may have as distinguished from what he is; all that comes from without; all that the most soaring ambition, the most refined taste, or the wildest passion can conceive; and when in the other scale there is placed the man himself with his infinite capacity for good or for evil, it is asserted that all else is outweighed. The question does not refer to the possibility of possessing both worlds, for we know that "all things" become ours, "the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are ours when we are Christ's," as "Christ is God's." In self-surrender there comes richest acquisition. But that is not in question here, where the matter refers to the unprofitableness of gaining the outward at the expense of the inward.

The unprofitableness of this is apparent. We can all appreciate the greater excellence of a peaceful conscience and of a pure and loving heart, over the possession of untold wealth combined with the empty soul of the miser or the moral degradation of the debauchee. St. Paul in chains was in that sense richer than Felix on the judgment-seat, and John the Baptist in the cell was wealthier than Herod at the feast. But life in God and His life in us mean more than mere goodness and rectitude. Christ stated a condition which must hold true as long as God is God and man is man when He said, "This is eternal life, that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." For to be towards the Father as sons, in sympathy with His mind and obedient to His will, is eternally the true life of man, by whatever method or in whatever measure it may be attained.

SECOND SUNDAY.

II.—THE LOSS OR GAIN OF THE SOUL.

Read Psalm xli., and Romans vii. 18—viii. 4.

The loss or gain of the soul, when we understand it as the loss or gain of that life in God which is the ideal of our humanity,

is an intensely real matter ; it is being fulfilled in one way or another every hour we live. Each man, whether he wills it or not, is engaged, consciously or unconsciously, in a traffic which involves the most vital interests. How easily may we lose our life in God ! With one man it is the toil of business and the constant worry of occupation which so engross him that the higher aims of existence lose their attraction. The nobler ideal which he may once have formed ceases to influence him. He is gaining the world with its material successes and its social rewards, but ever and anon he is aware of pure voices becoming silent which once spoke to him of a better path than that of earthliness. He knows that there is a life perishing within, which was capable of attaining to truer riches than can be derived from any abundance of the things he is possessing. With another it may be ease, comfort, luxury, which are choking down every earnest aspiration once formerly experienced. Or with another it is sensuality and passion which have swept like a blast of death over each fair flower of early purity, and which have petrified each better impulse ; while with another it may be nothing more than the nothingnesses of what is termed society. Alas ! if for such matters as these we should barter our life as children of God, and the majestic possibilities of our redeemed nature.

And, alas ! too, if we should know that we are doing so. If by the emptiness of our prayers and the gradual drifting of our affections from their once purer sympathies ; if by the sharp pricks of conscience which now and then arrest us, though in vain ; if by the ever-recurring consciousness of the chasm which is widening between us and the heavenly life ; or, worse still, if by the terrible possession of a scared conscience, of a heart that is ceasing to feel, and of a will that has become stiffened under the power of habit—alas ! if by these and other tokens we are made perforce to know that we are exchanging the blessed life which might be ours for one that is at the best a counterfeit. What doth it profit now, and what shall it profit when every illusion has given place to reality ? If now amid the bright voices of earth we are conscious that there is an exchange being made ; that there is an undercurrent carrying us away day by day from the calm, blessed life that is for us in God ; what shall it be when the end shall have been reached in the possible destiny of one launched on the shoreless sea of existence,

and self-banished from the Eternal Good ? It is surely of nothing less than this that Christ speaks when He asks, "What is a man profited should he gain the whole world and lose his life ?" that life which is his truest humanity—himself in the strictest sense.

But there is another side and a further question put by Christ when He asks, "What shall a man give in exchange for his life ?" Or, in other words, what shall he give in order to recover that life in God which he may once have forfeited. It is a tremendous question, for how shall any one buy back lost innocence, a peaceful conscience, tender sympathies, a heart pure in thought, and visited by holy aspirations ? No sacrifice can appear too great to the earnest seeker after treasures like these if they have been lost. No penance will appear too painful if there is any promise thereby of recovery. If he can only cut deep enough to remove this "ineradicable taint of sin," how gladly would he welcome the sharpest edge of discipline ? But such means as these are tragically vain. You may tear away the flesh, but not the inherent evil, which is too deep, too personal, too terribly "ourselves" to be removed by our unaided strength.

But, thank God, there is a strength for us. Jesus Christ came to seek and to save that which has been lost, to restore the life that has been forfeited, to re-inspire the love and hope and aspirations and courage which have departed. He gives remission of sins, not like a priest pronouncing some words of absolution, but by sending away from our hearts the burden of alienation and rebellion, and by destroying the power of sin in awakening a new love through His own divine love. He restores the life of confidence, and in leading us back to God he makes all things possible. He demands no more than self-surrender to His love and grace, that He may by His spirit "work in us both to will and to do according to the good will of God." In so doing He saves our souls.

THIRD SUNDAY.

ARE THEY FEW THAT BE SAVED ?

Read St. Luke xiii. 23—30, and St. Matthew vii. 13 to end.

Such a question occurs naturally to every one who thinks seriously on our human destiny. The man who put it in this instance, was prompted in all probability by curiosity alone. It is a curiosity which is usually keenest when strict views prevail

respecting election and predestination. When that side of truth is chiefly dwelt on which sets forth the inscrutable sovereignty of God, the desire to know what the divine purpose may be for mankind, becomes intensely keen. We may accordingly suppose that this Jew, educated from childhood under a creed in which the most rigid views of election were taught, came to Christ in the hope of getting some authoritative statement from Him, whom he regarded as a prophet, on the mystery of predestination, which may have often puzzled him. And it was plainly to meet a curiosity like this that Christ gave the answer recorded by St. Luke, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate." It was as if he had said, "Whether there be few saved or many is no business of yours. What you have to do is to make your own calling and election sure, and that cannot be accomplished by indulging in idle speculations about other people, but by yourself struggling with your whole energy to enter through the narrow door that leads to salvation."

But the kind of answer we may expect to the question will depend on the views we entertain of the nature of salvation. If we identify it, as that Jew seems to have done, with the next world and with the final separation of the righteous from the wicked, then we enter on a field in which we can have little beyond speculation. The universalist would have his reply, and the narrow sectarian and religious bigot would set up his restrictions and definitions. But there is surely a nearer application of the term salvation which admits of consideration, while we leave in abeyance the mystery that surrounds the awful problem of ultimate salvation, whether universal or limited.

For if by salvation we understand deliverance from sin; if we are justified in applying the principle laid down by Christ, "by their fruits you shall know them," when we seek an answer to the question, "Are they few that be saved;" if we regard it as being primarily what the word originally means, viz., a condition of health, we may discover some solid ground for reaching a conclusion.

The question may therefore be put thus: Are they few or many who show in their lives that the Gospel they profess is actually producing in them the Christlike spirit of love, purity, truth, and righteousness? This seems indeed to have been the light in which Christ Himself viewed salvation when replying to His questioner, because He went on to cast discredit on a religion of opinions and observances, and to insist on the doing of the will

of God as the only security. The eating and drinking in His presence, the privilege of hearing Him teach in the streets, and the kind of confidence which that outward nearness and that knowledge of His doctrines might inspire, are represented as quite worthless compared to the goodness of character which may be found among the very people whom the privileged Israelites and privileged churchmen of all ages generally despise and treat as outcasts. "Verily, I say unto you, they shall come from the east and from the west and from the north and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God."

It is when we put the question in this sense that we find many grounds for serious reflection. Are there few or many whose lives are being savingly affected by the religion they profess, and of whom you can confidently assert that there is a salvation from evil actually going on and a goodness being reached, which is the fruit of their faith and love towards Jesus Christ? There may or may not be much attainment, but is there any growth at all?

When one contemplates the society which we term Christian, with its creeds and observances, the bitter thought sometimes occurs, What is the use of it all? What is the use of sermons and Sundays, and churches and Bibles? What good are they all doing? When we purchase an engine we expect it to accomplish the work for which it was designed. When we, in sickness, consult a physician, we expect that renewed health will be the result of his treatment. But how seldom is it when we go to church, or even to Christ with a certain faith in Him as Saviour, that in a similar spirit we expect to become spiritually better, and to be saved—I will not say from future damnation, which is often the only kind of salvation we associate with these things—but to receive such conviction and strength as may deliver us from what we are, and make us become more like our Lord and Master? It is strange that we are not more astonished at our inconsistency. So completely have things fallen into a stereotyped groove, that in the case of a large proportion of professing Christians, all that is meant by going to church, repeating prayers or reading the Bible, is little more than the observance of a religious custom. When they have done these, they say "we have performed our religious duties" very much as a Jew, having offered his bullock, might have rested satisfied that no other claim could be made upon him.

Or it might be compared to sick people fancying they had done all that was necessary for their health when they had gone at stated times on a visit of courtesy to the physician, listened to his statements, and paid him his fee, while they never permitted a single prescription of his to cross their lips. We make all allowance for the indirect effects of even the most formal habit of worship. We may say with truth that if these habits were abandoned the state of society would be much worse than it is, and that in spite of much unfaithfulness there is a tone produced, and a standard of life enjoined, which are of the greatest value even in the case of the most careless. But after all is said, the contrast between the salvation we profess to be seeking after and the work of salvation in redeeming our lives from evil, is terrible and startling. We ought to be amazed at the manner in which so many among us listen to what is preached, and join in the prayers that are offered, and sing hymns that are requests as well as praises, and, when it is all over, go back to ordinary life to act on the very principles we have been asking God to deliver us from, and to display the very characteristics which we believe it was the work of Christ completely to reverse. "Are they few that be saved?" when thus put, becomes a most searching question.

We are very far from forgetting the vast number who are being verily sanctified and built up in the faith that is in the Lord Jesus, while we painfully recognise the many who say they "hope to be saved," but who pass by the kind of salvation which Christ is pressing upon them. The covetous man or greedy woman may say, even with a certain unctious, that they look to Christ, and to Christ alone, for salvation, but they fail to realise that they ought to be saved from giving pence when they ought to give pounds for the advance of His kingdom. The impure may in their better moments hope to be saved by God's mercy when they die, but when the world and its temptations assault them they are as ready to pass as current coin the damnable excuses and proverbs that so often gloss over hideous social sores, as if Christ had never lived. They hope Christ will save them, but have no intention to let Him interfere with their self-indulgence. And ecclesiastics and churches are loud about the doctrines of the kingdom, but seldom seek to be saved from the spirit of quarrel and pride, and to be made like Him who came not to be ministered unto but to minister.

But let us rather judge ourselves, and endeavour to make "our calling and election sure" by entering through the narrow door of that character which Christ came to impart, whereby we may share the blessedness of the one blessed home of the redeemed, where all are in true spiritual fellowship with the Father and the Son, through the one Holy Spirit.

FOURTH SUNDAY.

"WHAT SHALL I DO TO BE SAVED?"

Read Psalm xxxii., and Acts xvi. 16—34.

The spiritual character of salvation, man's necessity, and the gift of grace, were never more sharply brought into light than in that hour in the prison of Philippi when the trembling jailor asked St. Paul, "What must I do to be saved?" and when the Apostle, replied, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved, and thy house." The rapidity with which this man was received and baptized is a stumbling block to many who forget that he may have been more prepared than at first appears; for there is nothing to forbid the supposition that he had heard Paul and Silas preaching in the streets and followed by the girl, who cried, "These men are the servants of the most high God, who show unto us the way of salvation." The earthquake which shook the building to its foundation would then have served to awaken impressions previously received. Nor are we to imagine that St. Paul said no more than the formula we are so familiar with. The chief announcement of the way of salvation which is recorded as his answer to the jailor was only the text of his sermon, because we read that it was followed by a declaration of "the Word of the Lord." The suddenness may not, therefore, have been so great as it at first appears.

There are many good persons who characterize all such eager questionings after personal salvation as being essentially selfish; but if there is a cant of narrow religionism, there is no less a cant of culture. It is true that the highest form of religious experience is that in which all fears have been cast out by love, and in which the heart is occupied with God and man without any element of self-consciousness. Yet this is not the first or the most natural state of an awakened soul, and the cry "What must I do to be saved?" may be the truest evidence of a struggle to be delivered from a life of selfishness and alienation.

It is a question which may spring from

various causes. It may arise from a terrifying sense of responsibility and guilt, or from a hard and despairing battle against vanity, sensuality, the lusts of the world, the flesh, and the devil; or it may come from the convictions awakened by sorrow and the mystery of existence. And it is not evil, but good, when the soul, even in despair, thus seeks after deliverance, and longs for some strong hand of love which in its own bewilderment it can grasp. The death of all deaths is the criminal indifference or the cultured apathy which is without difficulty, because it either cares not for, or has ceased to believe in, any spiritual good. But the whole Church of Christ in every age bears ceaseless testimony to the fact that there is such a good for men, and it also unites with St. Paul in giving the same grand reply to the questionings of the anxious and penitent, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

It may be that such an answer, especially when associated with the narrow interpretations so often given to it, may sound meagre and disappointing to those who long for realities. They say, "Give us deliverance, and not a mere belief in deliverance." They ask whether it is conceivable that belief in Christ can reach to the fountain of the moral and spiritual sympathies.

This raises too wide a question to be discussed in a brief paper. We can but indicate one or two considerations by way of reply.

As God always works according to law, we must expect that, if the doctrine of the Gospel is true, there must be a necessary and vital connection between belief in Christ and actual salvation, such as we have represented it in our previous Readings. Belief is something more than an opinion or the intellectual acceptance of a dogma. The word itself shows that there is a close relationship to what we are—for "belief" comes from the same root as "life," as "love"—"believe" is just "belive," "belove." Our love and our life are therefore united with our belief. Again, self-surrender is necessarily involved in true belief, just as it is in true love. To believe in Christ is therefore a very wide, and at the same time a very distinct and simple matter. In that belief there are as many sides and answers as there are various wants to be satisfied. A man, for example, has strayed from God like a lost sheep, and finds himself as in a wilderness. He has followed his own devices and has now reached a point where life seems without any path that promises the satisfac-

tion he had once hoped for. For him to believe in Christ is to realise that there is One in the universe who cares for him, and who is able to guide him into the way of peace: it is to listen to the voice that speaks to him and to obey it, following Him who is the Shepherd and Bishop of the soul. In obedience and self-surrender he is saved. Or another, under the despair which the mystery of existence has produced, and feeling the impenetrable darkness which curtains the world beyond, cries for light. That is the salvation he longs for. When such a man believes in Christ, it is the calm acceptance of what is to him unknown, but under the blessed confidence that He reigns whose name is love, and that, whatever happens, all will be in harmony with His good and righteous and perfect will. Or another, like the Philippine jailor, is stricken to the inmost soul with a sense of guilt and responsibility. He recognises himself as "one pollution," and he craves for forgiveness and for a new and clean heart. With him belief in Christ is the acceptance of pardon expressed in a love which takes him at once home to God, even as the Prodigal was brought home to freedom and filial liberty. And those who have found the shallowness and have tasted the disappointment and bitterness of life, believing in Him whose love even now encompasses them, and who has known, as they cannot have known, "the contradiction of sinners against Himself," are by that belief saved from their hard thoughts, because they learn that goodness is stronger than hate, and that in yielding all in love they receive from love the eternal enrichment of life.

The saving act of true faith is frank acceptance of the living Christ our Friend, Brother, and Saviour—the frank acceptance of His forgiving mercy, and the hearty self-surrender of ourselves to Him as our guide, the truth of our humanity, the life of our lives, the rest and satisfaction of our souls. It is not that we hold some opinion, on account of which we hope to be made safe when we die, but that we now prove His power to save us, to win back our affections, to guide our footsteps, to sanctify our desires, to calm our fears, to brighten our hopes, and to instil love, courage, and joy amid the perplexities and temptations of earth. The little child who simply takes the hand of his father, and in doing so finds guidance, support and peace, presents the best picture of the act of faith Godward. In the belief of self-surrender we gain God.





Frontispiece.]

"COOKING THE DINNER."

BY B. J. BLOWERS.

(By permission, from a picture in the possession of James Donald, Esq.)

[Engraved by W. J. B.]

THE WEAKER VESSEL.

By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "JOSEPH'S COAT," "RAINBOW GOLD," "AUNT RACHEL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

I DO not remember to have been often so angry and so grieved at once as this scene had made me. I wished to cool myself, and walking straight into the open air, I encountered Goldsmith, who had lit a big cigar, and was now swaggering with it on the drive with an eye to the impression produced upon the domestics by his raiment and his jewellery.

"What's the meaning of all this, Bister Dedham?" said the little man. "What's it all about?"

I asked him in return how he came to know Miss Delamere, and he beckoned me on one side.

"Mrs. Pole," he said, "set me to work to find out whether her husband was at all in communication with the lady. I'm one of those sort of med, Bister Dedham, who want to do a thing thoroughly when they do it at all, and I wasn't goig to have a lady watched unless I knew her myself. I went down and had a look at her. I went down two or three times, and had a look at her. Charbing yug lady, ain't she? I think, you know, that Lord Worborough displayed uncobbon good taste."

I told him that I did not wish to listen to his opinion upon that question.

"That's just as you like," he answered, "but I've got the opiodid all the same. I went dowl to see her, because I foud out that the fools had followed you instead of goig after Pole. But look here! What's the move? What's she want waiting on Lady Worborough? I suppose she wants to get a dotion of how long she'll last."

Perhaps if I had been in less heat of temper than I was, I should not have answered him at all; but being angry already, and freshly angered by his coarseness, I told him that Miss Delamere had nursed Lady Worborough simply and purely because she was a saint by nature.

"I ain't so green as that," said Mr. Goldsmith. "No, Bister Dedham, that cock won't fight; not with me, alyhow."

It is not of much use to assault a man for being himself, but Goldsmith tempted me sorely. I moved away from him and walked up and down alone, aware that the servants were discussing the curious inci-

dents of a quarter of an hour ago, and that they were consumed by curiosity. In a little while one of them emerged from the hall and came directly toward me. He was charged with a message from Miss Delamere, who desired at once to see me. I found her in a room neighbouring Lady Worborough's. The doctor was with her, and was standing over her in an attitude expressive of embarrassed sympathy.

"You must take me away at once," she said, agitatedly. "I cannot stay here after what has happened."

"I wonder that you submitted to such an indignity," said the doctor. "Without your express charge I would not have stood by to witness it. I have been thinking for a day or two past that Lady Worborough is not entirely responsible for her actions, and the last ten minutes has confirmed me."

I asked if her ladyship gave any sign of being convinced of the falsehood of her supposition, and he answered, "None."

"We left her in a towering rage," he said. "She will do herself a mischief."

It was obvious that the first and only thing was to move Mary with all possible expedition from the house. She herself had already given instructions for the packing of her baggage, and I left her for a moment only to arrange about my own, and to order a vehicle for the little hotel in the village, near the station. When I returned she had almost altogether recovered her self-possession, and we waited quietly until we were informed that our joint orders had been fulfilled. Then we drove away. I thought it wisest to make no allusion to what had happened, and Mary herself spoke of it but once.

"I am very sorry for her," she said then. "It must be very horrible to live with such thoughts about one's fellow-creatures. I should never have chosen to nurse her, but it was not left to me to make the choice."

The carriage set us down with our belongings at the little hotel, and we were shown into a comfortless, fireless room there. We had four hours to wait for the train, and when, in obedience to our instructions, a fire was lighted, the chimney smoked so badly that we had to throw open door and windows, and to sit, as it were, in the open air. Altogether it was a cheerless waiting. The

hotel was very small, but it was at least four times bigger than there had been any reasonable ground for making it, and it was no more homely than a desert. When the solitary waiter of the establishment, who looked as bored as Robinson Crusoe must have felt, walked about the unelothed corridor, he made such echoes there in the uninhabited and, I suppose, unfurnished solitudes about him, that I felt as if we were in some house of huge proportions, some Castle of Otranto, with a lonely giant footstep wandering up and down in it. The waiter was shy of strangers, and so unaccustomed to them that he was embarrassed by our arrival. There was absolutely nothing to read in the place, and neither of us was in the mood for conversation. So we waited dismally enough, and anything, however slight, that happened in the road on which our windows looked became an object of contemplation, and took an exaggerated interest. It was not in the least surprising, therefore, that we should both have caught early the sound of a horse's hoofs, going apparently at a headlong gallop. The noise travelled with the wind, and came nearer with great rapidity. I stationed myself at the window, and to my considerable astonishment, the doctor, followed closely by a groom, appeared in sight. The two checked their horses immediately below me, and I ran down-stairs to meet them.

"I hardly have the cheek," said the young doctor, speaking rather pantingly, "to tell you what I have come for." He had ridden like an unaccustomed horseman, and was blown by his exertions. "One of the carriages is coming after us, and Lady Worborough wants Sister Constance to return. She doesn't merely want her to do it, but she's actually wild about it. You know enough about her to know what she's like, when she wants anything."

"She has utterly thrown over that mad suspicion, then?" I asked.

"Completely, for the moment," the doctor answered. "She declares that Sister Constance is an angel, and that she herself is a fiend. She says that she never believed it at all for an instant, but that she was tempted to say it simply because Sister Constance was so good and beautiful that she hated her for it and was jealous of her. That's a problem," the young doctor added, "for some men's reading, but it certainly isn't for mine."

I could do no less than take these strange and unexpected tidings to Mary. The doctor mounted with me, but left me to tell the tale.

"I feel impertinent," he said when I had told it, "in coming here at all. I should feel intolerably impertinent if I were to say a word to influence you, but all the same——"

He paused there, and made a little apologetic gesture as he checked himself.

"You think," Mary asked him, "that it will be better for me to go?"

"It will certainly be better for her," the doctor answered. "Of course you know that she makes a very violent display of any emotion. But she seemed quite dangerously agitated when I left her just now. If you could possibly persuade yourself——"

He paused once more, and made again that little gesture of apology with both hands.

"I will go," Mary answered, "if I can be of service."

"You have always had an influence over her from the first," the doctor answered. "Pray don't think me impudent; I can't help saying how good you are."

His eyes sparkled and his cheek flushed. He was obviously very much in earnest, and if he could have dared would have said more. He had not witnessed her sweet and noble patience all these weeks for nothing, and I had more than once suspected him of setting a higher value upon her than was quite consistent with his happiness. He never spoke a word, as far as I know, to indicate as much, but he had a worshipful way of following her about with his eyes which looked significant to me. Mary was a little embarrassed by his vivacity, but the sound of carriage-wheels came as a distraction, and we all three went to the window. The young medico blushed at her silence, and looked a trifle guilty, as if he felt that it reproved him.

We drove back to Worborough Court without delay, leaving instructions for our luggage to be sent on afterwards, and the doctor and the groom tore on ahead to carry the news of our return.

"Come with me to her ladyship's room when we arrive," said Mary, as we were driven along. "I am afraid of a scene, and your presence may help to keep her quiet."

The servants who were present at our arrival received us with an alacrity which seemed to indicate to my mind that they knew something of the story. I supposed then, and actually learned afterwards, that Goldsmith had been talking. Mary had spent but a day within the house, but her sweet face and gentle ways had begun to

tell even in that short time, as they did everywhere and always.

It is not an easy thing to analyse and proportion one's affections. I have been fortunate enough, on my way to middle age, to have known and cared for a round half-dozen of lovable people, which I take to be a rather unusual allowance for one man. One's affections differ, of course, in kind, although they may be almost equal in intensity. My wife is absolutely aware of my opinion and sentiment, and shares it with me thoroughly and without a sign of jealousy—a rare and pleasing characteristic in a woman. So far as my experience carried me, I believed Mary Delamere to have been the best woman in the world. She never had need to search for affection, but found it offering itself everywhere spontaneously. I took—at this period especially—a tender pride in her, such as I suppose a brother feels for a sister. The pleased willingness of the servants was, I believe, more agreeable to me than to her. It rejoiced me to know that people loved her; and when any phlegmatic creature, as sometimes happened, appeared insensible to her charm and goodness, I was angered. In plain fact—Love me and love my Mary Delamere was a prime article in my creed, which I could hardly have sacrificed to please anybody.

The housekeeper awaited our arrival among others, and came forth with something of a kindly bustle, saying that her ladyship was especially anxious to see Sister Constance at once. We found the invalid lying where we had left her, and her face showed evident signs of recent tears. Her eyes were red and swollen, and her magnificent black hair all wildly disarranged. At the moment of our entrance she stretched out her arms imploringly towards Mary, with a strange moaning noise which I thought eloquent at once of joy and of repentance. Mary took the outstretched hands in her own and stooped a little over her, but the poor thing dragged her hysterically to her knees, and threw both arms about her, kissing her and crying over her in an almost frantic way. This went on for a minute or two, and at first Mary made a gentle effort to disengage herself. Finding it useless, she submitted to these wild caresses, and, putting her own arms about the patient, drew her to her breast. At this Lady Worborough cried at first more violently than ever; but in a while the gentle embrace soothed her, and she lay there, heaping all manner of apology and protestation upon her recovered companion.

"You are an angel," she said over and over again. "An angel! an angel! an angel! How could you come back to me? If anybody had treated me in such a way, I should have killed her. I should have hated her for ever and ever and ever. Oh, my wicked heart! my wicked heart! What makes me hate people so? I have always hated people. I have always hated myself for doing it. Why does God make us to be so unhappy?"

She grew quieter by degrees, and Mary had a way with her which nobody else seemed to know the secret of.

"I shall never forget it," said the unhappy woman. "I shall never forgive myself. I shall carry the memory of it to my grave. I knew when I said it, it was a wicked lie. I had to say it. I have no power over my tongue when I am angry."

I was slipping silently from the room, seeing that there was not the slightest necessity for my presence there, and thinking that she might be calmer in my absence, when she called me by name, and begged me not to go away. I was going, she said, because I hated her. Everybody hated her, except the one creature in the world who had most reason.

"And you don't hate me, dear?" she said, addressing Mary. "I know you don't, although you have a right to."

I besought her not to think that I bore her any hatred, and indeed, making all possible allowances for her explosive and capricious nature, her penitence and her affection for the woman she had wronged were so sincere that she touched me nearly. That slow-burning, passionate heart of hers had not been subdued to penitence and apology without an awful inward struggle, and I knew it. She held out her hand to me very feebly, and I took it in my own.

"You don't hate me?" she asked. "You love my husband, and you don't wish me dead?"

I could only answer that I was glad to know she cared; that I was extremely sorry for her, and that I thanked her with all my heart for what she had just said to Miss Delamere.

"But you hate me," she insisted. "You hate me. You must hate me."

"My poor dear Lady Worborough," I answered, "why should anybody hate you now?"

"Ah!" she answered, with a great sigh, "I suppose you can all afford to forgive me. I shan't trouble you long, I know. I've lied

about that as well. I won't see Walter, mind you. I'm not going to make things up with him. I'm not so weak as that yet, and never shall be. It was all his own fault. If he had beaten me as I deserved when I first broke out, we might have been happy always."

There was no reply possible to this astonishing statement, though it might have been true enough to an exceptional sort of feminine human nature.

"You will overexcite yourself again," Mary said gently, "if you talk too much. Let us stay here together quite quietly, and say nothing. It will be better to go away, John, because Lady Worborough is really in need of quiet."

"My name is Adelaide," said her ladyship, with a touch of her habitual wilfulness and irony in the tone of her voice. Then, with a sudden change, "Call me by it. Please do call me by it. You hate me, Mr. Denham, all the same. You wish me dead."

"Go away, John," said Mary decisively. "I am sending him away," she added, "because you must not excite yourself—Adelaide."

Her ladyship gave a little gasping sob in answer to the name, a suppressed cry of pleasure and of affection. The daylight was fading by this time, and the fire was already beginning to cast a reddish tinge upon objects prominent in the room, making the shadows deeper by contrast. A great expanse of quiet country lay visible beyond the pale oblong of the single window of the room, and the red glow of the fire made the landscape dim and ghostly. I stole out of the room on tiptoe, and as I turned to draw the door behind me, I saw the two clinging to each other.

CHAPTER XL.

POLE's lawyer was beginning to be impatient, and I had not left Mary and Lady Worborough more than ten minutes at the outside when one of the servants came to me with a message from him. He was afraid of missing the up train, and was angered at the unnecessary delay. I told him as much as I cared to tell of what had happened, and of the momentary condition of affairs, and he consented to wait another twenty minutes before sending in a message. This, I thought, would give her ladyship time to collect herself, and in her softened humour it was quite possible that she might be willing to give less trouble than usual. It was plain enough that she had already kept the lawyers waiting simply

to assure them and herself of her own importance. Goldsmith had no other affairs likely to be as profitable as this, but the other man was differently situated, and had reasons for desiring to get away quickly.

At the end of the twenty minutes a servant was dispatched with a respectfully worded message. Mary herself returned with the answer. Lady Worborough after the excitement of the day had grown alarmingly faint and weak, and had just fallen asleep. She did not think it advisable to awake her. It was certain that most healthy people would have found the wild excitement into which she had been plunged more than a little trying, and to an invalid as she was the day was certain to have been really dangerous. The lawyer hum'd and hah'd, but finally resigned himself, and sat down to write a lengthy letter of instruction to his staff. Mary went back quietly to her patient, and the hours went by in great dullness. I myself should have returned to town by the late train, and was indeed prepared to do so, but for an encounter with the doctor, who came with a face of great gravity to consult me.

"I have just been to see her ladyship," he said. "She had slept for an hour when she awoke, and frightened Sister Constance by her extreme languor and feebleness. I don't like the look of things at all, and I can't accept the responsibility of the case alone. I shall send a telegram to Dr. Mason detailing the symptoms and leaving it to him to come down if he thinks them sufficiently grave, and I shall wire to Exeter." He mentioned the name of a well-known physician there, and added, "He is almost as good as anybody, and he can get down here by the local train by midnight."

"You think things really serious enough for this?" I asked him.

"I think things very serious indeed," he answered. "We have had two or three hours of almost uninterrupted raving, and she is not in a state to stand it."

I decided at least to await the arrival of the physician from Exeter, and by the messenger who carried the doctor's telegram I sent a dispatch to Clara, apprising her of my resolve and the reasons which inspired it.

The doctor, the two men of law, and I dined together, and made a grave party. Goldsmith had heard the news and showed more feeling than I had expected.

"I'll tell you what it is, gentlemen," said Goldsmith, looking from one to the other of us. "This is neither more nor less

thad a judgment. That's what it is. A judgment. You may think it's only a coincidence, but that ain't my way of looking at it." The doctor asked him what he meant. "You don't know the story?" said Goldsmith. "Well, it ain't ady business of mine to tell it to you. Bister Dedham knows the story, and he understads what I'm talking about."

I understood more than that. I comprehended perfectly Mr. Goldsmith's unwillingness to make anything but a veiled allusion to that history in the presence of a respectable member of his own profession. Pole's lawyer would certainly have refused to sit at the same table with him, had he been aware of the facts of that strange episode. I was not proud of Mr. Goldsmith's society myself, but I could not very well evade it at the time. I occupied myself for a while by thinking what that eminently respectable practitioner would say and do if I should unveil Goldsmith's secret to him then and there. When, after dinner, Goldsmith buttonholed me apart, and started anew his theory that Lady Worborough's disaster was a judgment, I had been thinking so warmly of his scoundrelly participation in her terrible plot that I felt constrained to ask him to address me as rarely as possible.

"It's pretty bitter on a cove," said Goldsmith; "you'd have done it yourself if you'd had that womad standig over you."

He went away, however, and even seemed a little depressed by my disapproval.

The doctor spent most of his time in her ladyship's apartments. She had been got to bed, and was now lying there in a state of marked prostration. I saw him only once before midnight, and then his looks were so sombre and his words so few that I was certain he thought the aspect of the case to be growing graver. Mary, during these hours, I did not see at all, for she remained constantly in attendance upon her patient. It was half an hour after midnight when the physician from Exeter arrived. I think he was the most reserved and guarded person I had ever met. He refused to commit himself to any opinion, hopeful or despairing. He did not even say that her ladyship's position was critical, but simply decided to wait and watch. On this unsatisfactory no-verdict I went to bed, but I found myself unable to sleep, and after tossing to and fro for a couple of hours I got up again and partly dressed myself. The materials for a fire lay ready in the grate. I set a light to them, and wrapping myself snugly in a dressing-

gown, sat staring at the blaze, and allowed my thoughts to wander where they would. They never wandered far from Lady Worborough and those who were most intimately about her. I thought a good deal of that striking coincidence which Goldsmith regarded as evidence of a judgment. The woman whose body had been passed off as her own, and whom she had pretended to identify as herself, had been injured in the same manner, and had been carried to the same hospital. But I am not a believer in miraculous interpositions of that kind.

I had brought no books with me, and time crawled so slowly, and my own thoughts grew so dreary, that at last I decided to steal into the library, which was at the far end of the corridor in which my bedroom was situated. Lady Worborough's apartments were about midway. I lit a candle, and looking out, saw the doctor in the act of leaving his patient's room. The light I carried attracted his attention, and he moved towards me. We met half-way, and he looked graver and more anxious than ever.

"The pulse is feebler," he said; "the temperature is lower. I don't like things at all."

"What does your colleague say?" I asked.

"He is reserved, but he doesn't look confident. I am inclined to think he will wire for Mason."

I told him of my inability to sleep, and asked him to let me know if the change became more marked. He promised this, and I went on to the library. Having secured a book or two there, I returned to my chamber and sat down to read, with such excellent effect that when I had gone steadily through a dozen pages, I had not the remotest idea of the meaning of a single phrase. I knew that I had been reading diligently, but my mind was busy with other things, and refused to take cognisance of the message the eyes brought it. Having tried again, and having, by dint of resolution, fastened my mind to the first paragraph, I found myself at the end of the third page, in the same position as before. So I gave up the effort, and my mind went wandering again in the mazes of fantastic waking dreams. I came out of them once to replenish the fire, and again when my candles flickered in the sockets and went out. The room I sat in was cosy and homelike enough, and the fire gave a light which would have been clear enough to read by if I had been so minded. But I felt eerie and alone, and the

sense of the likelihood of approaching death laid a chill upon my heart. The shadow feared of men seemed in the house already and touched me where I sat.

Suddenly I heard a cautious footstep in the corridor, and a light tap upon my door. It was the doctor.

"There is no doubt now," he whispered. "She is sinking."

"Is she conscious?" I asked.

"She is conscious," he answered, "but she is suffering from what we call aphasia. She has tried several times to speak, but she cannot use the words she wants. Her phrases are unintelligible."

I told him that Lord Worborough ought, with as little delay as possible, to be informed of her condition. The local physician would know the country, and could tell us how best to dispatch a telegram to town. The young doctor went back to consult him on this theme, and returned with the message that a man was all night on duty at the railway station, and would probably be able to dispatch a message. I had assuredly nothing better to do, and I decided on going there myself. I completed my toilet and set out. One of the servants offered to provide me with a lantern, and I went round to the stables with him to secure it. The night was pitch dark, and so absolutely without a sound that more than once between the house and the lodge I felt impelled to pause and listen. The silence hummed in my ears, and I was glad to break it by the noise of my own footsteps. The gates were closed, and I had to awake the lodge-keeper, who came down in a state of great alarm. When I had told him my errand he was eager to take it upon himself, but I knew the road as well as he, and declined his services. It was better to be walking on even in that monotonous unchanging little circle of light with the dense black of the night about me, than to be doing nothing, and sitting in the house with that grim presence growing tangible.

The man at the railway station had nothing to do but to signal the coming and going of luggage trains, and to adjust a point or two. He had his telegraphic signal of course, in the box with him, but that was of no avail. The instrument used for the transmission of messages was locked up in the station. So far as the man knew, the station-master was the only person who knew how to work it. There was nothing for it therefore but to awaken that functionary, and to trust his respect for the great house to secure his goodwill and assistance. I got his address

from the pointsman and went out in search of him. I lost my way for awhile, and went stumbling about the village without finding a creature of whom I could inquire, until at last I lighted upon a man with a cart, who gave me the necessary information.

When I had found the station-master, he was extremely civil and obliging and eager to be of service. We went down to the station together, and he signalled for a long time without securing an answer. At last, when we were almost on the point of despair, the gong set up a great clanging, and we knew that we had secured communication. Five minutes later I was back in the dark again, walking towards the Court. The station-master had informed me that if his lordship got the telegram within an hour he could secure a train as far as Bristol, could there take up another after an hour and a half's waiting, and could so reach the village three hours earlier than by the express. I had tacked this information to my message, and was certain that Pole would act upon it if he received it in time. I felt very strongly that if it were possible he ought to see his wife before she took leave of the world. Death clears all scores, and on his side there had, all things considered, been but little rancour. What there might be, I knew him well enough to know, would be buried now for ever.

I was more than two hours away, and it was still pitch dark when I returned. There was no marked further change in Lady Worborough's condition, but her attendants thought her just a little feebler, and had no hope at all that she would rally. Mary, so the young Doctor told me, was sitting at her bedside, and for hours past the dying woman had been holding her by the hand.

"That's a curious little bit of heroism and endurance, in its way," he said. "Did you ever try to sit for hours in one position? It's a great task. At times, it's something of a torture. It's one of those things that women will do. She may have to put up with hours more of it."

The night crawled on, wearily, with its silent stealthy comings and goings, its brief whispered colloquies, its monotonous questions and replies.

"Anything as yet?"

"Nothing."

Sometimes the mere lifting of the eyebrows gave the question, and a grave negative sign of the head the answer. It seemed as if the dawn would never break, but after interminable waiting the windows began to

show a ghastly grey, and lightened slowly, until at last the world was awake again. The dull, windless dawn was in keeping with the thoughts which filled me. The sky and the landscape that brooded under it looked alike cold and desolate, and there was a gloom upon the day. There is a mysterious tie between men and nature at such times, which makes her seem to deride or sympathise with our moods as a sentient thing might. All the while poor Lady Worborough lay slowly dying, and the woman she had plotted to shame and agonise sat by her like some pitying angel, nursing her hand, and soothing her last moments by forgiveness.

Somewhere between eight and nine o'clock a telegram came from Pole announcing that he had started by the train indicated in my message, and was bringing Dr. Mason with him. I communicated this to the doctors, and asked if there would be time, in their judgment, for him to reach us before the end came. They thought so, but had no certainty in their opinion.

The elderly lawyer was either an early riser by habit, or was out at an unusual hour that morning. I told him the news, and he received it with a grave tranquillity.

"It is better so," he said.

An hour or two later the housekeeper informed me that Goldsmith had shed tears on learning that the end was now regarded as inevitable. He did not appear at breakfast, and I met him in the shrubbery, red-eyed and miserable. He came to me with no attempt to conceal his emotion, and without an atom of resentment, or even of memory, for our interview of last night. He was not sensitive to the opinion of others, and, except by actual violence, it did not seem easy to incense him.

"I was very fond of her," he said brokenly. "She was hard to get along with, and she had her faults, like the rest of us. But she was kind to me, very kind once, when I wanted it badly."

And so even she had her mourner, and had enlisted the affection of one heart at least, and kept it, though she might have won and kept others better worth the having.

I lingered as long as I dared before going down to meet Pole at the station, in order that I might be able to carry to him the latest intelligence. Outside the railway station I found quite a crowd of people. I suspect that the station-master had divulged the contents of Pole's telegram, which was not a very serious offence in the circumstances. The people were all quiet and ex-

pectant, and parted on either side to make a lane for the carriage. One or two of the villagers, whom I had known on earlier visits, came forward and made inquiries. By-and-by came the signal for the train, then the train itself. Then Pole, followed by Mason.

"What is the news?" he asked me.

"I think," I answered, "that you will be in time to see her."

"Has she expressed a wish to see me?" he demanded.

I had to answer in the negative, but I could tell him that she was strangely softened, and that there was some hope of a reconciliation even at this late hour. We entered the carriage and drove away amid the silent salutations on the village road, and I told the story of Lady Worborough's outbreak. There was no need for silence in Mason's presence, for he knew the whole history already, and I had made Pole aware of his knowledge of it. The narrative shocked one of my listeners painfully, though I slid past the indignity of the search without a word, and did my best to emphasize the completeness of the retraction and apology.

"Ah, well!" said Mason, with an aspect of relief, "I am glad that the thing was not of my doing. I allowed Lady Worborough to come down here, and I was afraid that I might have acted like a fool. I understand it now, and it takes a great weight from my mind."

I knew so well what happened afterwards from Pole himself and from Mary's account of it to Clara, that I can tell the story of the scene almost as if I had witnessed it. Mason told me something of it too, though he was very brusque and brief, not caring, I think, to trust himself to too prolonged a narrative. The dying woman was told of her husband's presence in the house, and was asked if she would see him. At first she made no sign at all, but lay looking straight before her. Mary said that the hand she held trembled piteously at the question. It was repeated to her with much gentleness, and turning her eyes round upon the doctor she signalled "Yes." The gesture of the head was faint, but its meaning was obvious. Pole was shown into the room, and his wife looked towards him with what was construed into a glance of appeal and supplication. She was partly propped up with pillows, and her left hand lay upon the coverlid. Mary still held the other.

Lady Worborough looked from Pole's face to her own disengaged hand once or twice, and made a feeble motion of the hand itself.

Pole read this sign and took it in both his own. Mary rose and tried gently to disengage herself from the grasp which held her, but it tightened so decisively, and with a force which was so considerably greater than she could have expected, that she resumed her place.

The dying woman tried to speak, and did utter one or two words indistinctly, but they had no meaning to her hearers. She lay with closed eyes for awhile after this failure, and both her husband and Mary felt a change in her hands, a tenseness which at first they thought indicated some spasm of great pain, though they knew only a second or two later that she was but making one final effort of that indomitable will. She quivered in her passionate desire to find the word. She found it and she spoke it, the worthiest she ever spoke, and the last—

“Forgive.”

Pole told her that he forgave her everything, fully and freely, as he hoped that his own misdeeds might be forgiven. He begged her that if he had wronged her in any way she would pardon him as truly. The effort it had cost her to find the word had almost exhausted her, and they feared that every breath she drew would be her last. But she heard and understood, and for a moment a smile flickered faintly upon her face. Then a most strange and pathetic thing happened. The feeble hands drew the hands they held nearer to each other across the coverlid, and when they touched released them, and lay lax in death above them.

So I may say of her truly that nothing in her life became her like the leaving of it.

CHAPTER XLII.

A ROYAL master of fiction laid it down as an axiom that when everybody can tell how a story will end, the story is ended. Here, for the rounding of this history, there remain but two or three things to tell. Mary and I returned to town together that same day, and Clara nursed her for a day or two with great assiduity, for now that the strain was over she proved quite overwrought. She was soon herself again, however, and we fell into our own ways of life at home, with some few differences. Pole had never once crossed my threshold since my marriage, and his reason for absence had been understood all along. He came for the first time about six weeks after Lady Worborough's funeral. He was serious at first, but he had always been a man to whom affectation of any sort was intolerable and hateful, and when in the

course of our talk we happened to strike a comic fancy, he had one of his old bright and charming smiles in readiness for it. His troubles had aged him, and, young as he was, there was a touch of grey about his hair. The attitude of his mind had grown habitually serious, but he was not at all the man to eling to a departing shadow.

“I don't know,” he said, “whether I have acted properly in coming here so soon. I have been guided by you so often, that if you will allow me I will take your advice once more. Mary is still staying with you?”

“Still,” I answered, “and will stay, until the only person who has a right to take her away shall come to do it. I have been looking for you for days past.”

“That sounds,” he said, “like approval.”

“It ought to sound,” I answered him, “like complete approval. The fact is that if you liked to think so, your position for a time might be embarrassing and delicate. If you do not choose to trouble yourself at all about it, it may grow natural in a day.”

Clara, who was of course aware of his presence in the house, came in at this juncture to welcome him. She stayed but for a moment or two, and on retiring said—

“Tea will be ready in five minutes. You will come up and join us, John, and bring Lord Worborough with you.”

This indicated clearly enough another opinion on our side, and we followed Clara upstairs. Pole glanced about the room, but Mary was not there. He looked disappointed, and even a little nervous, but almost immediately she entered. They shook hands and we all sat down together, Clara talking at first with a rather forced vivacity. She soon conquered this, however, and the ice once being broken, we got on without further trouble. When we had taken tea, Clara moved into the adjoining room and sat down to the piano. I also sauntered through the folding-doors and stood to listen to her playing. It was by no means as firm as usual, and I was not long in discovering that she was crying softly to herself. But I knew that her tears were very far from being unhappy, and feigned to take no notice. In about an hour Pole said his good-byes and went away. He came again, and continued to come, not half as often as I should have been glad to see him, or I suppose a twentieth part as often as he would really have cared to call.

I remember that whilst these visits were going on, and whilst indeed they were comparatively new, Clara and Mary and I dined

together with that genial old Dr. Fish, of whom I have once or twice found it necessary to make mention in the course of my story. I met at his table the lady of the poor dear Hottentots. It appeared that they had changed their allegiance, and the poor dear Cypriotes were now in charge, after a fashion as mysterious as that of their predecessors. She hinted to me after dinner that Lord Worborough's visits were just a little—now didn't I think so? Were they quite?—Didn't I fancy, now, that they were rather premature? Did I think that they were absolutely and entirely?—well, she might say delicate?

"Dear madam," I responded, "Lord Worborough and Miss Delamere suffered horribly as the result of a wicked and shameful plot. They behaved throughout like persons of delicacy and honour, and they are acting now like people of common sense. It was I who took upon myself to advise Lord Worborough, and his visits to my house are at my invitation."

Whether the general Mrs. Grundy had more to say upon the question I never learned, and certainly never took the trouble to inquire. This particular lady was more abashed than I had meant her to be. She abdicated from her proprietorship of the poor dear Cypriotes for the rest of that evening, and went away early, with effusive "my deariings" and handshakings for Miss Delamere.

When we had quite settled down to the new order of things, and when that sorrowful past had at last sunk from the surface of our lives, we made a very happy quartette. From my dignified height of married man, I looked upon the two dearest friends I had in the world with a profound satisfaction and thanksgiving. Clara, from her extra elevation of dignity as married woman, surveyed them with a pleasure as genuine as my own. The ghastly dead past must have floated up sometimes in their remembrance, as it did in ours, but the great equal stream of time went on and drowned it deeper, hour by hour and day by day.

The haunted man, in his bargain with the ghost, lost all his memories of sorrow with the natural result we know of. It would be as sad to lose our memories of trouble as to lose our memories of joy. But we may all thank God that joy grows brighter in the retrospection, and that sorrow fades.

It was about this time that I received an unexpected visit in my official room. Mr. Delamere turned up there, as distinguished,

as well bred, as condescending, and urbane as ever.

"My dear Denham," he said, "I have called upon you with regard to an affair of the utmost delicacy. I have never been able to refrain from a certain feeling of contempt for those people who make a lavish display of the emotions. I have, in fact, now in preparation for the press, a lecture delivered some years ago on the Control of the Emotions as a Sign of the Perfected Man."

I thought within myself that the control of the emotions was no doubt an admirable thing, but that the aspect of power in that direction might be less estimable where there were no emotions to control. But I held my tongue, and Mr. Delamere streamed on, calm, urbane, forgiving.

"I have never," he pursued, "closed my eyes to the fact that your charming wife and yourself have of late considerably influenced the career, the character, and the resolutions of my child. I do not inquire whether her resolutions to divide her life from mine were, or were not, arrived at as a result of that undoubted influence. I even applaud that fineness of sentiment, that high sense of honour in my daughter, which led her to sacrifice the instincts and the cherished associations of a lifetime. I presume that the instincts were inherited, and I cannot, and I do not blame Mary for acting upon a sentiment which I have found only too considerably active in my own career. She has an erroneous conception of the circumstances of the case. But I authorise you to inform her—I should rather say, perhaps, that I beg you to inform her, that I applaud her feeling, but that I consider that she has by this time more than sufficiently justified her own position. I come to you because I cannot again endure to be encountered with coldness by my daughter. I appeal to you as a man of honour to present my case as I have stated it. It is possible," he added, with a touch of dignified pathos which would have imposed upon me completely in the early days of my acquaintance with him, "it is possible that my very whereabouts may be unknown to her. You will find it indicated here."

With this he produced a card, and laid it delicately upon the table, like an artist and a gentleman. He took up his hat like an artist and a gentleman—he really had the most perfect and finished manner I have ever known—and rose to go. I promised that I would do my best, and told him I was certain that Mary would be the happier for the re-

conciliation. He thanked me, and went away.

I took the message home that evening, and to be brief, Mary consented very willingly to call upon him, and next morning paid him a visit. As a result of this I wrote to him saying that she would continue her residence with Clara for some little time to come and asking him to visit her and us as often as he pleased. I expressed my joy at the reconciliation, and made myself a great deal more agreeable on paper than I felt internally towards him.

Sebastian had been upon our household list almost from the beginning, and it was like old times to hear him and Delamere, when they met together, orating one at another with all their original solemnity. Sebastian had turned to architecture, and had a theory that the reformation of the world from the great doctrine of ugliness was more easily to be effected in that direction than any other.

"The very streets of London strangle and suffocate the wayfarer," he would say. "The dull, eternal, unbroken straight line wearies the soul with its infinite monotony of repetition. The poisonous fallacy of utility has been the death of beauty."

I suspect that he wrote these things down and committed them to memory, unless when they came freshly from the paternal pump spout and he repoured them.

"I speak of the fallacy of utility, and I protest that I find no exaggeration in the phrase. The first essential in a thing is that it shall not be hideous. The second essential in given cases is that it shall be useful. Because you can pack more squares or oblongs than circles or ovals into a given space we sit in these soul-freezing rooms of ours, among flat walls and ceilings."

Pole was there, and asked him if he wouldn't keep the floors level, if only as a concession. Not to speak it unkindly, Sebastian had grown more tolerant of Pole's form of humour since the latter had come in for a great fortune and a peerage. I daresay that was true of many people, and I am not disposed to be severe on Jones. He smiled allowingly, and proceeded with the development of his theory.

"It is very heart-breaking," he said at last, "but nobody appears to care much. I dined last night with a contractor. One meets such people now and then. He jeered at my contention in a way which I felt to be quite tasteless and almost personally injurious. He positively told me that I need only exceed

my average allowance of wine at dinner, and 'top up,'—that was the contractor's expression—with a dose of Old Tom and hot water in order to see the lines of any street arranged in as varied a pattern as I could desire. Of course that closed the conversation. One can't talk with such people. They veil themselves in their own coarse contempt against the light of thoughts beyond their understanding."

But Sebastian was even more enjoyable on one occasion when only Pole and I were present. It appeared that Delamere and he had clubbed together, and had resolved, for the sake of society, to dine in common when not otherwise engaged.

"And do you know," said Jones, "I begin to suspect Delamere of being a trifle selfish in an almost unbelievable direction. We have dined together, I should suppose, since this compact was entered upon, not fewer than a score of times. Now it happens that the man who caters for us at the Albany, though otherwise excellent, is possessed of but little resource or variety with respect to dessert. He has always served up a mere half-dozen of a kind of macaroon of which I am—one confesses to this kind of trifle with no shame—particularly fond. I appropriated them, of course, with Delamere's express consent, on the first evening. They became, so to speak, my property, and I looked forward to them naturally as the close of my repast. Now, last night, and positively also the night before, Delamere deliberately, and with obvious intention, appropriated them all."

Pole said that this was simply brutal, and Sebastian thought the term too strong. Really, he thought it unwarrantably strong. Pole was sorry, but regretted that he could not modify it, and Sebastian expressed his regret at having told the story. He valued Delamere, and had no wish to give his friends a poor opinion of him. For his own part, he was contented to describe the act as an unexpected idiosyncrasy.

I delighted in all this, not merely because it was so charming in itself, but because it showed that Pole still had a laugh left in him, and because he had had a more relishing perception by nature of the fun than I had.

Nothing was said of the one event which we all regarded as inevitable. Clara was full of wonder as to when the news was coming. It came out at length that Pole and Mary had decided between themselves to wait a year, and that they had resolved upon a very quiet wedding. To me, the time seemed to

pass swiftly, and I look back to it now, or at least to all but the earliest months of it, as the happiest of my life. There are few men who can boast of nine months so free from care, so tranquilly, uneventfully hopeful and content. To see the patient look of settled resignation fade from Mary's face, and to see the dawn of positive happiness in it, was in itself a joy which any man might envy. To see the same change in Pole, to watch the quiet hearty humour of the man growing more supple and more at home again within him day by day, was another and an equal pleasure. I thought Pole the best fellow in the world. Almost everybody has that opinion about somebody, but I am prepared to this hour to back my man, and if anybody should prove so fortunate as to win against me I shall never know it, and the winner will have a friend who is indeed worthy of his best affection.

I am getting very near the end now, and have little more to tell. But when I sat, revolving this old history in my mind a year ago, and determining to write it, I fixed upon a title for the story, as if it had been a novel. I decided to call it "The Weaker Vessel;" and that, if ever it should see the light of publicity, is the name it ought to bear. The episode, the remembrance of which decided me upon that title, has still to be told. The title itself has passed into a sort of byword between my wife and me, and we have grown familiar with the name.

It was only a week before the wedding when Clara the younger had been conducted, on a chill but sunshiny day, upon a walk by her nurse. This same Clara the younger has filled but a little place in these pages, though she was known to all hands aboard the family craft as commanderess-in-chief. We were all standing at the drawing-room windows at home, chatting and looking out on the fine bright weather—Clara, Mary, Pole, myself, and Delamere. Clara, Delamere, and myself, were at one window, Pole and Mary at the other. The little Clara was suddenly discerned in the street, toddling forward with outstretched hands and somewhat uncertain footsteps, treating the ridges of frozen mud as if they were half her own height. She had evidently escaped for the moment from her nurse, who was scudding forward in a stooping posture, either to pick her up or to sustain her footsteps, when a wildly driven hansom came tearing round the corner, and dashed in between them. The child was absolutely touched by the wheel, and thrown forward. The nurse girl,

recoiling with a shriek, tripped and sat down upon the roadway. By a happy wonder, neither child nor nurse received a hurt worth mentioning, but for the moment my heart was in my mouth, and by the time that Pole and I had torn down-stairs together, got the hall door open, and discovered the pair to be undamaged, I was sick and faint.

I carried the little creature, who was not at all alarmed by her tumble, into the drawing-room, and there was Mary in an arm-chair in a state of perfect collapse. She had fainted clean away. There was a mighty hubbub for a moment, but we all calmed down, and in half an hour's time Mary herself, with a rather white face and tremulous manner, apologised for her weakness. She had imagined that both the girl and the child had been run over.

Delamere was very gorgeous to behold and listen to as he expatiated upon this incident, and turning to Pole, with his courtly and condescending grace, he said,

"You must have pity on the weaker vessel."

An hour later, when Mary had quite recovered and Pole and I were alone together, he delivered his mind of the thoughts which this utterance awoke in him.

"Jack, you heard Delamere speak just now about the weaker vessel."

I remarked that I had noticed the phrase, and that I had had some fancies about it.

"It set me thinking," said Pole. "The weaker vessel! In all things worth while to be strong in, much the stronger vessel, to my mind. How dares that hollow sham to condescend to a creature so infinitely his superior? Did *she* stoop to touch money dishonourably borrowed? And what did I do? Is it any vanity to say to you who know her as well almost as I do that she loves me? Is it vanity to suppose that she felt the separation as bitterly as I did? I know she did, Jack. I know the shame of being public talk in such a business made that sensitive heart bleed many and many a time. And whilst I was away in Paris, gambling, and racketing, and hating my kind, and eating the husks the swine do eat, she was tending her sick and her poor, and strengthening her soul with holy thought and pious living. Jack, my lad, they're better than we are. They're purer and stronger, and more patient to endure."

He was not talkative for a long time after this outburst, but several times in the course of the afternoon I heard him muttering to himself, "The Weaker Vessel!" in a tone of wrathful incredulity.

In the old tales the hero and the heroine always married and lived happily ever afterwards, and this strange episode in my own career shall end as so many other stories have ended—to the sound of wedding bells. Their happy riot has long since sunk into silence; but I know that so far peace and honoured usefulness and deep content follow their music. The wedding was a very quiet affair indeed, as it was long since arranged it should be. There were not more than half-a-dozen people present at it as spectators. Delamere gave away the bride, and Sebastian was there in his character of friend of the family. Sebastian, by the way, brought the only strange lady present. He had so far relented from his theory of beauty and utility as to sacrifice himself at the shrine of a conspicuously plain and outrageously dolored young woman who came from Oleoville, Pa. She was related to the Dodges there, and, as everybody knows, the Dodges are financially big fish even among the biggest.

I was particularly pleased to get a visit from McIlray on the very morning of the wedding, as I was in the act of dressing for the ceremony. I saw him in my dressing-room for an instant, and he was pleasantly excited by the news I had to give him.

"Ah'm glad," said McIlray, "that the good lad is going to be happy. I'll tell ye! Ef I

may be permitted, I'll just get away to the church, and have a look at the ceremony from the gallery."

He made his way thither, and when the wedding was over and the handshakings and congratulations were all over likewise, and the wedded pair had driven away, I found him waiting at the church door for me. There was no wedding breakfast, for Pole had too active a horror of the possibilities of Delamere's eloquence on such an occasion to endure more than the bare prospect of it. I know this to have been the working factor in his mind, and in all seriousness I am not disposed to be surprised at his decision.

I should have been glad to meet McIlray at any time, for I had learned to have a genuine regard for him. But with Pole and Mary gone I felt lonely and a little dispirited, and he came doubly welcome. We sat and talked about the chase in Paris, and I told him something of what had happened since. Then the conversation languished for a time, until his old unconscious watch-ery broke the silence. It sounded to me, in an odd way, as if there were a philosophy in it, as if it even reconciled discrepancies and expressed a sort of wisdom of generality in little.

"Ay, ay, Denham," said McIlray. "Ay, ay, lad! Ay, ay!"

THE END.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

BY THE BISHOP OF RIPON.

THREE men (it is an old story recast) were disputing what was the mightiest thing on earth.

One maintained that princes were strong, for that they could do whatsoever pleased them, and men disguised their passions and knelt before them.

Another said: "Philosophers are strong; for even kings paid homage to philosophers; Daniel was greater than Darius, Diogenes than Alexander, Plato than Dionysius."

A third rejoined: "Women are stronger than kings or philosophers; for kings have forgotten their triumphs, and philosophers their controversies, in a woman's smile."

A woman was standing by and she said: "There is one stronger than kings, philosophers, or women. Philosophers may sway the minds of kings, woman may cast a spell upon philosophers, but the cry of a little child in distress will draw woman from the

side of wise men and kings. Strong as all are, they are weaklings before infancy; wayward as they are, a little child shall lead them."

She was right. Watch with me how childhood reconciles all life, and learn to bless the wisdom which speaks to us by a son. It will not be strange that signs and wonders should be wrought by the Holy Child Jesus, for it is childhood that reconciles all life.

1. There was discontent in the land; yet it was a fair land, the streams were bright and full, and they sprang from cool, snowy heights, and tore past the roots of pine-trees and spread through soft, rich plains of meadow-land, and murmured past wide corn-fields. The harbours into which the rivers ran were full of ships, laden with the precious and curious produce of other countries, and the air was pure and light and wholesome. It was a land of beauty, and riches,

and health ; yet there was discontent in the land.

Anxious faces were seen everywhere. Men looked upon one another with suspicion, or averted their gaze from their neighbours, as if they had something to conceal. They gathered in groups at the corners of the streets, or under the shadows of houses, and broke up hastily if some footstep were heard approaching. All society bore witness to divided interests and conflicting opinions ; the spirit of faction and intrigue was abroad ; all were distracted between eagerness and apprehension, as though they had much to wish for and much to fear. There was distrust, and so there was discontent, for the king was old, and he had no son, and men looked forward anxiously to know something of the successor to the throne which must soon become vacant ; and parties were formed, for many aspired to the crown ; and parties bred factions, and factions brought suspicions and fears, and uncertainty drew misery upon all. For men feared to trade boldly when the future hung in doubt ; and so business was dull, the wheels of commercial enterprise moved heavily, and gains were small and dubious. Doubtfulness wrought distrust, and distrust brought discontent upon the land. For who could tell which party would prevail ? who could tell whether the next king would be the nominee of commercial or patrician interests ? Who could tell how the faction that succeeded would wield their power ? Who did not feel sure that no defeated party would quietly accept defeat, and acquiesce in the policy of the victor ? Nothing but disquiet, dispute, perhaps civil war, loomed dark in the future. No wonder that in the present there was discontent.

While thus uncertainty, intrigue, and fear spread in the land, there came from the palace news which spread wonder and confusion everywhere ; a son had been born to the king in his old age ; there was an heir to the throne.

In an instant the aspect of the kingdom was changed ; factions forgot their intrigues and looked coldly on their former favourites ; those who had been fiercest in conspiracy were foremost at the palace in paying homage to the infant prince and loudest in proclaiming their welcome. Intrigues were defeated, for there was an heir to the throne ; factions were united, for there was one to whom all could unite in allegiance ; trade was revived, for the future became clear now that a son was born ; prosperity smiled upon the land—dis-

content disappeared from its borders ; the bright country brightened under the wail of peace and security. The people felt that the infant in the palace was a Son of Consolation to them all—to them, as well as to the king, a child was born—to them, as well as to the king, a son was given. And thus from the little cradle where the unconscious babe lay, his sceptre was mightier than his father's in allaying anxiety, in baffling factions, and in restoring peace.

And I thought how mighty is childhood in stilling the wrath of men and healing their divisions ; and I thought how God has reconciled earth's factions by a Holy Child. For all the world is but a divided kingdom ; interests are intriguing against interests ; class is suspicious of class ; nation is distrustful of nation ; all are jealous of the supremacy passing into the hands of any one of themselves ; like parties in a kingdom, they are aspiring even to the ever empty throne of the world. But God speaks to us by a Son. Unto us a Son is born : His is the vacant throne of the world ; He is the heir of all things ; He is the Prince of Peace, knitting all earth's rivalries into a holy emulation of mutual love ; He is the King of kings, in homage to whom all may unite, and before whom every knee may bow. All jealousies and conflicting interests are reconciled in Him. Ephraim need not vex Judah, when over Ephraim and Judah one king reigns ; all factions die before Him ; unto every jealousy a Child is born, a Son is given, on whose shoulder all government shall rest.

2. The spot was a choice one. Before the windows of the stately mansion spread a rich green sward which dipped down towards a laughing brook ; then the land rose again to carry on its high heaving bosom a thick forest of trees, as plumes upon a warrior's crest. Within, the house was sumptuously furnished ; the hand of wealth and the hand of art had combined to adorn its walls and to emblazon its corridors and ceilings with the breathing memorials of a rich historic past and the witnesses of a splendid present. Gay and genial, serene and prosperous were the people who passed and repassed through the rooms ; an air of well-bred ease reigned amid the halls, and the voices which broke upon the stately silence were soft and clear, as of those with whom life has dealt kindly ; many and fair were the guests and visitors at so choice a spot.

Yet there was discontent in those magnificent saloons ; upon the brow of the master

of the house dissatisfaction sat, and she who was his partner in all that splendour wore a look of deep unrest, and suspicion lowered upon the faces of both as some of the visitors passed across the threshold; for every one who might be looked upon as an expectant heir was distrusted in a house where there was no child. Restlessness, suspicion, discontent, began to cast an ever-deepening shadow upon that home, which wealth, and rank, and art had conspired to bless. Even the heavy tapestried rooms and their glittering furniture seemed to frown upon intruders; and, when voices were heard, their tones were as awe-struck tones of those who feel that some evil is at hand. Friends began to forsake the house which gloom was fast claiming as its own; and the burden of a life which has no occupation and none of the sweet blessings of enforced labour weighed upon the spirits and broke down the temper of husband and wife.

But one day a low wail sounded through those stately rooms, and a smile forced itself through the care-lines of the master's face, and footsteps were startled out of their monotonous majesty of pace; women's voices rose louder than before, and the wonted order of the household was set aside. And when months had gone by, the shout of childish laughter was heard, and a mother's eyes looked proud and pleased as two soft dimpling hands and rounded arms were held out in glee, or toyed ruthlessly with her husband's hair. There were little activities in the house now; the mother found a heart to hear of other people's children; the poor women found a reader welcome at her hall; the father was seen to go briskly about his estate with a keener eye, and with a more cheerful patience he heard the tale of needed improvements; evils and even wrongs, which his restless and impatient eye had never noticed, now caught his attention; the half-roofed houses of his tenants were repaired (were there not rosy-cheeked and dimpled-chinned bairns that slept in those cottages?); new schemes for developing the resources of the land found a ready hearing from one whose interests in the property reached beyond his own life.

Faces that had been frowned back from the house, as though they were spies who had designs upon the estate, were welcomed now; with glad triumph, but not unkindliness, the little heir was introduced to those whose expectations his advent had disappointed, but they were easier now in their minds than they had been before; the burden of sus-

picion has rolled away; they visit that house as men now, not as silent suppliants.

Happier hours, wilder confidence, freer speech, truer love begin to grow; the care-lines faded out of these anxious, restless faces of husband and wife. The whole household is transformed; love, hope, faith are its established graces; the brooding friends of melancholy and discontent have taken flight since a child's laughter has wakened echoes among those sumptuous chambers. Master and mistress move more blithely; life has an object and a meaning for them now; they have one to live for now.

And I thought how strong is childhood in drawing to one common purpose the activities of half-divided, half-united men and women, and I thought how the splendours of life receive new meaning when there is one for whom they may be used. And I remembered that the inertness of men who have no reason for exertion is a constant misery to the world; but, that since to us a Child is born, there is no need for any to be idle, or for any to be divided, for that in Him all may find paths of activity—the nursery, the house, the field, the farm, the office, no less than the temple, are sanctuaries where He may be worshipped and honoured by honourable toil; the union of men's diverse characters and diverse gifts is found in Him who is Son of Man and Son of God. For union for union's sake is a myth—union can only be for an object; men unite for their country, for their interests, but never for the barren sake of uniting—it is the common object which draws them together. But this Child Jesus gives all a common object, love and labour for Him. He it is who maketh men to be of one mind in one house. He is the Son who unites hearts and houses. Unto us a Child is born in whom all true hearts may find union.

3. There was despair in a human heart. It was a heart seathed with passion as a volcano is scored with lava streaks. A tumult of wild desires, once gentle solicitations, now grown to be mad, imperious tyrants, has throbbled and clamoured in his bosom; and the doom of the selfish has fallen upon that exoriated heart—the passion which has sacrificed all upon its own altar has driven away all true and noble affection. The curse of solitude has fallen upon the selfish; his companions have fallen from him; he finds himself shunned as a leper by the virtuous, derided as a poltroon by the prudent, regarded as a burden by all. What is life to him? Unlabeled, objectless, hopeless. What

is the world to him? A spot in which no second chance is given to the fallen. Yea, and what use would any second chance be to one whose hand trembles with premature old age? what interest in labouring for that which at best would but prolong a life of silent agony? What is he anyhow that he should keep an existence which is useless to his fellows and burdensome to himself? Are there not quiet lakes at the base of those great hills beyond the town? Will not their silent depths be a fitting refuge from the world for such an one? The waters may be dark beneath the shadows of the hills, but they cannot be darker than his own thoughts and prospects; they may be cold, but they cannot be colder than the world's looks.

But as he hurries to fulfil his resolve, he comes to a leafy lane where a child has been gathering flowers—bright spring flowers—which beam forth from the clustering growth of the hedgerows. The child is stooping to pick up a fallen flower; he has often with rough gesture and angry word thrust children from his pathway in the street; but going to the chill waters of the black lake he cannot push the little one violently aside. Such a little one was he once. Would he could be such again! The child has risen and is holding out the fresh-gathered flowers in its tiny hand, offering them with the ready unselfishness of childhood to the new-comer. What a little hand it is! No force to fight hard against the hard, strong world! How fair and happy those new primroses look in the child's puny fingers! Flowers in a child's grasp! Feeble things to serve against a rough life! He takes the flowers; he cannot refuse the proffered gift; he cannot damp that simple, generous trustfulness by a refusal; but neither can he leave this little waif in this lone spot, he must retrace his steps and find the child's protector; the still lake below the hills must wait a little longer for its burden and his life.

And as he goes back the child at his side keeps up its simple prattle about the flowers and the birds, about the sky and the trees, and ever and anon will pause to drag forth a bright-eyed flower from its shelter. And the shades of night are falling as that strange pair—a passive, withered man and an untainted child—re-enter the town. He must take the child to his own low abode—the abode he never thought to visit again. He watches as the child sleeps upon his bed. How soft and confiding is the sleep of childhood—not troubled by the painful starts

and the expressions of care that creep across the face of sleeping manhood. Will he find the mother? Will he be able to put the child back into her arms and see the look of joy and gratitude rush like the dawn across her troubled face? It would be a sweet reminiscence, it would be a pleasant last recollection to carry with him as he plunged into the cold embrace of those black waters below the hill.

But days passed by and the mother of the child was never found. Perhaps her feet had strayed towards the hills, and the dark fascination of the black waters of the embosomed lake had been too much for her, and the splash of broken waters had wakened faint echoes from the hill-sides as she fled from her child and from her shame. Who knows? But the child remained, and the man's heart began to think less hardly of life, and his eyes turned less frequently towards the hill beyond which the quiet lake was sleeping. He moved about gently, but as one who had a work to do. The child must not starve or suffer. If the child cried, he was at its side; he began to hum some soft tunes, and when the child smiled at the melody, he smiled too, and I think he was glad when he smiled.

And so the months went by, and the man wrought for his strangely-found charge, and the tempest-like passions seemed to turn and join together in one strong passion of industry and fidelity: he worked early and late, and the smile of the child, or its warm, soft kiss, was dearer to him than the heated, passionate embraces of earlier times. A master purpose began to possess his life; to this all his powers did service, and out of the old, spent furnaces of former passions he dug fuel for his new and noble aim. The freshness of his heart was given back to him; he could love that child, purely, unselfishly, patiently. All knew that he was changed—calm, vigorous, wise, gentle, loving he became, who had before been passionate, foolish, rough, and selfish. He always said that the child had no parents, but was an angel of God, clothed in childhood's guise, and sent to turn him aside from wrong and to lead him back to life, true life. Perhaps he was right.

But I thought again—How strong is childhood to transform the characters of men, to stay them in their selfish and self-destroying course, and to point them to a better and a purer life by forcing us to care for them, who, alas! are so prone to care only for ourselves; by teaching us that self-restraint which is

needful if we would care truly for them—yea! by absorbing all the other tempestuous desires into one strong, deep, faithful, high-souled love!

And I remembered that God had sent His Son into the world to draw the thoughts of men away from their sinful, foolish, self-destroying purposes, and to arrest them in the way of death. I remembered how He sought to give us a real work to do in life, better than all we have chosen for ourselves—even work for Him; how He has sought by one overpowering love to drive forth all other and baser loves, and thus to subdue all ignoble affection and all wandering desires; and in His love to renew our characters by ennobling our life, and by sanctifying our hearts. To us a Son is born, to us a Child is given, to show us that there is work for us in God's world and thus, however we may have failed hitherto, to reconcile us to life and life's work, however humble it may be, if only it be for Him, His smile and His love will be an ample reward.

4. There was sorrow in a human heart. For from its very side sweet love had fallen. They had been joined, their loves and hands, in the green spring season; and when the birds were preparing for their southern flight one had fallen, and his spirit had fled to a land farther than the sparrows' flight could reach. So short that bliss of wedded love, warm and brief as fleeting months of the golden summer, with the falling leaves, her hopes and joys fell down; and dull, blank, icy, speechless widowhood fell upon her. Listless she moved; quietly she spoke, but to those who had ears fine-touched there was a tone of listlessness in her very voice; and indeed with the fall of love all music had passed out of her life, and all colour out of her landscape. Calm and cold as a deep shadowed lake was the life she lived; till one evening came a change. A cry which began in pain ended in joy. There was a warm new thing of life nestling in her bosom as the morning rose. And another morning is rising upon her heart, the light is coming back into life, the dull greys are banished by a golden sunlight. God has given me back my love, but it is as a child. I see the love which brightened the past, and it is now linked on with a love which runs forward to the future. I have something to live for, now that I have something on earth to love. This sunbeam here springs from a light above. The child here below is a love-link with him who is gone above.

Her step grew firmer, and her eye grew

brighter. She had not forgotten the past, but new-found love had glorified it in the work of the present. And I thought how strong is childhood that thus can triumph over sorrow, and put smiles into the saddest face, and laughter into the tear-filled eye! And I remembered that to us, grieving over life's sorrows and losses, a Child was given—that Jesus Christ is the link, and the only link, which reunites all loves sundered by the grave; and that this Christmastide gives us a Child to be hope to sorrowing men and women for evermore—a little child to lead us, and God hath spoken to us by a Son.

Great is the might of childhood to reconcile peoples with peoples, men with men, men with life, and love even with loss. Great and mighty is that childhood of Jesus which this glad Yule-tide preaches to us again. Great and mighty is that Holy Child Jesus who reconciles all things; who, worshipped by all nations, will be the bond of nations; who, adored and honoured in all households, will be the golden circle encompassing and drawing together all homes; who, being remembered in life and labour, will reconcile us to life and labour; who, kept near to in sorrow, will reconcile us to the sweet teachings of sorrow; and who, showing us how strong are the links of love, will make us triumph over the vain efforts of death to break them.

I know not what your Christmas will be; it will be varied to most of you. To some, indeed, it may be unalloyed joy, joy unmingled by a saddened memory or a painful regret; to others it will be a season in which the joy will be all overshadowed by present pain, or anxiety, or by some weighty, never-lifting sorrow. To most of you it will be mingled; hooded forms of sorrow will be gazing upon your mirth, and you will feel that the eye of sadness is upon you even when you smile.

But gladsome, or saddened, or mingled, whichever your Christmas may be, go and let childhood teach you. As you lift a little one upon your knee, or as you think of the Yule-tides when you were the little one lifted to be kissed by lips that now are cold, remember how God has spoken to us by the childhood of Jesus, and let that childhood teach you that all things are made one in Him; that in it is given the token that all things which seemingly are at variance and strife may be reconciled in Him. Yes! all reconciled in Him—the holy God with sinful man. Kingdoms reconciled with kingdoms, homes within themselves—hearts rent with

conflicting passions made one in Him—and the living and the dead are reunited in Him who grasps in either hand the seen and the unseen world—such signs and wonders are there wrought by the Holy Child Jesus—in whom all things are reconciled.

"All things are reconciled
In Thee, O Lord! all fierce extremes that bent
Along time's shore, like chidden waves grown mild,
Have crept to kiss Thy feet.

"For all grows sweet in Thee,
Since Thou didst gather us in One, and bring

This fading flower of our humanity
To perfect blossoming.

"All comes to bloom! this wild
Green outward world of ours, that still must wear
The furrow on its brow, by print of care
And toil struck deep; this world by sin made sad,
Hath felt Thy foot upon its sod, and smiled;
The desert place is glad.

"The stricken heart bereft
Of all its brood of singing hopes and left
Mid leafless boughs a cold forsaken nest
With snowflakes in it, folded in Thy breast
Doth lose its deadly chill, that creeps
Unto Thy side for shelter, finding there
The wound's deep cleft, forgets its mean and weeps
Calm, quiet tears, and on Thy forehead care
Hath looked until its thorns, no longer bare,
Put forth pale roses."



THE KEW OBSERVATORY.

By R. H. SCOTT, F.R.S., METEOROLOGICAL OFFICE.

PASSENGERS to Twickenham by train from Richmond station may have noticed a building standing in a park-like space, on the right-hand side of the line, just before they cross the river. The area enclosed between the road from Richmond to Kew and the bend of the river is partly occupied by the Royal Gardens of Kew, and partly by this park-like space, which is called the Old Deer Park of Richmond, and which is let out as a grazing farm. The building situated in the Old Deer Park is the Kew Observatory.

The whole site and the buildings on it have an interesting history. The Old Deer Park was formerly connected with Richmond Lodge, and the actual site of the Observatory was occupied by the Carthusian Priory of Jesus of Bethlehem, erected in 1414 by

Henry V. to atone for the murder of Richard II.

This and the neighbouring nunnery of Syon House were those referred to by Shakespeare in his *Henry V.*, where he makes the king, in his prayer before the battle of Agincourt, say

"I have built
Two chantries where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul."

The priory was situated in a hamlet called West Sheen. East Sheen is a village still existing. All traces of hamlet and priory have disappeared, but in the immediate vicinity of the Observatory foundations of old buildings are frequently found when the earth is opened.

The date of the total demolition of all these structures was about 1770, soon after the accession of George III. The fact was that

the present Old Deer Park and adjacent lands were the site of Richmond Lodge, once occupied by Cardinal Wolsey, and afterwards the favourite country seat of Queen Caroline. It is well known that there was no love lost between grandmother and grandson, and accordingly when the latter came to the throne he took pleasure in erasing every trace of the house and gardens which had been decorated at such a lavish expenditure, and which was so thoroughly identified with his grandmother's personality.

The reason that the Observatory was built, and that it received the misnomer of the Kew Observatory, while it lies near Richmond, was that it was erected to replace the old Kew Observatory attached to the Palace at Kew, which had fallen into disuse. It had been at this latter observatory, when the property of Samuel Molyneux, that Bradley had made his famous discovery of the aberration of light.

When the transit of Venus of 1769 was approaching, a Dr. Demainbray, a very eminent French scientific man, who had been Instructor in Science to the King before his accession, induced him to build an observatory in order to take advantage of so rare an astronomical opportunity. Demainbray observed the transit from the new building, and remained its superintendent till his death in 1782. He was succeeded by his son, the Rev. S. Demainbray, who held the post till the transfer of the establishment to the British Association in 1842. During the latter years of his long service he was assisted by his nephew, Stephen Rigaud, Savilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford.

When the British Association assumed the management of the Observatory, their chief officer, as honorary superintendent, was Mr. Francis Ronalds, who held the position for ten years. Mr. Ronalds was one of the earliest experimenters and discoverers in the line of investigation to which we owe the electric telegraph, and for this service he ultimately received the well-merited honour of knighthood.

In 1851 the Association took the establishment under their own control, and appointed a "Kew Committee" to manage it. In 1871 the Observatory was handed over to the Royal Society, who now direct it by means of a Committee.

I shall now proceed to give a brief sketch of the work carried on at the Kew Observatory. When the establishment was first taken in charge by the British Association, it was contemplated that the building might

be used for physical researches of different descriptions, to be carried on by various investigators, and this idea has been carried out up to the present day. Attention was also paid to the development of methods of continuous registration of atmospheric phenomena. During the early years Sir F. Ronalds, while engaged in elaborate researches into the phenomena of atmospheric electricity, found time to devise and construct the first forms of the Kew pattern photographic meteorographs and magnetographs.

The principle of this photographic registration of observations is that a lamp (of gas or paraffin) is kept constantly burning, and that a ray of light from it passes through a slit and is caused to shine on sensitized paper. This paper is stretched on a drum which revolves by clockwork.

In the case of the barometer or thermometer, or, as they are called, the barograph or thermograph, the motion of the mercury with successive changes of weather produces oscillations in the vertical extent of the shadow thrown on the drum, and so the edge of the photographic image, when developed, exhibits a record of the actual variations recorded by each instrument, corresponding to the changes of weather.

In the case of the magnetic instruments, which consist of sensitive magnets suspended very delicately, a small mirror is attached to each magnet, and it is the ray reflected from this that impinges on the drum, and registers thereon the motions of the magnet. Magnets so suspended are practically never at rest, and so the little spot of light reflected from each is constantly moving on the paper.

The chamber in which most of these instruments are situated is a somewhat cery place. It is underground, in order to be kept constantly at the same temperature, and as care must be taken to shield the sensitive photographic paper from all light other than the line or spots it is intended to record, the chamber is all but totally dark. If you are standing in it you see nothing, but you hear the measured beat of the clocks driving the several drums.

The barograph at Kew is in the same chamber as the magnetographs. The thermograph and electrograph are up-stairs, as they must be in close proximity to the outer air. In addition to these photographic instruments there are the anemograph, the automatic rain-gauge, and the sunshine recorder, which record mechanically.

This continuous record of observations has

now been maintained at Kew for thirty years as regards magnetism, and for about twenty-five years as regards meteorology. A moment's reflection is sufficient to show the immense advantages which continuous automatic registration affords over the ordinary method of eye observations at stated intervals, even though these should be as frequent as at twenty minutes apart, as was for a time the case in a series of observations taken by some students of the University of Helsingfors.

Had it not been for the existence of a number of such automatic barographs in these islands, it may safely be asserted that the fact that the eruption air wave from Krakatoa in August, 1883, was sensible in this country, would never have been discovered.

The facts were these. The day after the eruption all the barographs in these islands showed an extraordinary disturbance, with no weather disturbance to account for it. The phenomenon occurred first at the eastern stations, and after a few hours it was succeeded by another which was felt first at the western stations.

Inquiry from St. Petersburg and Lisbon, where the barographs are similar to our own, confirmed the conclusions based on the British records, and the conviction was forced upon the scientific world that the air-shock produced by the eruption actually travelled round the world four times, as many successive disturbances, at intervals of about thirty-six hours apart, having been traced.

The credit of this investigation is due to Lieut.-General R. Strachey, and at his suggestion records were procured from every observatory in the world which possessed an automatic barograph, with the result that the conclusions derived from study of the European records were fully confirmed.

The example set by the Kew Observatory in the continuous record of physical phenomena has been very generally followed. No less than twenty observatories in different parts of the world are equipped with magnetographs on the Kew pattern, while the number of stations provided with Kew pattern barographs and thermographs is almost as large.

It should here be said that the magnetic observations at Kew are entirely maintained by a munificent donation from the late Mr. J. P. Cassiot, the interest of the money being paid to the Kew Committee on the distinct condition that the continuous record of magnetic phenomena and the publication

of results shall not be suspended. The meteorological record is carried on at the cost of the Meteorological Office, Kew being the central observatory in connection with that establishment.

I now come to the subject of the verification of instruments. In the year 1852 the testing of instruments was first taken in hand at the request of some of the leading firms of manufacturers of such apparatus. This is the work which has rendered the Kew Observatory justly famous throughout the civilised world, and which has at that place attained a development quite unequalled elsewhere. The growth of this work, during the thirty years from 1855 to 1884 inclusive, has been very decided, as shown by the Annual Reports of the Observatory. A very marked increase at the end of the period is due to the introduction of watch-rating, of which more anon.

An idea may be gained of the amount of work involved in the verifications, when we see from the last Kew report that for the year 1886-7, the number of instruments verified during the preceding twelve months had been no less than 13,761, exclusive of watches.

It is interesting to find that with that large number of instruments coming to the Observatory, the total number of instruments rejected, as unfit for a verification certificate, owing to excess of error or to other causes, was only 346, or about 2½ per cent. Such a result as this says a great deal for the degree of skill to which the manufacturers of these instruments have attained, when they can maintain such a standard of accuracy. Such success is mainly due to the natural action of the principles of supply and demand. The public insist on having instruments of a definite degree of accuracy, and the makers are put on their mettle, and produce what is wanted.

To take one instrument alone, the clinical thermometer, of which 8,668 specimens, more than one-half of the total number of instruments verified, were examined in 1887, and in which the most minute accuracy is required. Before Kew certificates for such thermometers were attainable, errors in graduation of these instruments of a degree, or even more, were far from uncommon. The reader can judge of the value of such apparatus in indicating the fluctuations of temperature of a fever patient. Nowadays the errors of thermometers do not exceed one or two tenths of degrees.

The subject of watch-rating has been mentioned. At Neuchâtel and Geneva, and at Yale College, Mass., there have been for some years institutions where watches are publicly tested, but up to a very recent date no facilities for this operation were afforded in London. It was in 1883 that the Kew Committee first decided to undertake this class of work, and, after consultation with foreign authorities, they adopted certain rules for the testing of watches, which are reasonably comparable with those enforced elsewhere.

Watches are received and arranged under three classes—A, B, and C, according to the certificates to be issued with them. In class A the watches (or “movements” as they are called), are under trial forty-five days; in class B thirty-one; and in class C sixteen. The tests are proportionably severer in the higher classes.

To earn a certificate A, the performance must be such that—

“1.—The mean difference of daily rate, under the same conditions of position and temperature, has in no instance exceeded 2 seconds during the period of trial.

“2.—The mean daily rate in a vertical position has differed from the mean daily rate in a horizontal position by less than 5 seconds, and from that in any other position by less than 10 seconds.

“3.—The mean daily rate has been affected by change of temperature to an amount less than one-third of a second per 1° F.”

The details of the trials to which watches are submitted during rating may be gathered from the subjoined statement:—

“The trial of a watch entered for a certificate in Class A will occupy 45 days, divided into 8 periods of 5 days each, and 4 intermediate and extra days during which the watch is not rated.

“1st Period.—Watch hanging in vertical position, with its pendant (ring for suspension) up, at the ordinary temperature of the room.

“2nd Period.—Watch in vertical position, with its pendant to the right, at the ordinary temperature of the room.

“3rd Period.—Watch in vertical position, with its pendant to the left, at the ordinary temperature of the room.

“4th Period.—Watch in horizontal position, with dial up, in the refrigerator, at a temperature of about 40° F. (4° Cent.).

“5th Period.—Watch in horizontal position, with dial up, at the ordinary temperature of the room.

“6th Period.—Watch in horizontal position, with dial up, in the oven, at a temperature of about 98° F. (32° Cent.).

“7th Period.—Watch in horizontal position, with dial down, at the ordinary temperature of the room.

“8th Period.—Same as the first, watch hanging in vertical position, with pendant up, at the ordinary temperature of the room.

“The intermediate and extra days, during which the watch is not rated, are at the commencement of the 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th periods, which are extended one day each for that purpose, the first day's rate not being taken into consideration.”

For Classes B and C the tests are less strict.

The growth of this system of watch testing has been such that in the successive years 1884 to 1887, the number of watches examined has been respectively 42, 344, 490, 150, or 1,344 in all.

In the year 1886 the testing of marine chronometers was commenced, inasmuch as hitherto there had been no opportunity afforded to the public of rating these instruments in this part of London. At Greenwich chronometers, but only for use in the Royal Navy, are tested. At Bidston Observatory, near Liverpool, such instruments are tested for the public; but naturally it is only captains visiting Liverpool who can avail themselves of the facilities afforded them by the liberality of the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board.

Chronometers are tested on a different principle from watches. They are all tried for thirty-five days, and the temperature is varied so as to reproduce, as closely as practicable, the conditions to which the chronometer will be exposed, say, on a voyage to New Zealand and back, where the torrid zone must twice be crossed, and high southern latitudes must also be visited.

Up to last Michaelmas twenty-seven chronometers had been tested.

In 1865 the operation of swinging pendulums was first undertaken at the observatory for the Indian Government. The object of this work is to ascertain the variations in the force of gravity at the earth's surface. The most convenient way of effecting this is by swinging a pendulum, a so-called “invariable pendulum,” at various points. Sir Edward Sabine conducted the most elaborate researches of this nature that have ever been carried out, and his observations extended from Bahia in 13° S. Lat. to Spitzbergen in 80° N. His pendulum gave in London 86,400 beats a day, at Spitzbergen 86,483; but at the Island of St. Thomas, in the Bight of Benin, only 86,269.

As has already been said, this work commenced in 1865, when the late Captain Basevi swung at the Observatory certain pendulums which were to be employed on the great Trigonometrical Survey of India. These operations have been repeated on various

subsequent occasions, with the same pendulums and with others, and arrangements are at present in progress for a set of similar experiments, as a final test of the results obtained.

Solar photography has been another subject to which much attention has been devoted at Kew. In 1855 Sir John Herschel had suggested the importance of taking a photographic picture of the solar disc on every day the sun shone, and three years later the first photoheliograph was completed under the superintendence of Mr. de la Rue. The instrument was maintained in operation at the Observatory, with but few intermissions, from 1859 to 1871. Since that date free-hand drawings of the condition of the sun's surface, on every day that it was visible, have been made, on the same plan as that followed for many years by the late Hofrath Schwabe, of Dessau. The Hofrath's original drawings are preserved among the archives of the Royal Astronomical Society. They extend from 1825 to 1867, and as the Kew committee have had all these drawings copied carefully, they possess a complete pictorial history of the sun's appearance for sixty-three years, from 1825 to the present date. The discussion of this has already led to very interesting results.

Of other investigations conducted at the Observatory there is a goodly list; but I shall only mention a few.

Sextants are extensively tested, and arrangements are now in progress for the testing of telescopes and of photographic lenses. A hydraulic press, working up to four tons, has been provided for testing thermometers destined for deep-sea work, where they may be exposed to excessive pressures in really deep soundings. Not only are thermometers

tested specially for pressure, but also, if required, thermometers can be tested at the freezing point of mercury by the use of solidified carbonic acid. Thermometers for use in rigorous climates like that of Canada, should all be tested in this way.

Experiments are also going on with a system of duplicate cameras, situated some eight hundred yards apart, to determine the altitude and the motion of clouds.

It is from observations of this nature, carried out on cirrus, or "mare's-tail" clouds, that it is possible to foresee important changes of weather hours before our instruments at the surface of the ground, such as the barometer, give signs of their coming. Unfortunately it requires great skill and considerable practice in an observer to enable him to make such determinations as shall be of real value in forecasting.

The Kew cloud-camera observations are not instituted for forecasting purposes, but to throw light on the actual levels at which clouds float, on the rate at which they travel, and the laws of their motion—each of them matters of great interest in meteorology.

The foregoing is a very imperfect summary of the work done at Kew; but it may be sufficient to show the great importance to British physical science of the existence of such an establishment, situated at a distance from any disturbance caused either by the proximity of other buildings or passing traffic. At such a place investigations can be carried on without any risk of interference from ordinary visitors, and with the certainty that, for meteorological researches at least, the atmosphere of the observatory will be perfectly pure, and, in fact, be prejudicially affected solely by the close proximity of the building to the river.



GEORGE JOHN PINWELL.

By JOSEPH SWAIN.

A THIRD amongst the dead artists with whom I was brought into close business and friendly relations was George John

posterity. For this work he was nearly all his life making sketches. The subject was suggested by Bunyan's "Vanity Fair;" but at his death the picture had made too little progress for any one to judge aright of the qualities with which he had dreamed of endowing it. This was not the picture called by the same name sold at his death. Pinwell began to work for *Good Words* and *Once a Week* in 1863, and for the *Sunday Magazine* in the following year. With few exceptions there was not much beauty in his female figures. One of the exceptions is "Aunt Patience," a single figure of great beauty, which appeared in *Once a Week*, September 5, 1863. Another in June 6th of the same year, is an illustration to a story entitled "Blind," where Katharine is seated in a bay window. "She was tall and slight, with a small head set on her throat like a queen;" but the scene is defective from the absence of blind Michael, who is the motive of the story. "Madame Barjac, of Orbec," is another instance of the success with which he could construct faces. This was a story entitled, "Not a Ripple on the Sea," and ap-

Pinwell, a man of undoubted genius, who has left many choice specimens of his ability behind him, which only serve to heighten the disappointment a true lover of art must feel at his early death. Pinwell was born at Wycombe, Bucks, in the winter of 1842, and although he came to London at a very early age, his love of country life and country scenes inspired his pencil in after years with far more power than did the scenes of fashionable life with which he became familiar in the metropolis. He studied in Mr. Leigh's school of art, Newman Street, Oxford Street, and his lack of a thorough technical training was sadly apparent in after years. During the four closing years of his life many pictures of his presented a curious combination of his best and his worst work. These were years when, it must not be forgotten, he was conscious that he had not long to live, and as they passed a deepening sense of sadness took possession of him that he would not live to accomplish the great ambition of his life. This was to paint a picture by which his genius should be handed down to

appeared in the same journal July 11. The old woman, with a high cap drawn over her eyes, sits on a chair at an open door, looking out over a fine expanse of sea and sand. Her head is partly turned towards the narrator of the story—a very feeble piece of work, and strikingly poor compared with the power displayed in the drawing of the old woman. Pinwell infused much character in all his drawings—as, for instance, in his illustration to Dora Greenwell's "Christmas Carol," which appeared in *Good Words* for 1864. Turning over his pictures no one can avoid the conviction that he was deeply moved by the pathetic side of human nature, and that his spirit had more kinship with the lost and sorrowing than with the contented and joyous amongst mankind.

I remember calling upon him once at his studio in Newman Street in 1865 or 1866, I cannot remember which, on a matter of business, and finding him at work amidst surroundings of a more than unusually untidy character. The place was filled with lumber—



*Yours truly
G. J. Pinwell.*

artistic lumber—of every kind; damaged casts, dusty dresses, fragments of armour, pictures in every stage of progress, hanging curtains, dilapidated chairs; and there were candles stuck in the necks of wine-bottles. After settling the business I had with him he took me into his confidence, and told me in playful terms that he meditated a serious change—he intended to marry. The chief reason, however, was one of a most amusing character: it was that he found the drain upon his resources for models was too great, and he put it in the form of a question, Do you not think that it would be better for me to take a wife? Feeling that he had made up his mind on the subject from a better consideration than the one communicated to me, I heartily assented, of course, and in due time, what I have every reason to believe was the happiest event of his life, took place. His marriage was an exceedingly happy one, and his studio in his new home at Adelaide Road, N.W., soon exhibited signs of the pleasant change that had come over him.

In 1865 Pinwell made seven illustrations to Dalziel's "Arabian Nights," published by Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Tyler. The best of these were "The Prince and the Ogress," "The Sultan and his Court at the Fish-pond," and "Sinbad the Sailor."

The year following Pinwell executed the most important series of his book illustrations; this was the edition of Goldsmith, published by Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Tyler. Speaking of them the *Spectator* said:—

"Mr. Pinwell may be congratulated on having really produced an illustrated Goldsmith, and not after the fashion which has long obtained among us, certain pictures of more or less value, to which the text of an established author is appended. His drawings really help us to understand, or at least to realise, the meaning of a writer who deals in broad con-

trasts rather than in subtle differences of character; and as the difficulty of such illustrations is the greater, so also is the artist's merit when it is overcome."

The *Athenæum* said:—

"Messrs. Dalziel's issue is that of the work of artists of considerable ability, men who delight in what they do, who have given attention to their tasks, and who really 'illustrate' the theme put before them. There is a pretty little point, which may be named to justify our remarks, in the sketch of the vicar hanging up the epitaph, where one of his sons holds the hammer, the other the box of nails, and the vicar himself is gravely setting the frame straight against the wall."

About this time great interest was excited by the use of body colour in water-colour drawings. Too little care was given by Pinwell to the chemical qualities of his pigments, such unfortunate combinations as emerald green and cadmium, and these with vermilion, are frequent in his earlier work, and, in consequence, after a few years these colours turned black and had to be repainted.

When an idea struck Pinwell's fancy he never seemed willing to let the subject go. Thus, for instance, in May, 1865, he drew for the *Sunday Magazine* "The Lost Child,"



A Seat in St. James's Park.

a frequent incident in our metropolitan streets, but one which the true artist alone can illuminate with deep pathos. This subject lingered in his mind for several years, until January, 1870, when he treated it much more elaborately in a picture which appeared



In St. James's Park.

in the *Graphic*. The thought is the same, the interest aroused by a lost child, but there are fresh figures introduced and the grouping is more artistic. In the latter he introduces a flower-girl with tattered dress and broken boots, very beautifully drawn.

If Pinwell did not succeed in imparting refinement and finish to his drawings on wood, those qualities were not lacking in his water-colour sketches. One of the drawings he made in the hour and a half competition at the Langham Club is in my possession; this is "Cinderella and her Fairy God-mother." The exquisite beauty of the girl's face is unapproachable in any picture of his, and the whole is powerfully treated. This had to be completed in the time allotted, yet the power of colouring which it displays could not be excelled.

Another picture which exhibits his best style is "A Seat in St. James's Park," which appeared in *Once a Week*, June 26, 1869, and was etched by Herkomer. Upon the seat are five persons, three of whom are sunk in unutterable misery—a woman and her son, who are trying to earn their living as street musicians, and an elderly broken-down gentleman, who with bent head and sternly frigid face reviews the mistakes of a past life. There is a comedy going on between the soldier who whispers to the nursemaid by his side, and the unconcern of childhood is happily embodied in the child playing with a balloon, under the observa-

tion of a little girl. In the background women gossip over their baskets, a married man hurries by carrying some birds home for dinner, and others walk their several ways, heedful only of their own business. The accompanying original sketches were made for this picture.

On the opposite page is an illustration, drawn by Pinwell on wood, which has never been published before. This is a representation of Jesus with Martha and Mary, and is treated in a curious unconventional, but by no means attractive, fashion.

In January, 1875, the year of his death, Pinwell was occupied in illustrating Miss Ingelow's story, "Fated to be Free," which ran through that year's volume of *GOOD WORDS*, and the subjoined head of Mrs. Malcombe appears in the January number. This head is one of the best examples of Pinwell's finished work. The old lady, it will be remembered, is giving instructions about her funeral to her sons, Daniel and Augustus, both old men.

Pinwell was elected, 1871, an Associate of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, and a Member in 1871.

His best-known pictures are the "Pied Piper with the Rats," and the "Pied Piper with the Children" (etched by Macbeth); "The Lost Found," "A Seat in St. James's Park," "The Old Clock," "Landlord and Tenant," "Vanity Fair," "The Elixir of Love," "The Sisters," "Children with Calf." Many of these pictures passed into the possession of Mr. Edward Dalziel, and at their sale in 1886, "A Seat in St. James's Park" realised £120 15s.; "Children with a Calf,"



Mrs. Malcombe.

£56 14s.; "Vanity Fair," £49 7s.; "The Elixir of Love," £84.

After four years of conscious decline in health Mr. Pinwell visited Tangier, but the advantage he derived was only transitory; he died, September 8, 1875, and was buried in Highgate Cemetery three days afterwards.

Mr. J. W. North, who was acquainted with both Walker and Pinwell, writes:—

"It is impossible to imagine a greater contrast than existed in the temperaments and physical characters of these two men. Walker was most delicately sensitive, and it is doubtful whether his death was not due as much to the fearful depression of spirits under which he laboured after his mother's death, as to the effects of his disease. Pinwell, on the contrary, was bright, gay, and lively up to the last day of his life, although he foresaw with perfect clearness his fate. [His latest work bears indications to many of a rather more gloomy feeling having possessed him.] Pinwell

was an intense admirer of Walker's work, and wished much to know him intimately.

"I remember going with Walker one evening to see Pinwell at his home in the Adelaide Road. Pinwell had then been seriously ill with the first symptoms of consumption, while Walker was apparently perfectly well, and continued so for more than a year afterwards, yet Pinwell survived

Walker a good many months, and telegraphed to me the sad news of his unexpectedly sudden death. Pinwell had the best animal spirits of any man I have known, a great deal of natural wit, good taste and feeling for music; and being blessed with a perfect wife, his life, though very sadly short, was an enjoyable and happy one. His education had been

much neglected, but he had great delight in literature and poetry, and intense feeling for the romantic side of things, so that in spite of his never having acquired the polish of the schoolboy, he was well informed in the truest and best sense. He began life as a designer for patterns, and had remarkable talent in composition. He was in the same way as Walker (but with more visible cause) indefatigable in trying to work out his ideas to greater technical perfection. Pinwell was all round a very self-reliant man. For a short time, probably in 1864, or early in 1865, he was



Jesus with Martha and Mary.

with Mr. Whymper in Lambeth.

"Mr. A. B. Houghton, the artist, celebrated for his scenes of Eastern life, was at Pinwell's funeral, seemingly then in his usual health. I remember he said to us, as we stood round the grave after the burial, 'Ah! my boys, you will be planting me here also before three months,' and it was so."

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN WAUGH.

IF the horrible and unnatural disclosures made of the condition of childhood in London be beyond doubt—and if stipendiaries, and juries, and judges are to be relied on, those disclosures are beyond doubt—then, in some serious respects, it is a clear disadvantage to be born a child of the Christian capital of the world.

Presuming upon the general good conduct of fathers and mothers, we have allowed low wretches who have taken upon them fatherhood and motherhood to inflict tortures on babes of which it is impossible for grown men merely to hear without wincing. What with our gin-shops and their poisonous and maddening draughts, our growing betting mania, our baby burial clubs, our thousands of house-to-house child insurance agents, there is springing up amongst us a systematic child injury, torture, and murder—has sprung up and has quickly grown to serious proportions—at which pagan Rome might have blushed.

Here is a specimen of two hundred and twenty-five cases of attempted starvation of children. It is in as tidy a house and by as sober a pair as their respectable street contained. At the point at which the Society got possession of their child her weight should have been 63 lbs., and she actually weighed 41 lbs., not much more than the weight of a skeleton of her years. The tight-drawn skin over the dry, fleshless bones made her move angularly, like a victim of rheumatism, though she suffered from no disease; her little figure was bent as with infirmities of age, and on her poor remains of limbs were marks left by beatings of a buckle-ended strap from her father's loins and a stick. Her eyes protruded through dark rings of pain, and her voice was the low, husky whisper of the dying. This emaciated condition was deliberate work. Seven months before she had been brought home from her grandmother's to a step-mother, who did not want her. She had often gone a whole day and night without food. The marks were of beatings for "stealing" it when her "mother" was out.

Such was the off-hand charge of the horrible creature against a hungry, dying child who had merely picked crumbs from her father's larder. For the theft her thin limbs were made sore by beatings in the bedroom, where she was afterwards shut up with

neither bread nor water for thirty-six hours. She then ventured to beg from their neighbours. They were "disgraced" by the neighbours' interference on the child's behalf, and she was beaten and locked up again, and afterwards was forbidden to go out. What food the woman chose to give her, and only that, must she have. And on that she was seen to be slowly, surely dying. Then the woman went to the doctor for "something for worms," and got it; and when death had cruelly crowned her plans, she would have gone for a certificate and have got that, and there would have been a procession from the church gate, and an "I am the resurrection and the life," and another little grave in the churchyard—that would have been all. To-day the father who "punished" his child for taking his bread, and the woman who planned her death are in penal servitude, and the girl is a comely and happy child, with her basket on her arm at her errands.

The Society has done wonderful work for the friendless children of the dead. But it has done scarcely less for the children of the living. To any one accustomed to the sight of the beautiful ways of mothers with their sick children such a story as this is incredible, and only the fact that the guilty pair are in prison for it could convince them it must be true. In this case the Society only avenged the dead. The death took place in winter, in a bare room, on a mattress. The child, a girl, had but two garments on: a chemise and a print frock. There was no blanket, no coverlet, no sheet. The window was curtainless; the nights were frosty. There was no fire in the grate, nor had there ever been through all the long illness. There was no food, no physic, not even a cup of water to drink. Through all the pain of her slow, weary dying, she had been untended, whilst for some weeks before she passed away she had been quite unable to attend to herself: she could not turn in bed, she could not raise a limb. Her bones almost protruded through the bed-sores which added misery to her misery. Happily, during many of the last days through which she lay in darkness and bitter cold, while actual death was slowly taking place, unconsciousness must have been as kindly to her as death; she possibly felt nothing, but gently breathed herself away.

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We have all passed the delicate child carried in the arms or leaning up against the wall, hawked in the street for charity. Here is a horrible disclosure of what may be suffered even at a mother's hand at once possessed of the demon thirst, and tempted by the easy charity which "passes by," but not "on the other side," and gives its penny. A pallid face and a cough were the ghastly little fellow's power to win coppers from pitiful hearts; and, weary and sick and dying, he was made to wander about the streets with his begging mother, with no other reward for his pain and toil than, at the long day's close, to be left to make his way as best he might, wet or dry, to a wretched home and a supperless bed, while his mother lounged from gin-shop to gin-shop, or sat, till turning-out time, in her cosy corner by the fire, sipping herself drunk. All this, be it observed, was *quite legal*, so far as the use to which the ill child was put, and is everywhere legal to-day. At length the boy became so weak that he could only get about by feeling his way along the wall, or hanging to the skirts of his mother. Still she dragged him out to move pitiful people to give pence. Sore of bone, faint with hunger, dying of disease, he went his daily way, till at length he staggered his last, fell down on the stones, shivered a little and convulsed at the mouth. A passing workman took pity, picked the living skeleton up, and carried him to his wretched home, from whence he was moved to the work-house, and, in a day or two, to the grave. Towards the end, neighbours had pleaded with the woman not to take him out any more. Sometimes she heeded; but it did not pay her to do so; so she took him out again. At length when she did yield to the neighbours' pleadings, in order to get his no longer useful dying done, she put him into a tub of cold water, leading him naked into the open air to do it, he meanwhile feebly pleading, "No, no." He was put in and kept there, some said, an hour. But he did not die, and did not seem so near death as folks thought; so she took him out again and made another penny.

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sky, wind and rain coming freely through. A straw mattress was on the floor, both mattress and floor being filthy, damp, and rotten. The window under the eaves had missing panes, which were blocked up with rags and bits of wood as best a child could block them. Here the children slept. They were hawkers. There had been three of them. After perpetual toil and pain one had just died. Happily, this master of the situation was not brutal. There were no bruises on the children. He never hit them or even cursed them. He only left them to make their living in a public legal way, supplying them with something to hawk, and all they made they had for themselves. He was fattish and humorous, and smiled leeringly. He was well dressed in his way, and when the Society arrested him he had deposit-notes for £25 in his pocket.

It is a mistake to suppose that poverty, or large families, or ignorance—as ignorance is understood—has anything whatever to do with cruelty. The proportion of comparatively well-to-do and well-informed who have fiendish dispositions towards children is found to be greater than those who are very poor. Teetotalism, indeed, may only replace the open and loud methods by methods more legally wise, safe, and difficult of detection. The educated villain is only smarter in his savagery; needing a freer, more educated agency to deal with him. He does his work in superior ways. But the helpless child is got rid of all the same. The Society has prosecuted two doctors and a clergyman, and has taken their children from some people who were certainly not unaccustomed to good furniture, all of whom could play the fiend and madman with a child.

Here is a sample of what an own mother in affluence can be—a professional singer. One midnight she returned home full of wine and wrath to take her morbid delight in tortures. First, she belaboured the child with what came to hand, which happened to be a convenient length of india-rubber tubing, and then she sent the little bruised body crying to bed. The mother vouchsafed no reason, and by the child a reason was not expected; it was all a part of her wretched existence. While the child undressed, the mother strode about the house till the thirst for more cruelty came over her. Then, armed with the india-rubber tubing, she followed the child up-stairs, entered her room, and dragged her out of bed.

"Oh, mamma," cried the child, clinging to her mother's hand, still sobbing bitterly from

previous pains, "don't beat me any more." It was the servants who overheard it. The only answer in her mother's heart was merciless belabouring her all too naked little limbs—back, legs, breast, till the child fell upon the floor. Then she dragged her up by her hair, lifted her on to the bed, and strode out of her room, leaving her to cry herself to sleep. But the child dare not.

It was midnight and bitterly cold, and she was in the dark; but she huddled on a few of her clothes, stole down-stairs, and left the house. Snow was falling in the forsaken streets, and frosty winds were blowing. With her feet bare, her head uncovered, her clothing of the scantiest, sore with blows and stupefied with grief and dread, the child, alone, made her way through the streets to the house of a friend four miles away, where she arrived at her friend's about half-past one; they took her in and warmed her, and dressed her bruises, and put her to bed.

As a matter of fact it is only at personal risks and by breaking the law that these horrible things are brought to light. Children belaboured in the streets and squares of the land are under the clear, sharp protection of the law. But the room in which a man locks up his child is practically absolutely without law. Law has never tried to deal with what goes on inside the rooms where infants are whose absolute ignorance and helplessness need law the most.

One of the wonders of this Christian land,—doing, as it is, so much to make the life of the mother of a child that should not have been born horrible with hardships—is that it does so little to save the life of her child from the terrible cruelties into which such hardships plunge it, poor innocent helpless thing as it is. Everywhere, her child is a drag to her. Everywhere, doors are shut against her, for her child's sake. No; not everywhere. Gin-palaces, thronged open-air resorts, pestering insurance agents, baby farmers, full of lying promises, these all offer her their respective ways out of her difficulty, and start her free again. She needs other openers of her prison doors than are offered her in these, if the freshness of her humanity is to be saved and the dignity which is Christian is to be ours. Here is a picture of one of the avenues which is offered to such mothers in the advertisement columns of almost every newspaper, and which it is the business of this Society to discover and to put down.

Seven ghastly little children, babies indeed, were found in an ugly box of twelve feet

square. They had been there all winter. In its coldest weather there had been no fire. One had a small woollen cross-over covering on neck and chest, another had round its body a swathing of flannel. The rest were quite naked. They were all blue with cold. They were left in the room alone, rolling in filth. The window was hermetically sealed. All of them had sores, some on the head, some on the thighs, due to dirt. Four were suffering from rickets, one from curvature of the spine, one from bronchitis. The youngest child lay in a basinette, rotten and soaked. It was a year and six months old. The oldest was five years old. None of them could stand. The legs of them all when they were lifted up dangled like the calico legs of dolls. They were quite insane and inanimate. They feebly moaned and screamed when touched. The floor on which they sat was bare boards, through which draughts came up from outside. The window was without blind or curtain and was without a light at night. On opening the door the stench made a woman the Society sent ill, a man vomit. An officer said that when the baby was lifted out of it, the basinette alone was "enough to scent a street." The total weight of five of the children was seventy-seven pounds, while the total weight of average children of their ages was one-hundred and thirty.

Two of the children, though filthy, were farther from death than the rest. And why? Monneys were still due on these. They were all, alas! children that ought not to have been born.

To-day they are all in good health, have learnt to smile, to laugh, and walk, and may be seen on rocking-horse and rocking-boat enjoying the children's kingdom, and the monster who was murdering them is picking oakum in Wells gaol.

This hideous place was never seen by the distracted mother. Knowledge of it was obtained through advertisement, and the plausible, hideous-hearted wretch fetched them.

To get at such people, and to bring their conduct within the law such as it is to-day, requires a skill, and patience, and time, which only specially trained and free men can be even expected to undertake. The police authorities everywhere welcome the Society's officers, and render them every assistance so far as their regulations will allow. By such baby-farmers, money is to be made only by the neglect and ill-treatment of children. They get the child's mother's money down

once for all. Then come the offers of house-to-house life insurance canvassing agents who go about every town street and country road.

If the children insured are killed by illegal means, the payments to the society are all to the good. Or if the insurers do not see much chance of the child dying within the time they expected and they get tired of paying, the same thing happens. But if neglect brings a fatal disease, the advantage is to the insurer. Each of the above four children—their mother's payments (£40) *being completed*—were insured, for 15s. if dead within three months; 25s. if within six months.

This is what the insurance agent said, "When I insured them, I noticed that their condition was not bad, but on my later visits I noticed that they were very much neglected."

The moment the Society began its inquiries the insurance was dropped, and in one week the children began to mend. It was in their improved condition that they were weighed. The Society has had in hand cases where insured children have been sent out suffering from bronchitis, consumption, and diphtheria, one for coal, two for beer, in snow and rain, in the night, with scarcely any clothing on. All three are dead. Many insured children it has found covered with bruises on the body and on the head, old and new, and in a horrible state of emaciation. One it took from a cold stone passage, set there in its nightgown between wide open front and back doors in a through draft, in the month of February, when a north-east wind was blowing. The mother, who had £7 secured on its death, sat at her hot breakfast by a warm fire, in her room on the other side of the passage-door. Rents, rates and scores at the grocers are paid off in this way.

Here is a discovered attempt to harry a girl to death: she was found in the street—out in the night. When found, the night had passed. She was almost without clothing; she shivered so that she could not walk; she was carried to the Police Station, where she was thought to be dying. Her mother when found was ready with the lie that the child had run away, but her own statement, confirmed by others, was, that she had been beaten and deliberately shut out. She had on two garments, thin and cotton, slippers and no stockings; and it was winter. She was a step-child, in consumption and insured. Five days after, she was dead, with marks of blows upon her back and head and the grazings on her thighs and knees of cellar

steps, up which she had been dragged when too far gone to walk. Two of this woman's children were found out under almost identical circumstances. Her children are all taken from her.

"It's no use," said a doctor, before a House of Commons Committee, "attending an insured child." The so-called insurance of its life is really an insurance of its death, is, as Mr. Justice Day justly calls it, "an incentive to murder."

The Society has done grand work in this direction. "It deserves the gratitude of the community," the same judge said at a recent Wells assizes. But it is only at the beginning of its work. England is honeycombed with unscrupulous agents of infant insurance societies and baby-burial clubs.

Why do these things exist, and those dreadful dungeons in which often nothing is to be found, but the filthy plank floor for a bed with not even prison-fare for the supper, where the drunkard kicks his prisoners for delight? There is but one reply; because England lacks in every town and village of

the land the beneficent agency of this Society. That it uses great discretion in the selection of the men and women to prosecute, is shown in the fact that it convicted ninety-six out of the hundred of them. While it does its best for the victim's welfare, its object is not to provide food and clothing for suffering destitute children, but to provide the treadmill for those who inflict the suffering and make them destitute. I have omitted all the cases of wounds and broken limbs, and scalds and burns, and other monstrous tortures, which it is impossible to imagine. Let the reader get for himself "The Child of the English Savage," "Tortured Children," and "A Fourth Year's Work," all of which the Society will gladly send free.

This young Society, but four years old, has dealt with 800 cases affecting two thousand children, and deserves the sympathy and help of every well-wisher to the child of the evil and to the credit of the land. Its office is 7, Harpur Street, Bloomsbury, W.C. Its Treasurer is R. Ruthven Pym.

THE REALMS OF GOLD.

A Second Talk about Poetry.

By JOHN DENNIS.

I MUST begin this talk with the remark, which may not be evident to every young student of poetry, that popularity is no test of merit. Poems of slight value or of none have, for some temporary reason, had a great reputation with uncritical readers, and then, after a few years, have taken their place among the books that nobody reads. As you gain an acquaintance with the history of English poetry, you will find several striking illustrations of this truth. I will give one, which may serve as a starting-point for what I have to say about the poets of this century. In 1792 Samuel Rogers published the "Pleasures of Memory," and in six years that mellifluous but vapid poem had reached ten editions. So highly did Byron think of Rogers's art that he ranked him above Coleridge and Wordsworth. At the present day Rogers, if not quite dead as a poet, is chiefly to be remembered for having preceded the great poets who flourished in the first half of this century, and for having survived them all. On the other hand, during long years Wordsworth was the most unpopular poet in England.

Coleridge, whose name is "second to none of all time for splendour and sweetness of inspiration," was laughed to scorn by the early critics of his verse, and Keats was unsparingly ridiculed in the *Quarterly*. Yet these three poets stand now in the front rank, while some of the poets of that day who, like Moore, made fame and money by their verses, are now seldom read.

If you ask me which is the greatest poet of our century, I answer without hesitation Wordsworth; but I know that the qualities which give him that position are not such as young readers generally appreciate. Wordsworth has not the picturesque life and energy which distinguish Scott; he has not the passion any more than he has the morbidness of Byron; he has not the enchanting music of Coleridge or of Shelley. Sometimes, too, he is terribly prosaic, and his want of humour often leads him to mistake childishness for simplicity. These are his defects as a poet, but his virtues infinitely outweigh them. More than any English poet except Shakespeare, Wordsworth sees into the life of things; his imagination does not

create new worlds, but it enables him to give a new meaning and beauty to the world in which we live. He is at once the humblest student of nature and the profoundest. Yet for Wordsworth, external nature has no deep significance apart from humanity, and its "still, sad music," to quote his own words, is heard throughout his verse. But though pathetic he is not melancholy, and his song, like all noble poetry, inspires courage and faith. Joy is the highest stimulant of the poetic art, and Wordsworth, who said he was one of the happiest of men, when a sad hour comes, as to all of us it will come, instead of desponding, sees the light beyond, and by the time he hears the close of his verse sings with the sun in his face. You will see this Wordsworthian characteristic in the "Ode on Intimations of Immortality," in the "Leech Gatherer," in the "Happy Warrior," in the "Lines composed above Tintern Abbey," and in several of his incomparable sonnets and shorter lyrics. I think that in your best moments you will best appreciate Wordsworth. When you feel most the beauty of life and its seriousness, you will find how much there is in his poetry to delight and to invigorate. He is indeed one of the wisest of poetical teachers, and a distinguished living poet, writing to me of Wordsworth, expresses the belief of many when, comparing him with Milton, he says that he does not think him the least of the two: "If he is less lofty he is deeper in thought and wider in the range of the humanities." For some time, probably, you must take much of Wordsworth's greatness on trust; yet if you have an ear and heart for poetry you will surely feel a thrill of pleasure in reading the lines "To the Cuckoo," "To a Highland Girl," "To the Daisy," "She was a Phantom of Delight," "The Solitary Reaper," "Yarrow Revisited," and the lines beginning, "I wandered lonely as a cloud." I think too, you cannot fail to be struck by the classic dignity of "Laodamia," by the noble elevation of the "Ode to Duty," and by that highly characteristic poem, "The Old Cumberland Beggar." As you grow in years and knowledge the more will you feel Wordsworth's power, and that his genius is equally at home in the highest theme and in the humblest—in the "Ode on Intimations of Immortality," and in such ballad-verses as "The Reverie of Poor Susan," and "We are Seven." Sir Richard Steele, with an exquisite appreciation of womanly goodness, said finely of Lady Elizabeth Hastings, that to know her was a liberal

education. A similar praise may be awarded to Wordsworth. To use his own words, he gives us "nobler loves and nobler cares," and the purity and sweetness of his verse exercise the same elevating influence of which we are conscious in the presence of a gracious Christian lady.

Before parting from Wordsworth I must point out one striking characteristic of his poetry. No English poet, not even Shakespeare, dear though his love is to

"This precious stone set in the silver sea,

This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,"

is more of a patriot than Wordsworth. He has written, indeed, no spirit-stirring lyrics like Campbell and Lord Tennyson, no lines which haunt the memory like the "Breathes there a man with soul so dead" of Scott; but in a series of sonnets, marvellous in force and glowing with suppressed emotion, he has proved the warmth of his love for liberty and for England, the native home of freedom. There was a time, in the earliest years of this century, when England had to face Europe in arms, and was, as a great orator and preacher said, "most critically placed in the Thermopylae of the universe." It was then that Wordsworth wrote the poems which testify that he also, like Milton, could make his voice sound like a trumpet. And as we listen to that voice now, we feel that we may add the name of Wordsworth to that of the two mighty English poets whose spirits animated his verse:—

"In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible knights of old;
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held. In everything we are sprung
Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold."

No one appreciated Wordsworth's genius more highly than his friend Coleridge, but Wordsworth, though he said that Coleridge was the most wonderful man he had ever met, does not seem to have greatly estimated his poetry. And yet that poetry ranks with the most original and the most musical in the language. No poet had ever a more exquisite ear, and no two poems are more unquestionably the work of poetical inspiration than the "Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel." Coleridge is the poet of the supernatural, he is also the poet of the beautiful, and there are lines and stanzas in his verse not to be surpassed for charm. It is strange to remember that all his loveliest poetry was written within the short period of five or six years; still stranger to think how small in bulk is the treasure left by this wonderful

poet. When you have read the two poems already mentioned, "The Three Graves," "France, an Ode," "The Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni," "Work without Hope," "The Garden of Boccaccio," "Kubla Khan," "Love," "Dejection," and "Youth and Age," you will, I think, have read all the verse of Coleridge that is of prime excellence. Other poems there are we should be greatly sorry to lose, but those I have mentioned belong to that rare order of poetry on which Time will lay his hand in vain.

Coleridge lived to face the approaches of old age. He was indeed an old man before his time. John Keats died at twenty-six, but these poets, who had no more personal knowledge of each other than could be gained in a hand-shake, had this in common—a rapturous sense of beauty, an ear for rare harmonies, an imagination that carried them into far-off regions of romance where

"Magic casements open on the foam
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn."

And—

"Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea."

Walter Savage Landor, a true poet, but far better known by his prose writings, called Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey three towers of one castle. If I were to talk to you freely of these famous men, I should exhaust the little space at my disposal. Southey, though he had a great gift of invention and much poetical energy, has no claim, as a poet, to be ranked with his two friends. He has written a few beautiful poems and some imperishable prose,—I hope you have read his "Life of Nelson"—but his moral character and his splendid courage as a man of letters are more impressive than his poetry, and I do not think Sir Henry Taylor is wrong in his judgment, that take Southey for all in all, "it may be said of him justly, and with no straining of the truth, that of all his contemporaries he was the greatest MAN."

Very different is the judgment that must be passed upon Shelley, a poet full of noble impulses and yet with regard to the chief duties of life, wholly destitute of conscience. Of his sad life I need not speak here except to point out how the want of a firm moral ground gives vagueness to his verse. Mr. Matthew Arnold describes him as "a beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain." He has wings, if ever poet had, and rarely rests upon the earth at all. Unlike Wordsworth's "Sky-

lark," it cannot be said of Shelley that he is true to the kindred points of heaven and home; rather like his own skylark he is a scornful of the ground, and from the cloud-land in which he loves best to dwell "showers a rain of melody."

So much passionate nonsense has been written about Shelley, that there is a danger lest, in the love of truth and in the exercise of common sense, we should be tempted to depreciate his genius. This, however, will be impossible if we are familiar—as every student of poetry ought to be—with his lyrics, in which the singer's voice attains an altitude that has been rarely if ever surpassed in English song. The little volume of poems from Shelley selected by Mr. Stopford Brooke will introduce you to the finest gold of his genius. Read the love lyrics, "Epsychidion," "The Sensitive Plant," "Ode to the West Wind," and the pieces which Mr. Brooke has classed under "Poems of Nature and Man," and you will be able to form some idea of this poet's art. Shelley is among the saddest of poets, and in one of his poems written in dejection he says:—

"Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within, nor calm around,
Nor that content, surpassing wealth,
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned—
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure."

And then he adds that he could lie down like a tired child and weep away his life of care. But Shelley knew, as Coleridge knew, that the best nutriment of song is joy, and that "thence flows all that charms or ear or sight," and one of his loveliest lyrics is an invocation to the Spirit of Delight.

"Rarely, rarely, comest thou,
Spirit of Delight,
Wherefore hast thou left me now
Many a day and night?
Many a weary night and day
'Tis since thou art fled away.
"Thou art love and life! O come
Make once more my heart thy home."

"Much have I travelled in the realms of gold," said John Keats, and though he died at the youthful age of twenty-six, the fruit he gleaned from his travels is of the richest flavour. Keats is one of the most poetical of poets. He lived for poetry. It was the supreme joy of his life, his hope, his work, his constant thought. On this his ambition was centred, and young though he was there are indications that he took a just estimate of his power. What you will chiefly observe in his earliest poems is a luxuriance of imagery and a want of the restraint a poet

owes to art. In the later poems there is also a lavish wealth of imagery, but it is combined with a perfect mastery of form and an incomparable felicity in the use of words. Indeed I do not know anything more remarkable than the way in which, as a poet, Keats sprang from boyhood to full maturity in a space of little more than two years. In his character there were grave defects which seemed to be lessening before he died; in his verse the over-sensuousness and laxity of style that mark "Endymion" were quickly exchanged for the calm beauty of "Hyperion," and for the glowing and yet artistic expression of such poems as the odes "To Autumn," "To a Nightingale," and "To a Grecian Urn."

"No one else," says Mr. Matthew Arnold, "in English poetry, save Shakespeare, has in expression quite the fascinating felicity of Keats, his perfection of loveliness;" and it is this felicity in the use of words and poetical phrases that makes him so dear to young readers. Read "The Eve of St. Agnes," and you will understand something of the art which gives to Keats a place among the great poets. Read "Hyperion," and you will see how despite his love of luxuriant imagery, he was able to curb all extravagances of language and fancy and to rise into the serene region of the epic poet. This is not all. The sonnet is a most difficult form of composition when the poet aims at expressing a really fine thought within its narrow compass. Yet this difficulty has been overcome by Keats, and his early sonnet, "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer," ranks with the best in our literature. As I owe to it a beautiful title for these talks about poetry, I cannot more appropriately say farewell to Keats than by quoting it:—

"Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen,
Round many western islands have I been,
Which hards in fealty to Apollo hold;
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told;
That deep-brow'd Homer rul'd as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and hold;
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

The name of Sir Walter Scott is one of the greatest in literature and, which is better still, one of the purest. He wrote nothing of which a good man need be ashamed, and there is in all he wrote a wholesome and invigorating power. George Eliot speaks of Sir Walter as "that beloved writer who has made a chief part in the happiness of many

young lives," but I believe that the readers who find Scott a delight in youth, love him also in old age. The Waverley novels are a literature in themselves—books inexhaustible in charm and inspired throughout by poetic feeling. I should like to say much about these great works, for great they are in imagination, in humour, in variety of knowledge, in reverence for what is noble, in breadth of toleration, but this is not the place. It is the fashion of some critics to depreciate Scott as a poet, chiefly I think because his verse has no affinity with that most in vogue nowadays. If his poetry was hard to understand and needed commentators it would probably be more admired. His forte is that of the ballad-writer, and he has the ballad-writer's carelessness and dash. He has also his spirit and pathos, and there are passages in his verse—Flodden Field, in "Marmion," for example—which are unequalled of their kind in modern literature. That poem is perhaps Scott's masterpiece, and it is interesting to remember that much of it was composed in the saddle when in anticipation of an invasion the poet acted as a volunteer cavalry officer. "In the intervals of drilling," a friend says, "Scott used to delight in walking his powerful black steed up and down by himself on the Portobello sands, within the beating of the surge; and now and then you would see him plunge in his spurs and go off as if at the charge, with the spray dashing about him. As we rode back to Musselburgh, he often came and placed himself beside me, to repeat the verses that he had been composing during these pauses of our exercise."

The six introductory epistles to "Marmion" form perhaps the portion one would be least willing to lose, for the heart of the writer is seen in them. "The Lady of the Lake," the most popular of Scott's poems, is not equal to "Marmion," or even to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," in the higher qualities of the poet. It is too much of a story in verse, and in poetry the interest of the story should not predominate. As a lyric poet Sir Walter has genuine power. In the simplest words he produces the most striking effects and his voice of song is always sweet. So heartily do I love Scott that I should like to say to you, read all that he has written, but if you have not leisure to do this read his best poems and leave for some more convenient time "Harold the Dauntless," the "Bridal of Triermain," and if it must be so, "The Lord of the Isles." You cannot fail to enjoy the spirit of his ballads, and if Lockhart's delightful

biography of his great father-in-law, long though it be, does not draw you on from chapter to chapter, from volume to volume, by an irresistible attraction, it will be a proof I fear that this most loveable of men, whom Wordsworth happily called "the whole world's darling," is less dear to you than he deserves to be.

It is a great and painful change to pass from Sir Walter to Lord Byron, who was by far the most popular poet in England sixty years ago. It is difficult now to understand how with such poets before them as Wordsworth, Coleridge and Shelley, readers preferred Byron; but much of the preference was due to his extraordinary personality. He wrote in energetic verse of his private affairs, and people who loved scandal or sympathised with an emotion we now know to be unreal, liked to read it. He was a nobleman of striking beauty, and a poet of extraordinary though ill-regulated genius. His eccentricities and excesses were the talk of society, and people who ought to have known better excused his vices on the plea that he was too great a genius to be bound by ordinary rules. Much of his poetry rings hollow, and far from being genuine metal is little better than pinchbeck. On the other hand, there is much that shows a sincere though often morbid love of nature, and in his best work an energy, reminding us of Dryden, carries the reader along with a force to which he is compelled to yield.

I cannot believe that Byron will be ever again a popular poet, nor do I understand how Mr. Matthew Arnold, who loves Wordsworth so well, can place Byron by his side, and call the two a glorious pair "pre-eminent in actual performance among the English poets of this century." Byron's immorality, which is that of the mocker who has no respect for virtue, is against him in the race for fame, but there are also distinctly literary and poetical qualities in which his work is deficient. In style he is slovenly, and for the finer harmonies of verse he has no ear whatever; his subject matter is frequently meretricious, and his egotism sickly. He had indeed great qualities, but they are rather those of the wit and satirist than of the imaginative poet, and unfortunately these powers are so wantonly exercised that Byron sometimes spoils his finest work. It may be possible I know to point to poems in the large mass of his poetry that will contradict this estimate,—lovely oases in a spacious desert, but I venture to think that I am right in the main.

I shall not be surprised, however, if young readers disagree with me. Byron's verse though not musical is forcible, and poems or stanzas easy to learn by heart and of incontestable merit are to be found in all selections. If you admire such pieces as "The Isles of Greece," the Stanzas to his sister, the address to the Ocean, the brilliant picture of the night before Waterloo at Brussels, "The Prisoner of Chillon," the opening lines of the "Corsair," the lines on Death and the two stanzas on Solitude, it is not for me to say your taste is false, for I learnt all these passages in boyhood and can repeat them still.

And now I want to draw your attention to a poet who was a young woman of twenty-five when Lord Byron died, and with her passionate enthusiasm for the poetic art probably felt what Mr. Matthew Arnold expressed years afterwards:—

"When Byron's eyes were shut in death,
We bow'd our head and held our breath.
He taught us little; but our soul
Had felt him like the thunder's roll.
With shivering heart the strife we saw
Of Passion with Eternal Law;
And yet with reverential awe
We watch'd the fount of fiery life
Which served for that Titanic strife."

Elizabeth Barrett, who became the wife of the profound thinker and great poet who is happily still with us, was a verse-maker from her childhood, and in early womanhood gained large acquirements and learning. She read Greek with ease, and translated the "Prometheus Bound," of Æschylus, yet the sanity and moderation of Greek poetry does not seem to have influenced her own productions. She is by far the greatest female poet, not of England only, but of Europe—the greatest and also the sweetest. If Mrs. Browning's taste and judgment had been equal to her inspiration, her place would have been with the first poets of her country. Unfortunately her passionate enthusiasm, her sensibility, and high imagination, are exercised without the self-restraint which should guide the pen of the artist. "An author," said Dryden, "is not to write all he can, but only all he ought." Mrs. Browning, like Dryden himself, too often forgot this wise rule, and in the midst of verses perfect in their simplicity and beauty, the reader often lights upon stanzas that make him shiver. She turns adjectives into nouns, coins words that are false to the idiom of the language, and forgets that grammar has some claims even upon poets.

But in this talk about great poets I want to call forth your admiration, and not to

criticise defects. There is a time for criticism, but it must be based upon love, and the more you read of Mrs. Browning's poetry, the warmer I think that love will grow. Like a true woman, she puts her heart into her verse, and her loveliest poetry is due to personal feeling. The little we know of the story of her life adds an interest to her poetry. We think of the enthusiastic girl in early life gathering knowledge from all sources and in all languages. Books were her world; and what a happy world it is! Slight in figure, "with a shower of dark curls falling on each side of a most expressive face, large, tender eyes, richly fringed by dark eyelashes, and a smile like a sun-beam"—how pleasant a picture is this of the young scholar and poet! Possibly her mind had been overtaken by long years of study, for at the age of twenty-eight she broke a blood-vessel in the lungs. Two years later, while trying to recover health at Torquay, a brother whom she much loved was drowned in her sight; and from that moment the poet's health seemed to break down utterly. But love, which is stronger than death, came to her rescue; and how love saved her she describes in those wonderful sonnets in which, under the pretence of a translation from the Portuguese, she addressed her lover and husband.

"Then love me, Love! look on me . . . breathe on me!
As brighter ladies do not count it strange,
For love to give up acres and degree,
I yield the grave for thy sake, and exchange
My near sweet view of Heaven, for earth with Thee."

And so the invalid, strong in hope and joy, was carried away from England to dwell under the sunnier sky of Italy. There her baby was born, and some happy years of wedded life were spent in Florence, where she lived long enough to witness the independence of a country she dearly loved, and to which much of her verse is dedicated.

It is often the case that a poet's fame rests upon short poems. It is so with Gray and Collins, with Burns and Campbell, and although "Aurora Leigh," a poem containing twelve thousand lines, has some irregular bursts of poetry which even Mrs. Browning has never surpassed, I think you will gain, as I have done, the greatest delight from her lyrics and sonnets. Seldom has she written a flawless poem, but she has written many in which the beauty is so exquisite that its faults are unheeded. Such, for example, are the "Rhyme of the Duchess May," "The Cry of the Children," "The Deserted Garden," "My Doves," "Sleeping and Watching,"

"A Sabbath Morning at Sea," "Cowper's Grave," "A Child's Grave at Florence," "The Swan's Nest," "The Sleep," and that remarkable though far from perfect poem, "Lady Geraldine's Courtship." Now if you read these lyrical poems, and enter into the spirit of them, you will find yourself in a new world of poetry—a world that owes its existence to Mrs. Browning's genius. An accomplished versifier may give you pleasure if he has some share of fancy and language, but he cannot carry his readers into a realm which is at once strange and beautiful, for that is the supreme gift of the poet. Many a graceful poem is written in these days, which we read, like, and forget in a week, but a true poet will not allow you to forget him so readily. His strength of imagination holds you captive as the Wedding Guest in Coleridge's poem was held by the Ancient Mariner, so that you cannot choose but hear. It is a great thing to have a voice; the poetaster has only an echo.

In this respect, but in no other, Thomas Hood resembles Mrs. Browning. He is a minor poet, but a true one, and a true humorist also, although forced, unluckily, to make fun for his daily bread. I think you will like his serious poems, and some especially in which humour is blended with pathos. If ever man loved the art Thomas Hood did, and among the singers of the century I may venture to say he must always hold a place. If you ask me my reason for so confident an assertion, I reply that Hood has in his best poems great perfection of workmanship, the simplicity that instinctively avoids what is meretricious, much poetical sensibility, and sufficient imagination to see with perfect clearness the object he describes. There is art as well as the deepest pathos in the "Bridge of Sighs," and to have written a poem like this and a poem like the "Song of the Shirt," is to have done far more probably for the good of his kind than many a man has done whose charity strikes the world more forcibly. Do not suppose, as some kind Christian people do, that all work for God must be done in one direction. It is good to distribute tracts and blankets, good, as St. James says, to visit the fatherless, good to praise and pray, but it is also good to write poetry, for that is to exercise one of the noblest of gifts, and, as George Herbert says,

"A verse may find him who a sermon flies
And turn delight into a sacrifice."

Hood, the most prolific of punsters, had a reverent spirit, and his poetry is full of ten-

derness and humanity. He has a sprightly fancy too and an ear for music. His "Dream of Eugene Aram" would alone suffice to rank him with the poets; and such lyrics as "Ruth," "The Death Bed," and "Fair Ines," confirm the title. What a mixed charm, peculiar to Hood, of mirth and sadness, there is in "A Retrospective Review!" and how sweet and quaint a fancy, reminding one of the Elizabethan lyrists, there is in the little piece called "Flowers," in "The Forsaken," and in the short lyric, beginning—

"The autumn is old,
The sere leaves are flying;"—

and in the ballad—

"It was not in the winter
Our loving lot was cast;
It was the time of roses,
We pluck'd them as we pass'd!"

And now I must say farewell to Hood, who perhaps scarcely deserved a place in a Short Talk from which so many fine poets are necessarily excluded. I thought, however, that you probably knew him only as the author of comic annuals and *Hood's Own*; and there is a humanity and sensitiveness of feeling in his verses which meet with a quick response in the earlier years of life. Two or three of the singers that have passed away, although dear to some of us, must be passed by with but a word or two. Keble has his special place as a Christian poet; so has Charles Tennyson-Turner, the laureate's brother; and little as Hartley Coleridge has written, it suffices to prove that sometimes, though very rarely, genius descends from father to son. It has been said that he led a wasted life. I do not know; but there was much in it to be sorrowed over. It is something to be loved as he was, and his bitter experience was not without fruit in his verse. When you read his sad story and his beautiful sonnets, as some day you must, you will like to think of the erring but not ignoble poet who, when his head was grey, was "nor child, nor man, nor youth, nor sage," lying by the side of his noble friend and affectionate counsellor, Wordsworth, in Grasmere churchyard. What poet could have a sweeter resting-place!

It is difficult to break off when so much remains to be said. Of the great living poets who, like their forerunners, illustrate the poetical glory of the century, I must say nothing, because to speak of them, however

slightly, would need a talk as long as that I am now bringing to an end. Lord Tennyson alone claims so much love and admiration from young readers, his verses, rich in thought and enchanting in melody, so live in the memory, that a few words about him would be idle words, and for those there is not space. Long may we keep him with us! for although he has been writing poetry for sixty years, not yet is his natural strength as a poet abated; and I know no poems written in his youthful prime which bear more marks of inspiration and of his consummate art than "Rizpah" and "The Revenge," which are the works of an old man.

Some day, perhaps, there may be a chance of rambling more at large with you in this wide and brightest realm of literature. Meanwhile remember that, although my words about poetry may be weak, all that is enchanting in music, sweet or ennobling in thought, may be found in the poets of whom I have spoken to you. I can but talk, they can sing; and if you have an ear to listen you will gain a pleasure that does not fall away as you grow older, but will add a fuller and deeper joy to life as the years move on.

Once more in parting let me urge you not to be satisfied with such knowledge of the poets as can be gained from reading about them. All the talk and all the reading are worse than useless unless you resolve to study the great works which the poets have left us, unless you come to know these works not as school exercises but as living creations. I am not asking you to gain this knowledge hurriedly or by wearisome effort, but I do ask you not to rest satisfied with the pleasant amusement of turning over poetical selections or reading criticisms, but thoroughly to study some great master, like Spenser or Milton; and while doing this you need not refrain from making many a pleasant ramble, in what I may call the by-paths of poetry, where the ground is covered with wild flowers, and "beauty born of murmuring sound," fills the heart with gladness. In this happy mood you will not feel the praise of good old George Wither too great when he exclaims:—

"Poesy! thou sweet'st content
That e'er heaven to mortals lent;
Though they as a trifle leave thee,
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee.
Though thou be to them a scorn,
That to nought but earth are born.
Let my life no longer be
Than I am in love with thee."

SAVED AS BY FIRE.

By E. M. MARSH, AUTHOR OF "MARAH," "EDELWEISS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.—HIS VENGEANCE.

THE lights in the Rectory shone with a warm glow upon a happy group. There was the Rector, surveying the scene from his vantage ground in front of the fire, benevolence in his very eyebrows. Mrs. Markham, in her accustomed easy-chair, was unusually silent. Happiness is a wonderful quietus; but her face perfectly corresponded with her name. Jack sat listening to an animated conversation between Sir Bernard and Lord St. Maur. Dorothy was vibrating about the room like a butterfly, generally settling down on the arm of "Cœur de Lion's" chair, looking the living embodiment of Hebe; glowing life in every radiant feature, in the saucy, pouting lips, the flashing, melting eyes; life in her every free, untrammelled movement, that seemed to radiate and emanate from the new source of all her being—the love that had transformed Dorothy Markham from a playful, light-hearted bird into a winsome, thoughtful, yet blithe maiden, with more of earnestness in her words, without the loss of her piquancy. Sometimes she hardly understands what Lord St. Maur can see in her, and has qualms lest he has taken her out of gratitude, and because she showed she loved him; but every day she realises better the depth of Geoffrey St. Maur's love for his little "Humming-bird."

Bernard Maxwell looked on with a tinge of envy. When should he be so blest? He vowed to himself that when Phyllis came she should never leave him; he would keep her if he had to use bolts and bars. Dot seemed to have divined his thought.

"Sir Bernard, you will not let our Phyllis go again; we must conspire to keep her; her search is useless; do persuade her to believe this, and if not, use compulsion." She stamped her little foot, adding, "I won't marry Geoffrey till she becomes Lady Maxwell, there!"

Lord St. Maur put his arm round the tiny waist. "We might have a double wedding, eh, old fellow? Miss Trevelyon can surely not be cruel enough to keep me in single blessedness; she always declared she did not know how to repay me for my kind attentions. I shall tell her how she can do it now, and make herself and you happy. I really think with Dorothy, her mother must

be dead. Use your utmost eloquence, Bernard; Humming-bird here and I will back you up."

Sir Bernard smiled. "I swear she shall; 'but me no buts' this time. My dear Geof, how splendid it will be!" He got up and walked about quite excitedly. "Geof, you shall have the Castlemount Jointure House until you come into your own. There is a room just made for a studio in it, and we will dine with each other alternately, when the girls can talk over the merits of their respective husbands, quarrelling amicably over which is the noblest specimen of mankind, and we can chat upon old times, before we saw either of our fates. Now I really must be going. Margaret must not spend her Christmas Eve alone. Think over my suggestion, old boy."

"I need not think a moment, my friend, mamma," he laid his hand affectionately on Mrs. Markham's shoulder, "has answered for me, she shall not lose her daughter yet a while."

"Then that's settled," said Sir Bernard; "a merry Christmas and a happy new year to us all! The omens are promising. Good night."

Lightly his footsteps echoed along the Yew Alley. Humming the old madrigal *Cantando un di*, he entered the churchyard.

The dark figure at the base of Lady Maxwell's statue did not hear a manly stride upon the crisp snow, the cold and exposure had done their work. The moonlight now streamed full upon her, her veil was thrown back, and her head, pillowed on her arm, lay with the face turned upwards, with a smile upon the lips; the marble above her did not look more calm and peaceful. Sir Bernard recoiled when he saw the recumbent form, his heart standing still with an intuitive fear that blanched his cheek. He could hardly bring himself to look at her, so terrible was the dread of what he might see. The first glance made him almost laugh at his folly.

"Conscience doth make cowards of us all," he muttered. "Only a tramp, poor creature!"

Only a tramp! Look nearer, Bernard Maxwell. He bent down, intending to carry the unconscious woman to the Rectory; he

knew she would get shelter there; but as he stooped something in the upturned face made him recall Phyllis. What brought her to his mind? He knelt, and as he did so, another scene rose before him—his mother's death-bed, and a white, scared face, looking entreatingly at him, as if for mercy. He sprang to his feet and clutched at the pedestal. Who said—Murderer? He looked up, the stars were like drops of blood; he looked down, the very snow seemed flecked with blood-red stains. Here, at his mother's feet, Bernard Maxwell knew that his vengeance was completed. He had hunted her to death! Drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead; then he stooped again and laid his hand upon her heart, it still beat, though faintly. He lifted the inanimate form; a pang of intense pity thrilled through him as he felt the poor wasted body, light as a leaf in the strong man's clasp. He wrapped his fur-lined coat about her to try and thaw the frozen pulses into animation. If, as he dreaded, it were a corpse he was carrying, then farewell to "St. Cecilia," for he had slain her mother. The soul he had not thought of, but now he was brought face to face with the actual life, killed through him. He felt giddy as he almost staggered up the terrace steps, and tapped at the boudoir door. Miss Dallas opened it, starting back at the sight of him, so haggard did he look.

"Ah, dear, have you saved a poor creature lost in the snow?" She bent pitifully forward.

"Don't touch me, Margaret, there is the taint of blood on me."

He little knew that the woman in his arms had said much the same thing only a few hours before. Then he continued hoarsely, "Is there a fire in my mother's room?"

Miss Dallas answered with some surprise, "Yes, all the rooms are being aired just now."

"Send for Mrs. Hawkins," he said, and without another word carried his burden straight to Lady Maxwell's apartment, drew the couch up to the fire, and laid her down. "The doctor will be here directly," continued Sir Bernard, "I told the lodge-keeper to fetch him."

While he was speaking, Miss Dallas was trying to force some brandy through the tightly closed lips: she could not understand Sir Bernard's anxiety, for not the faintest suspicion of the truth had dawned upon her. He stood gazing down, living the old scene over again, until his cousin gently turned him out of the room. The housekeeper and

she would look after the poor woman. Sir Bernard paced up and down the corridor till after the doctor's visit. When he came out from his patient, the Baronet asked as indifferently as he could,

"How is she?"

"Poor thing," said the little man, "she cannot live long. Want and cold have done more quickly what disease would eventually have accomplished. She is evidently half-starved."

"What do you call long, doctor? Will there be time to communicate with any friend?"

"My dear sir, I cannot tell to an hour, but she will not see the new year. I may be wrong of course, some people have wonderful vitality, but I should imagine it would be a happy release, she has suffered much apparently."

Then wishing Sir Bernard a merry Christmas, Dr. White braved the keen air, well protected by a muffler his worthy spouse had carefully wrapped him in. Sir Bernard walked into the library and sat down. Dying of starvation! His manhood rose up in revolt at the thought. With the consequences of his action, he had never troubled himself. She was bad to the core, he had never given her credit for any redeeming quality, and she had come to perish at his mother's feet. The saint and the sinner. It was no mere accident that had brought her there, he was sure, she had repented, and this was her expiation. There was no comfort in the knowledge that he had not kept his oath to spurn her, even if she knelt before him imploring pardon. She had craved no mercy at his hands during her lifetime, and in death only a grave. And now she was lying—oh, irony of fate!—in the very room where her victim had died. Where the curse had fallen, there to be removed. But, alas! his vengeance had slain a life, and that life had given being to his "St. Cecilia." Was she not doubly lost to him now? How could she lay her head upon his breast and look into his face with loving, trustful eyes, when her mother's corpse would come like a gaunt shadow between, and Medusa-like, freeze the warmth in her daughter's veins! Starved to death! He had pictured her sinking low, falling down, down in the social scale, but always in luxury; would she not have sold her soul for gold? But the face upturned to the moonlight had looked pure as St. Cecilia's own. How had she lived that now in death she could lie with the peaceful smile of a forgiven child that had been crooned to

sleep? Had the torrent of his vengeance, which he thought would have broken down the barriers of a fictitious respectability and laid bare the slimy ooze at the bottom, only served to reveal the grains of gold in the water-worn channel? He felt his brain reeling. All his preconceived notions were beaten down, crushed. He bowed his head in intense self-abasement, at last he could say, "Mea culpa!"

CHAPTER XXX.—FORGIVING AND FORGIVEN.

THE door opened softly and Miss Dallas stood beside Sir Bernard with no words save the gentle stroke of her hand upon his hair. He lifted his face, and she took him into her arms as she had done when he was a boy. Then she spoke. "Bernard, I found this tightly clasped in her hand; your perception was keener than mine, how could you have known her?"

She showed him a piece of paper in an envelope; on it was written, "Bury me at her feet, and on the stone put 'Gwendoline.' 'Neither do I condemn thee.'"

Sir Bernard crushed it. At last he inquired, "Does she know where she is?"

"No; she only seems conscious that she is cared for. She has not opened her eyes yet. Oh, Bernard, what a wreck!"

"You will send for Phyllis at once, Margaret?"

"Yes; I will telegraph the first thing in the morning. She can be here the day after, if she starts by the night mail."

Sir Bernard rose. "Let me see her before she dies. She must know that Bernard Maxwell is not quite a fiend."

Silently the two went into the room. At a sign Mrs. Hawkins left, and Sir Bernard bent over the bed. The light was subdued, but he could see the attenuation consequent on suffering, the hair almost white, the lips once so rosy and piquant drawn in a sharp line of pain. Now that he looked at her, he wondered how he had recognised that altered face; surely it must have been that he expected her, had felt that she, whose life had been interwoven with his own by a thread of sorrow and a thread of joy, could not pass into the unseen and unknowable without a sign.

All he wanted now was to hear how she had lived these years. He stood with a pitiful musing expression, thinking of the past, when he was suddenly brought to the present by a pair of brown eyes that were gazing up at him with a half-scared, half-entreating look.

So for the moment they remained; then she put up her hand as if to ward off a blow, while her eyes never moved from his. When she spoke, it was not with any appearance of triumph, but with a quiet conviction. "You are foiled, Bernard Maxwell; your curse cannot touch me now. Leave me to die in peace. Why do you haunt me?" Then more impatiently, "Why do you come between us again? Was not your revenge complete?"

Miss Dallas came forward and gently soothed her, giving her a restorative ordered by the doctor. She took it with the obedience of a child, seeming dazed by seeing familiar faces and finding herself in a luxurious bed, when the last she had remembered was a cold stone for a pillow and the snow for sheets. Her eyes wandered restlessly from one to the other; her nurses were so silent, she almost fancied herself in Hades, waited on by ghosts, whose very kindness was a mockery. Sir Bernard simply could not find words, and Miss Dallas had been instructed to keep her patient quiet. But she was now thoroughly aroused. Objects were becoming familiar; was it a nightmare, or was there a cold, dead figure on that couch, just as it had stood when last she had been in the room? It was a refinement of cruelty to bring her there and torture her with the memory of the past.

The enfeebled, half-numbed brain gave way, and as Sir Bernard was stepping back noiselessly, he was struck with horror to hear a piercing cry. He started to the bedside. She was sitting up, pointing to the couch. "You have brought me here to kill me where *she* died. But you shall not, Bernard Maxwell; you shall not, I tell you. I will die at her feet, not where you cursed me!" She tried to fling off the clothes.

Firmly but gently Sir Bernard held her. "Gwendoline Trevylian, be still."

At that name her strength and her resistance gave way. "Do with me what you will," she murmured feebly.

"Gwendoline de Marcié, I brought you here that where the curse fell, there it should be removed."

Again she gazed at him as if fascinated, while he continued earnestly, "I recall it utterly. I, Bernard Maxwell, bow my head and say, 'Mea culpa.' May God accept my atonement!" Hastily he turned away, and left the room.

The invalid lay perfectly still, tears trembling on her eyelids like drops of liquid fire. A soft hand was laid on hers.

"Madame de Marcie, do not grieve. The past is irrevocable, but the future lies before us without a stumbling-block. Rest and regain your strength. We have been searching for you for months."

"For me?"

"You shall know it all in a day or two, when one whom we love comes, one who has healed all the wounds inflicted in the past. Now sleep, assured that friends are near."

A soft kiss was imprinted on the invalid's forehead. It seemed like the open sesame to unlock the frozen gates of tears. She flung her arms round Miss Dallas's neck, whispering brokenly—

"God bless you and reward you. I can do neither, nor atone—too late." She added remorsefully, "I can only die, and even in death I am your debtor. Do not call me de Marcie, that hated name, I am Sœur Madeleine."

Miss Dallas soothed her, saying, "One whom you cannot have forgotten has the wherewithal to pay. Be content, you shall know all soon; but perfect freedom from thought and care you must have, so I will answer no questions," she continued, half-playfully, as she saw her patient was about to speak.

The long night wore away. All slept save the Master of Castlemount, who sat brooding over the sudden destruction of all his hopes. Phyllis was doubly lost to him. What could she have but loathing and contempt for him and pity for the victim? She would not understand the provocation; all she would see was a wan, starving woman, hunted to death. She had given in so utterly, left him master of the field almost without a struggle. He had often wondered why; he had thought her a woman of indomitable courage and resolution.

Her letter!—his blood turned cold. Yes, she had written to him before disappearing, and he had flung it aside in disdain. What had she to say to him that he did not know already? But now he would give anything to possess that letter. He remembered he had been standing by his writing-table at the time. He started up and unlocked each drawer, making a careful search. No; nothing like it was concealed anywhere: it must have been thrown out with the waste paper. Now if she asked him about it, and he had to confess that he had flung it from him in disgust! Oh, the cruelty of it! Yet believing what he did, could he have done otherwise? Her subsequent repentance could not wipe out her former guilt, and yet

his vengeance he knew had been thwarted utterly; he now realised that he had failed to make her the vile thing he had—yes, he must confess it—*hoped* she would become, that he fully intended she should become. He started up, he could not rest; it was a self-inflicted penance to go and look at her again, but something seemed to drive him to gaze upon his work. He went in, Sœur Madeleine lay sleeping, with the same tender smile upon her lips that had been there when he found her; then, as if under the influence of his disturbing presence, she stirred restlessly, murmuring softly, "Phyllis," as if that name were a safeguard from evil. She had not forgotten her child, then, was Sir Bernard's somewhat surprised thought. A mother's heart beat after all under that frivolous exterior; or was it that the pale lamp of death was lighting up the past? Was it a flicker of memory before the end? He dreaded lest it should go out before Phyllis could arrive. But by the following day the invalid had rallied slightly. Very still, very content, scarcely speaking, save with the large brown eyes that studied the faces round her with a strange sense of unreality. At last she said, half wistfully,

"It cannot be for long, dear friend. I feel as if I must apologise, like Charles II., for being such an unconscionable time in dying."

Miss Dallas replied, "Nay, but you must not be in a hurry to die. We do not want to get rid of you, and perhaps after to-night you may wish to live."

Sœur Madeleine shook her head. "No; my work is done; my time is come. God have mercy upon me, a sinner."

The day wore on, and in the gloaming Sœur Madeleine lay and watched the sparks that broke in showers of gold as the wood crackled and sank in the large grate. What had her life been but a spark, flashing for a moment, then going out in blackness. The thought of her daughter haunted her. An irrepresible longing came to send for her; but no, she had looked happy when last she had seen her, why disturb her future? She need never know that her mother lived; so best; and with a great sigh and aching sense of renunciation she chose to keep silence. The smile on Phyllis's lips had decided her; had the girl worn the old sorrowful look it might have been otherwise.

The door opened softly; the invalid turned her head. Could it be, or was she only dreaming when she thought herself awake? Oh! the pale, sweet face and lustrous eyes, lit with an eager anxiety, half of pleasure,

half of pain! Sœur Madeleine's eyelids closed to keep in the lovely vision; she would wake only too soon to find it a phantasm of the brain. But the voice! could she mistake its music?

"Is she sleeping, Mamsell?"

"Wait, dearie, till I get a light."

Sœur Madeleine trembled with excitement. She was not the victim of an illusion after all, and her child was evidently known and loved here—where her mother had been driven out with curses! It was too bewildering. "Coals of fire," she muttered; "coals of fire."

Light footsteps approached. Miss Dallas held up a candle, while her companion bent forward. With a stifled cry she drew back. "Mamsell, it is Sœur Madeleine!" then almost jubilantly, "I knew she could not be wicked, *my* mother!"

Sœur Madeleine looked up and stretched out her arms. "Phyllis!" she cried, with passionate yearning.

The girl kissed the pale, wan face, and pressed her cheek to hers and held her close, as if to shield her from some evil, as if her warm young life would give back the vital spark to her who had been shut out from the glow of love, to whom love had been only pain; then she sat down on the bed and stroked the thin hand.

"Mother," she said caressingly, "if you had only known me that night what suffering you might have been spared! I could not have recognised you."

"I knew you all along, my child, but I wished you never to hear that your mother lived. Why should you learn to despise and condemn her? She had sinned and suffered enough without that. Ah! Phyllis, you may do so yet when you have heard my story, but forgive me, dear; forgive me."

"Mother, hush! I know it all, and have known it for nearly a year. Did you not read the advertisements in the papers? I have sought you sorrowing, and you all the time were daily passing my door. Oh, mother!"

"I never bought a paper. I used to watch you, and when you looked glad I was content, but when sadness stole over your face my lot felt harder. That night you sheltered me you had a happy smile upon your lips, and the flash of the diamonds on this slender finger told me whence came the joy. Then I was ready to die, and I came to her feet. My life would have ended there had not Bernard Maxwell found me and carried me—sinner that I am—here, where

his mother died. His revenge is blotted out in this his atonement."

"Oh! mother, he has suffered, for his heart is gentle, though he seemed so hard to you. You will forgive him, my own dear mother."

"Forgive him! I thank him for his vengeance, it has saved me so as by fire."

Sœur Madeleine lay stroking the jewelled hand that clasped hers, when, coming in contact with the ring, she raised it for closer inspection. Her clasp tightened.

"Oh! child, how did you get this? I remember it well; it was hers, and you can bear to wear it! Take it off, or it will burn like a circlet of fire."

Sœur Madeleine's face quivered with emotion; it was almost beyond her power to grasp the fact of Phyllis's acknowledged presence in the house, a welcome visitor; she felt as if she must cry out against it; what could it be but a mockery? Her daughter's next words nearly stunned her.

Phyllis looked down and kissed the ring, saying, with a tender inflection of voice, "Bernard gave it to me; my love Bernard."

Sœur Madeleine turned her head aside with a groan.

"Mother, let me be your peacemaker. The curse is removed, for I am to be Bernard Maxwell's wife."

"Oh, God! can this be true? My child bear her name and title? Oh no! no! no! Phyllis, you cannot know it all; how I—I was believed to have caused her death, and that here, in this very room, he cursed me and blasted my life. The union cannot be blest."

Phyllis paled. "I knew it before I knew that Madam de Marcie and Gwendoline Trevelyian were one and the same, and I shrank from Sir Bernard at first, for I felt he had slain a soul, if not a life; but he won my love unconsciously, and suddenly I woke to know he was my all in all; and he asked me to be his wife, me, simple Phyllis Trevelyian; and earth and heaven wore a new aspect for me. For one month we were happy—God only knows how happy!—and then I showed him a portrait of you, done by my father, and"—the girl's voice trembled—"we parted."

"He spurned you?" asked Sœur Madeleine eagerly.

The colour flushed into Phyllis's face. That hour of pain would never quite be stilled, but no blame should attach to him, so she answered, "No; it was as much my doing as his. I had to seek you, so I went to Paris; we employed detectives and adver-

tised, but all to no purpose; then he came to me and implored me to go back to him; his life was wrecked without me. At first I resisted his appeal; your daughter and Lady Maxwell's son could not mate; the curse would cling by heritage, I said; but he overcame me. Was there not a traitor in my own camp, my heart pleading against my judgment? Yet I would not suffer him to stay with me, nor would I return with him until some definite news of you might be gained, so he entrusted me to his friend, Lord St. Maur. Then one whom I loved lay dying, and I came home."

"Home!"

"Yes, mother; this has been my home for more than two years; your Phyllis has been guarded and loved."

"Sir Bernard must have known who you were from my letter," interrupted her mother.

"Letter! what letter? He did not know, I am certain."

"Then perhaps it never reached him. God's ways are inscrutable," murmured the invalid. "But go on; I may not have long to listen."

"You know my aunt is dead?"

"Poor Julia! No. She was good to you, my Phyllis, when your mother had deserted you, and she kept my shameful neglect a secret?"

"I never knew but that you were dead, and it was quite by chance that I came to Castleton just at the time they were in need of an organist, and Miss Dallas, dear 'Mamsell' made me her companion. I was with her a year before I saw Bernard. Mother, if it pain you, I will give him up, but oh, I pray you, do not exact this sacrifice. I ought not to love him perhaps, seeing he has injured you, but I loved him before I knew it, and now I might tear out my very life and yet not banish him from my heart. Mother, he has known very little of real love since his mother died, and I think he needs me."

Sœur Madeleine raised the girl's hand to her lips.

"If Bernard Maxwell can swear that no cloud brought on by thought of me shall ever throw a shadow upon his love for you I dare not interpose; it is the doing of a higher power than I can withstand, that has joined such sunken lives as yours. I have prayed daily, 'On me the curse, not on my child.' My prayer has been granted."

The thin hands folded themselves together, and her head sank on her daughter's arm.

She said feebly, "Phyllis, dear, I will

rest awhile, then perhaps I shall have strength to bid Bernard Maxwell farewell; he and I have something more to say to each other before we part for ever, and I would fain see you together."

Phyllis sat and watched her. How different from what she had pictured the meeting would be, a meeting that she had almost dreaded, lest she should be ashamed of her mother! A great fear had always haunted her that she should have to blush for her who had given her birth, finding her in some gilded shame, beautiful, but baleful in her influence still. But instead, there, pale, wan, dying, lay the woman she had sought, with no beauty left, save that which could not fade, the sweetness of her smile and the charm of her silvery voice. Spiritualised, purified, all earthly stains burnt out in the fire of self-sacrifice. And Phyllis was glad, the dexter line upon her shield was erased, she would not bring disgrace upon the Maxwell name, she dared to love Sir Bernard now, nor feared to show her love. She had not seen him since her return; did he think she would blame him for her mother's death? She longed to go to him, but she could not free her hand from her mother's clasp, so she sat, wondering why he did not come to her.

Sœur Madeleine slept fitfully, till far on in the night, then she awoke as if refreshed, but she herself knew the end was near. She said, "Phyllis, will you send for Sir Bernard, I would like to bid him good-bye and feel assured that he has put a seal upon the past."

Miss Dallas, who was in the room, rose quietly, and in a few moments Sir Bernard entered.

Phyllis sprang forward. She wished to show him her love was unaltered in spite of her mother's sad fate. The sight of him redoubled her tenderness, for imprinted on his face were the traces of remorse and reawakened pity for the life he had so ruthlessly pursued.

Never had Phyllis thrown so much of passion into her embrace. As he clasped her in his arms she drew his head down and kissed the sad eyes that looked at her, as if pleading for pardon.

There was no more self-justification, he had said "*Mea culpa*;" that she could read.

Sœur Madeleine, looking on, saw the love, almost amounting to worship, in his gaze, and felt satisfied. She had distilled the poison into his cup, but her daughter had been the antidote.

Then Phyllis led him up to her mother.

What a coward he felt! she had yet to learn that he had not read her letter.

Sœur Madeleine looked from one to the other, then she said, "Bernard Maxwell, is it true that you sought my daughter Phyllis for your wife even after you were made acquainted with her parentage?"

He bent his head, he could not speak as yet.

"You still think her worthy to take your mother's place? Ponder it well. You love her now; may you not, like your father, tire of your wife?"

Sir Bernard put out his hand with a repellent gesture, and a spark of indignation at such an accusation from her flashed out of his eyes.

There was a quiver of pain on Sœur Madeleine's lips as she continued. "You think it impossible that a syren voice could tempt you from her side, but if you had received my letter, which unfortunately it seems you did not—" She paused, for Sir Bernard gave a little shudder, then with a passionate despairing glance at Phyllis, said hoarsely—

"I did receive that letter."

"And read it?" Sœur Madeleine started forward as if more quickly to catch the words that seemed so difficult to utter.

"No, I threw it from me, and it was lost."

Phyllis recoiled a step, and her mother sank back murmuring, "True to your vengeance to the last!"

"I sought for it when I knew who you were, but it could not be found; I would have given half my wealth to have possessed it."

His humiliation was complete. He had added another drop to the cup of bitterness the dying woman had to drink, and Phyllis had shrank from him! His punishment was almost greater than he could bear. He made a step forward, his face pale, his hand trembling, as he extended it.

"Gwendoline de Marcie, I crave your forgiveness, whether you sinned as deeply as I believed, God is your judge, not I. Before you stand at His Tribunal tell me how you have lived since we parted. Will you take my hand in token of forgiveness."

She looked up at him, and sorrowful compassion woke in her brown eyes. She laid her thin fingers in his strong palm, then she turned to Phyllis.

"My child, will you raise me, I can speak better in a sitting posture, my breath is failing me."

Tenderly Phyllis arranged the pillows, then seated herself by her side while Sir

Bernard leant over the back of Miss Dallas's chair.

"When I left England," began Sœur Madeleine, "I still possessed the charm of loveliness, which no doubt would have gained me plenty of lovers, if not a husband, but, my child, I had looked upon your face, unknown to you, and Gwendoline de Marcie was dead to the world. I thought to hide myself in a little out-of-the-way spot in the Pyrenees I had once passed through. I was almost penniless, save for the little money I had gained by the sale of my jewels and furniture, so I joined a nursing sisterhood located near the Pyrenean village I had selected for my retreat. In the performance of my duties I caught the small-pox—it left me as you see me. I cannot tell you how I rejoiced that the last link that bound me to the past was gone. During my illness I was haunted by fears of the future—with the scorpion lash all my past follies stung me into new terrors, the fear of death, of judgment, pursued me. I fancied a life of self-denial and restraint might bring me peace, so when I had recovered I entered a convent on probation. That year of endless routine, of prayer, and fasting, and vigil, was nearly my death.

"A voice cried within me, 'Go out, none can recognise you, save some lives for the one you embittered. Live always under the cross; some day perhaps your burden may fall off.' I left the convent, and as Sœur Madeleine went to Paris. I was not a Roman Catholic at heart, though to please the Comte de Marcie, who was a staunch Legitimist and son of the Church, I had conformed outwardly, but now I was free to do as I pleased. I adopted the dress of a Protestant Sister of Mercy, but let it be known that I belonged to no particular sect, a free lance, in a different sense from what I had been before.

"In the lowest shums I worked out my own salvation, but yet I had no peace. I saved others, myself I could not save, till one night, faint with watching by a sick bed, I fell into a sort of trance, and the dear Lord stood by me and said, 'Come,' and I followed Him, and lo, He went to all my old haunts and showed me the footprints of His blessed feet, where he had gone before, so that when I thought that I had been alone He had been there all the time, and had opened the doors to me, but my eyes had been holden; and when I woke I was glad and at rest, and wherever I went afterwards, though I could not see Him, I could hear His

footfall ever leading on, exhaling the perfume from the precious box of spikenard with which I had anointed His blessed feet, the Magdalen's tears; and so I was not afraid to enter where no solitary man would have dared to venture, but *Sœur Madeleine* was always welcome. Thus I knew the curse had been taken away."

She paused to take breath. Phyllis moistened her lips with a little stimulant, then she went on,

"The idea had long possessed me to die here, and, as I felt myself growing weaker, I hungered for the time when I should be laid at Marion Maxwell's feet, all the evil and strife at an end. I saw you once in the Church of St. Roch, and knew that you too had suffered. I used to watch my daughter constantly, but no one marked me; I had been so used to glide along apparently intent upon my duties, that I was not easily detected. At last I had saved enough money, and the very night I had intended to start for Castleton Phyllis picked me up fainting, but my purpose was fixed. I wished her to be in ignorance of my existence. The sight of me could only embitter her future, and so I left her and found my way here to die. I do not forget that to you, my old enemy, I owe some solace in my last hours. Let me hear you say that you freely forgive me. What may perhaps make it easier for you, I will say, as I hope soon to meet your sainted mother, that I did not sin so deeply as you imagined. For my child's sake forgive me."

Sir Bernard left his place and looked upward a moment, then he bent down.

"Madame de Marcie, I forgive you, as I hope to be forgiven." Very solemnly and earnestly he spoke.

A silence that might have been felt reigned in the room. The tears trickled softly down Phyllis's cheeks. *Sœur Madeleine* turned towards her.

"Kiss me, my daughter. You saved your mother once. Let me feel your hand in mine to the last."

Phyllis bent over her. "Sweet mother, good-night."

"Good-night. What a glorious morning it will be for me!" Then she composed herself to sleep. The hours slipped by; the invalid lay very still, save when she looked up at Miss Dallas, saying, "You will not forget—'Neither do I condemn thee.'" Then in the quiet watches of the night they heard her whisper, "At her feet!" A smile of unutterable beauty rested on her face, and she slept the sleep that knows no waking.

CHAPTER XXXI.—LOST AND WON.

It was over: the weary search, the first thought as each morning dawned—"I shall find her to-day." Phyllis need never have left Castlemount, but she had done it for the best, walking, as she believed, in the path of duty; but not for her the reward, but for him. She rejoiced that it was so. Her tender love saw all the struggles Sir Bernard had passed through—the remorse, the desire, if possible, to atone. Was it not for her sake he had forgiven? Her exquisite sense of justice was far too true ever to visit on him her mother's death; all her longing was to make up to him for the past. He had, perhaps, misjudged her. She had said she was not so guilty as he thought, but there had been no attempt at self-justification on her part; she had been content to say, "*Mea culpa*," and to bear the consequences. Sir Bernard and she had mutually forgiven, and now, in the land of spirits, the saint and the sinner had met, and in the light of the great White Throne all the shadows would flee away.

Phyllis stooped and kissed the wasted face, which had regained much of its youth, now that the wrinkles had been smoothed away, and sweet peace reigned over the placid features. Was it not well with her? Ay, passing well!

Some one entered, but Phyllis never moved until a hand was laid on her shoulder. Sir Bernard stood behind her.

"See," she said gently, "she is at rest. I dare not mourn. So best; she is forgiven. I might have had years to wait, but God has been good to me, and to you I owe her recovery, my Bernard." She turned her face upwards as she leant against him, a great love shining in her eyes, but he would not see it.

He had gazed upon the Medusa's head, and it had frozen all the warmth at his heart. Phyllis's love seemed a mockery in the presence of that clay-cold form. So he only said in a stunned sort of way,

"My handiwork! Phyllis, are you not afraid to touch me? Do you remember that ride to Landon Point, when I told you there was no blood upon this hand? He held it out with an expression of loathing. "In my hard self-righteousness I gloried in my work; even when I knew whom I had punished, I felt compunction only for your mother, none for Gwendoline de Marcie; but when I saw that figure at her feet, and realised that she had come to the dead for merey, having received

none from the living, I felt I was a murderer—she was no longer your mother, but a weak, perhaps erring woman, yet a woman; and I had foresworn my manhood, my noble mother's training. And all for what? To forge a weapon with which to pierce my own soul.

"The very fact of her coming here to die shows how little capable of gentle feeling she thought me. Before that pale, pure face, for the first time like yours, 'St. Cecilia,' I could not say, she came to flaunt her misery before my eyes, to point me out with horrid skeleton finger as the one who had driven her to death, but because she believed I had no heart to be wounded, was callous to all sorrow that my revenge had brought; and had I not given her cause so to judge me?" He groaned and turned aside.

Phyllis listened, a cold chill creeping over her. Was he going to put her away? Was her love nothing to him after all? She stood before him with outstretched hands.

"Bernard, by the death-bed of your mother there fell a curse, by the bedside of mine there falls a blessing; do not throw it from you. It is a temptation of the evil one, this bitterness of remorse, the lash that stings in his punishment, not the tender chastening of a father."

Her form seemed to dilate, her eyes glowed.

"Let me exorcise the demon. You have tried to do it and have failed. You and I"—she looked up solemnly—"and God will accomplish it. Bernard!"—her voice rose to an imploring cry—"Oh, my love, hold me; my life, my happiness are in your hands. How can you have forgiven if you have not forgotten? How can *she* rest in peace if she knows her sins are visited on her daughter?"

"Not hers, mine," he interposed huskily, then laid his hands on her shoulders and gazed into her eyes, that never flinched nor wavered from their loving steadfastness. He continued, "I left you when I thought your mother had slain mine. How much more should you not shrink from me through whom yours was hunted to death? You said I might doubt you, and think she is her mother's child. Did you not hear *her* say I was my father's son? He was cruel by nature, and what have I been? Something whispers in my ear, You have his hard revengeful spirit. If with nobler instincts you could sink so low, what might you not become? Why take a young pure life and sacrifice it to your selfish desires? In death she separates us more than in life."

His hands fell, but she clasped them in hers and kissed them, holding them close while tears filled her eyes.

The greatness of his repentance was gauged by the depth of his hatred and revenge. He was suffering his morbid fancies to obscure the right. To cast away the brightest ray of light that had ever shone upon his path, and wilfully shut himself into darkness, Phyllis knew could not be the true way. She would not give him up; it seemed as if she, the good angel of his future, must combat the demon of his past. Away with all false modesty! She must not let him commit moral suicide. She drew his hands round her waist and clung close to him while she spoke.

"Dearest, listen to me. Do you know what you are going to do? Not content with destroying your own life, you seek to kill mine. When I thought it was for your good I did say, 'Let us part,' but I cannot say it now. Bernard, where you go I go. Am I vain? Am I foolish? I know I am necessary to you. You may try to put continents between us, but I shall be with you, or I shall be—dead! If you want to do a greater wrong than you ever did my mother, you will drive me from you. She had sinned against you, I am guiltless of all wrong, save that of loving you better than all else."

She stepped back and raised her lily face to his.

"Bernard, if you have ceased to love me, tell me quickly. If you must strike, strike home!"

She pressed her hand upon her heart. He stood looking at her, at the passionate glow in her eyes, in which despair was just waking. He saw the piteous quivering of the lips, the abandonment of self in the whole attitude, as she half leant forward with yearning gaze. Could he resist her? He knew he could not. He held out his arms and

"She fled to" him "and wept,
She half inclosed" him "with her arms,
She pressed" him "with a meek embrace;
And, bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon" his "face.
'Twas partly love and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That" he "might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart."

No word was spoken. He loved her. She wished to hear no more. No matter that he kept silence, he loved her still. She could read in his glance, in his clasp that held her as if defying any power, human or divine, to part them. Gently she drew herself away

from him. Turning again to the dead, she kissed the folded hands, saying,

"Good-bye, sweet mother, rest in peace; your Phyllis will try to atone for the past."

She knelt down beside the bed, and Bernard Maxwell stood and watched her, his good angel. Why should he refuse the blessing offered him, and throw his one chance of happiness away? If Phyllis were a living reproach to him, it was not more than he deserved, and her love would sweeten the medicine of life. Why fear to drink the bitter though healing potion if she held it to his lips? He flung aside his doubts, and as he saw the weary droop of the kneeling figure, he lifted her tenderly and bore her, scarcely conscious, to her room.

The days passed as if in a dream. Snow still lay thick over the imprisoned land, hushing every sound, making everything lie in a deep, calm sleep. On New Year's Eve *Sœur Madeleine* was borne to her rest. No more strivings and fastings and vigils—at rest! And Phyllis seemed to read in the marble face above her lowly grave a glance of thanksgiving as well as hope. Then as she paused to take a last look, a sense of desolation crept over her, she had gained a mother's love only to have it snatched from her, she was alone in the world; but Bernard Maxwell drew her hand through his arm and held her close, and she was comforted; they had no one now but each other. If there was not the joy at the Castle that night that pervaded the Rectory, at least there was a blest content. If the promise of the year had not been fulfilled, it had only been delayed. With a purer joy at his heart than he had known for years, the owner of Castlemount looked back upon the past. He was seated alone in the library after dinner looking over his mother's letters. Reverently he had untied the ribbon; it had not been touched since he had rearranged and docketed her correspondence four years ago. Oh, the dear handwriting, faded now, but still as dear. At last he lifted one that had an unfamiliar look; addressed to his father, he thought, at the first glance, for there was the title; but no, it was clear enough in full, Sir Bernard Maxwell, Bart. He turned it over, it had never been unfastened! The writing was different and the ink comparatively fresh; he stared in astonishment, the letter dropped out of his hand, but he snatched it up feverishly, it should not elude his grasp again; now he should know the truth. Once more, by some strange fatality, *Gwendoline de Marcie* had sought *Marion Maxwell's* pro-

tection, and he it must have been who unwittingly placed her letter there, and there it had been kept from destruction, as if sheltering itself in the folds of her all-embracing charity. He had found what he had sought in the last place he would have dreamed of looking. She had said "Forgive," but he had not heeded; he had flung that letter aside, and lo, it lay, as it were, under his mother's hand; he had cast out the woman herself and she was resting at his mother's feet; he would scarcely touch the tips of her fingers in life, and after her death her daughter would lie in his bosom. Never had a life's purpose been so thwarted as his.

He broke open the envelope and slowly read the letter, twice over; then he sat thinking awhile with his head upon his hand; but not for long his reverie, he seized a pen and wrote.

Miss Dallas and Phyllis were in the *boudoir*, inwardly wondering why Sir Bernard did not join them. The girl sat in a low chair by the fire, *Lion* at her feet. Her black dress made her look very pale, and the months of weary waiting and heartache had told upon the oval of her face, and given it a sharper outline, but nothing could detract from the beautiful softness and glow of the large grey eyes, or spoil the curves of the mobile mouth. She was musing upon the difference between the two New Year's Eves—the last, brilliant and gay, she the acknowledged queen of the revels, clad in a shimmering robe; this, in sable garb, she stood beside a new-made grave. But yet she was happier now than then; she had not had the anchor of Hope as now, the certainty of Bernard Maxwell's love; the storm had been weathered, a safe harbour gained at last. Wrapped in this blessed content she was disturbed by Hawkins bringing in a little packet.

Opening it with a slight feeling of dread, she found a short note and a letter, she opened the former first and read—

"PHYLLIS,—I have found the letter bound up in a bundle of my mother's, when you have read it you will see that I, I only am to blame. I have vainly struggled against my fate; my good angel seems to have left me, the demon of the past clutches me and cries, 'Thou art the man!' Farewell!

"Yours unworthy,

"BERNARD."

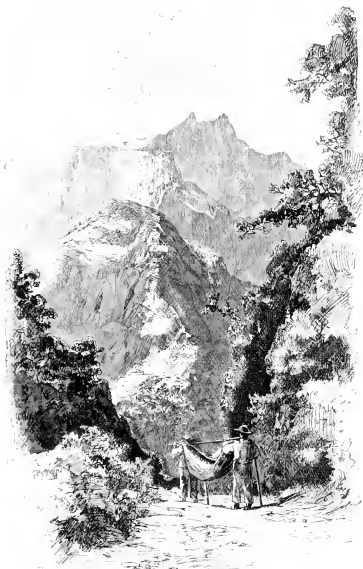
Phyllis sighed, though not hopelessly; she had only another battle to fight. Then she

turned to the longer epistle, perusing it with mingled grief and satisfaction. It ran—

“BERNARD MAXWELL,—You have kept your word; you have had your revenge. The society that knew Gwendoline de Marcie will know her no more; but if you think it has been your own unaided power that has brought it about you are mistaken. Pitted against you alone I should have won, won, I tell you, and defied you; but you had no fleshly arm on your side. Do you flatter yourself it was you I shrank from? Nay, it was a cold dead face, a patient suffering face that I saw in you. The hand lay powerless, but it struck chill upon my heart and paralysed my powers of defence. You will ask, why do I take the trouble to tell you this? Only because you and I will meet no more on this side of the grave, and I would fain let you know something of the real woman whom you cursed; I would fain have you know the truth regarding your father and me. For the curse clings, Bernard Maxwell, it burns; but some day I know it will be removed, when I lie at Marion Maxwell's feet. You call me an adventuress, worse—your hate prompted your belief in my utter wickedness. Coquette I always have been, but not so base as you think. Your father's love for your mother had died before I ever saw him; I kept him from those who would not have been so scrupulous as I. Mock at my having such a thing as scruples if you will, but I declare to you I played with your father, I made him feel my power; but he never sinned against his wife, except as such a man will always sin, in thought and desire. After your mother's death he came to me, he grovelled before me. Bah! how I despised him! He prayed me to be his wife. I drove him from me with bitter, stinging words. As one who had sold her soul for gold and position and adulation, as one gasping for purer air, the air of her innocent childhood, I looked upon your mother, a star shining in another realm than mine. I take her place! Not so low could Gwendoline de Marcie sink. She might have made me a better woman but for your hatred, that kept a barrier of suspicion between us. Even when as a boy I tried to win you, and saw the contempt in your eyes, you nearly made me wicked, made me what you believed me to be. She was like a drop of cooling water to me, poor wretch in purgatory! She died, and your curse for the moment froze the good in me, and I bethought me of a young life that owed its being to mine. I had married when

only eighteen a young medical man of good family, but poor; at twenty I was a widow. My husband had become acquainted with the Comte de Marcie by being of assistance to him in a street accident, and he became our constant visitor. After my husband's death the Count made me an offer of marriage on condition that I gave up my child. The offer was too tempting to my vanity; I accepted it, and sent my infant to a sister living in a quiet English village. I never saw her again till last week. I might have claimed her after my husband's death, but somehow I fancied she would have her father's grey eyes, that would haunt me with a reproach upon my gay Bohemian life; but in my waning prestige I thought of her, and wondered what she was like. Surely I could tempt her by the same means as I had been tempted, to sell her beauty for wealth and rank. I felt certain she was beautiful, and I, as mother of the lovely peeress, would gain an assured position; but she was saved. The very day I had made up my mind I got the news that I was penniless; my man of business had deceived me. I am not utterly heartless; I could not take my daughter from certain comfort to share my precarious fortunes. But the craving had come to me to look upon her face once more, so I went down to the village and, thickly veiled, wandered about, trusting to meet my sister or my child Phyllis. Everything looked sleepy as of old. I knew that I would not, even if I could, go back to the old life. I had tasted of the tree of good and evil, and its flavour clung to my palate. I ended my wanderings at the church, where I heard the organ pealing. Music had always swayed and dominated me. I went in and sat down in its cool, quiet gloom, and let the music sink into my being. I hardly knew I was listening, but I felt strangely, unaccountably moved. The organist was playing the ‘Dies Iræ.’ Oh, that dreadful day, that day of judgment! Marion Maxwell, my accuser. I shivered, and my heart cried, *Miserere*. Then, as in answer, the ‘Agnus Dei’ from Mozart's First Mass in C seemed to whisper the way of salvation. I had sinned, let me atone. I was seated in a pew, lost to all but my own bitter thoughts, when footsteps roused me. I looked up. Walking down the aisle was my daughter Phyllis. There was no mistaking her. She was a Trevelyian, and looked at me with her father's eyes. Yes, she was lovely; sorrowful for one so young, yet with a sweet peace that seemed to soothe my heated brain. I felt I must





In the Great Curral.

MADEIRA.

By ELLEN M. TAYLOR, AUTHOR OF "MADEIRA; ITS SCENERY
AND HOW TO SEE IT," ETC.

SECOND PAPER.

MOST of the people who visit Madeira have been to, or have heard of, the Great Curral, but few comparatively have descended the rugged zigzag road winding down its precipitous eastern side, and penetrated to the isolated hamlet and church nestling nearly 2,000 feet below on a plateau, which itself is 2,000 feet above the sea. Great *pinos* rise majestically from this valley and form a

vast amphitheatre. Even on the south side the mountains seem to enclose the valley, where the river narrows, before it emerges into the wide Ribeira dos Soccoridos.

The ascent in hammocks from the Curral hamlet to the Torrinhas Pass is a very arduous undertaking, but a party with double sets of bearers will speedily reach the top, from whence a magnificent view presents itself. From this point the traveller commences a descent on the north side of the island through the Boa Ventura Valley, almost, if not quite, the grandest of the many great ravines in which Madeira abounds. Here are combined forest trees, waterfalls, interesting ferns, mountains, and mighty masses of perpendicular rocks. Madeira is especially rich in basaltic rocks. One great pinnacle standing alone on the slopes of Pico Ruivo, called the "Homen em pé," or Standing Man, rises as a gigantic sentinel guarding the ascent. There it has stood for ages, unmoved by the wild tempests that at times rage about these mountain peaks.

The traveller who has the energy to take a three hours' journey from St. Anna to see the sunrise from the top of Ruivo, passes this mighty rock in the dim light, which adds much to its majestic and mysterious appearance.

In the Ribeira do Fayal, on the north coast, there are also some curious basaltic pillars. Visitors to Madeira who only

see the south part of the island can have no idea of the variety and grandeur of the scenery in many parts of the north side, the deep ravines clothed with evergreens and heaths in great luxuriance, and many interesting plants, wild flowers, and ferns.

Between Porto da Cruz and Fayal stands the majestic Penha d'Aguia, a mountain standing alone at the mouth of the valley,



with one of its sides rising to a height of 1,915 feet from the ocean; its outline from every side being grand and picturesque, especially when viewed from the Lameiros, one of the favourite excursions from Sta. Cruz. Its summit is wooded with well-grown shrubs, the most numerous being the pomegranate and myrtle. The ascent is very difficult, and seldom undertaken.

For those who cannot take these longer and more fatiguing excursions, there are several pleasant and easy rides within a short distance of Funchal, which will give some idea of the scenery of the island.

Some content themselves with an expedition to the Curral dos Romeiros, or Little Curral, as it is generally called, within a short ride from Funchal. This is a deep and wide ravine of great beauty. The mountain ridges are in many places clothed with pine woods, reminding one of parts of Switzerland.

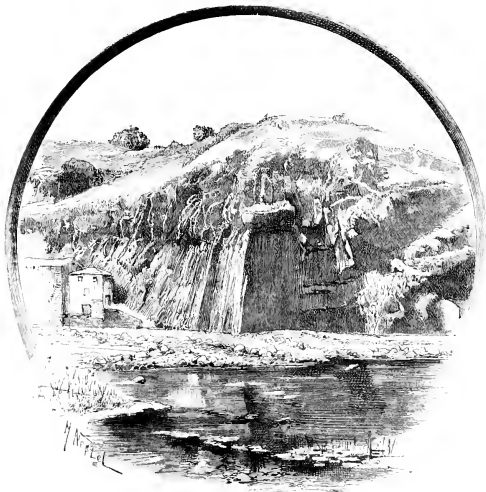
On the 15th of August, *Dia de Nossa Senhora do Monte*, the Festival

The Basalt Monolith. 'Homen em pé' (Man standing upright).

of the Assumption, this precipitous and winding road is gay and animated with *Romeiros*, or pilgrims, hastening to the church at the Monte, from Camacha, Caniço, and many eastern parishes, crossing the Curral to its western slopes, on which the church is built. The roads leading to this parish are filled with happy, good-tempered crowds on foot, hurrying to the *Festa*, the cheerful music of *machêtes* and *riolas* helping to beguile the way. The former is like a small guitar with

four strings, and the latter is a curious instrument having twelve sets of wire strings. Those *Romeiros*, who bring votive offerings to the shrine in the church, are glad to accomplish their object and hasten back to their probably distant homes.

Many simply amuse themselves by listening to this music, to which is added improvised couplets shouted in a wild manner, regardless of any time, by peasants who have a reputation for this special accomplishment.



Basaltic Pillars, Ribeira do Funchal.

Picturesque groups sitting on the hillside enjoy their picnic repast under the shade of wide-spreading Spanish chestnut and oak trees.

The waterfall in the Curral ravine is well worth a visit, and is about an hour's walk from Funchal. Ascending the Caminho do meio and striking on a *levada*, or watercourse, to the west, you soon find yourself in the heart of the mountain gorge, the cliffs around and above you clothed with an indigenous and interesting vegetation, and a waterfall

of no mean altitude dashing in clouds of spray from rocky ledges, verdant with ferns and mosses. The *levadas* are constructed on various levels from the rivers in order to facilitate the irrigation of the terraced uplands so industriously cultivated by the peasantry up to a certain altitude. Beyond that the vegetation consists of pine woods, and again, higher on the mountains, only laurels, bilberry bushes, great heaths and ferns will thrive; but in the glens, and on the borders of *levadas*, a lovely and interesting variety

securely, he brought him to his house, and employed him, yoked to an ox, to plough the lands. After thus chastising him severely, he delivered him over to his former master, to the great satisfaction of those who had suffered at his hands.

Fructoso also records a wonderful feat of strength accomplished by this same man. He was in a measure prisoner on parole in his own house, about two miles above the town, for some crime which he had committed.

There were to be great festivities in Funchal on the birth of a prince of Portugal. A bull-fight on an open space before the cathedral was looked forward to as one of the chief sports. Braga sent a petition to the judge that he might have liberty for the day, and take his turn at the bull-fighting. Having been granted, he further begged that the largest and strongest bull might be sent for him. Awaiting his turn in the pouring house, at last he appeared clad in handsome costume of the period, with a stout staff in his hand. The bull was brought into the arena with so wild an aspect that the bull-fighters retired in haste, leaving him alone to face the animal. Advancing, he held his staff in one hand he waved the other

at the bull, who, putting down his head, plunged forward as if to toss him. Braga received the shock on his staff, which he had planted firmly before himself, and before the bull could recover himself, placing his hands on the bull's horns, he vaulted heavily on to his neck and broke it, the animal falling dead at once. This feat of strength was greeted with shouts of applause.

There appears to have been some remarkable men among the descendants of those who first settled in Madeira, men who had seen active service in the fierce and sanguinary wars of that period; and such names as Albuquerque, Aragão, Beringuer, Bettencourt, Cabral, Castro, Doria, Drummond, Spínola, Jervis, Mondragão, and Schomberg are still well known. Noblemen from many courts of Europe seem to have been attracted by the romantic history of the discovery of Madeira, the beautiful island so lately colonized and so productive. The vines and sugar-canes sent from Sicily by order of Prince Henry the Navigator, were then in full beauty and luxuriance, bringing a plentiful return, and encouraging those who were industrious to bring into further cultivation many almost inaccessible spots on the highlands above the town.

RECREATIVE EVENING SCHOOLS.

By MRS. THORPE, AUTHOR OF "KING FROST," ETC.

It has been lately stated by an eminent writer * that the religious question and the social question are the two which will be the most important ones for the end of the nineteenth century.

The root of the social question lies in the condition of the children who will in a few years be the men and women of the country. They must then be either its backbone, brain, and hands, or a mass of formless incapacity which will sink us low in the scale of nations.

The Compulsory Education Act, if properly carried out, will render the future of the nation a more assured one, as it was meant to be. But what remedy can we find? Questions have been anxiously asked, and answers have been given, of wide experience and philosophy. The Recreative Evening Schools are one of the answers.

My own fifteen years' experience of the

present system, some terrible gaps are found in the children's lives.

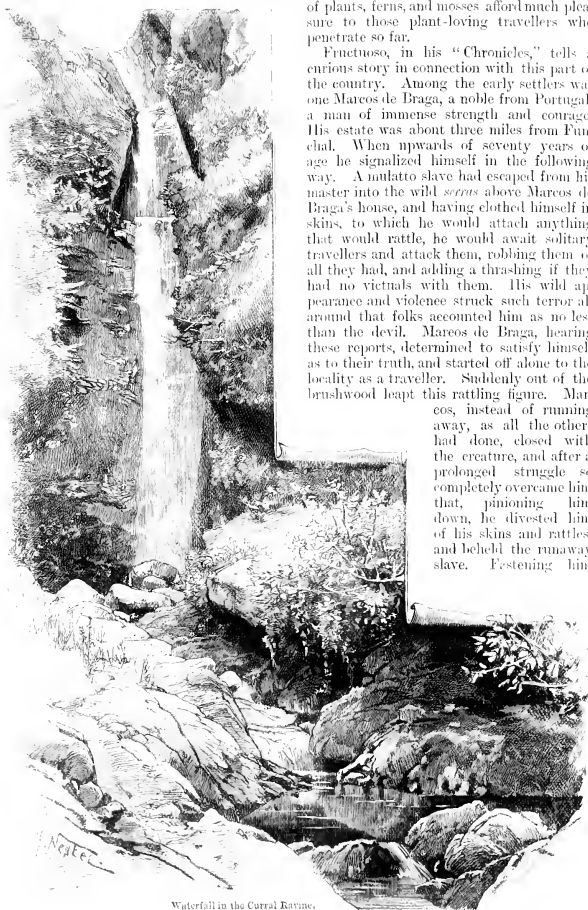
We find the attendance at the old night schools decreasing year by year. Between 1880 and 1886 there was a decrease of about 20,000, which decrease still continues. Indeed, these schools were only meant for those who had not been taught at all. We find our children passing the required standard and leaving school at an age which becomes earlier every year—the average varies from eleven to twelve or thirteen. It is lowest in manufacturing towns, where the children are quick-witted and fairly well fed. We find these boys and girls turned adrift to earn their own living at an age when the Factory Act itself forbids their full employment, so that they are left without even the discipline of regular work at a time when brain and body are alike plastic, when they are too young to have formed fixed habits of any kind, too young to have that "love of learning" which Sir John Lubbock tells us "is better

* "The Education of the Future," by M. Emile de Laveleye, *Fortnightly Review* for July, 1888.

of plants, ferns, and mosses afford much pleasure to those plant-loving travellers who penetrate so far.

Fructuoso, in his "Chronicles," tells a curious story in connection with this part of the country. Among the early settlers was one Marcos de Braga, a noble from Portugal, a man of immense strength and courage. His estate was about three miles from Funchal. When upwards of seventy years of age he signalized himself in the following way. A mulatto slave had escaped from his master into the wild *serras* above Marcos de Braga's house, and having clothed himself in skins, to which he would attach anything that would rattle, he would await solitary travellers and attack them, robbing them of all they had, and adding a thrashing if they had no victuals with them. His wild appearance and violence struck such terror all around that folks accounted him as no less than the devil. Marcos de Braga, hearing these reports, determined to satisfy himself as to their truth, and started off alone to the locality as a traveller. Suddenly out of the brushwood leapt this rattling figure. Mar-

cos, instead of running away, as all the others had done, closed with the creature, and after a prolonged struggle so completely overcame him that, pinioning him down, he divested him of his skins and rattles, and beheld the runaway slave. Fastening him



Waterfall in the Curral Ravine.

securely, he brought him to his house, and employed him, yoked to an ox, to plough his lands. After thus chastising him severely, he delivered him over to his former master, to the great satisfaction of those who had suffered at his hands.

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Does the Compulsory Education Act, in its present form, render the future of these children an assured one, as it was meant to do? If not, what remedy can we find? These questions have been anxiously asked by men of wide experience and philanthropy, and the Recreative Evening Schools are an attempt at an answer.

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present system, some terrible gaps are found in the children's lives.

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* "The Religion of the Future," by M. Emile de Lavelaye, in the *Contemporary Review* for July, 1888.

than learning itself." It has been often remarked by teachers who see their scholars after the interval of a year or two, that they find them deplorably changed in body and mind. It is not uncommon to find that a child who passed Standard V. at school cannot pass Standard III. a few months afterwards.

We find these children absolutely ignorant of any handicraft or art-work, and therefore without resource in the way of amusement. Sometimes their very learning has been harmful, as when ideas of wrong-doing have been suggested by persistent reading of the police news. We find these children growing into a class which, from sheer incapacity to do anything well, will never rise above starvation point. Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P., who has given great attention to this subject, says* that he has travelled on the Continent on purpose to make inquiries on this matter, and he had been told in every city—Zurich, Stuttgart, Nuremberg, Chemnitz, Berlin—that the class of ragged squalid children practically does not exist in any of them.† In the United Kingdom some half million of children are dependent on rates and alms, and another half million are miserably under-fed and under-clad. There is no class in Germany to correspond with this, though, of course, there is poverty. He added that when he returned to Liverpool he saw more human misery in the streets than he had seen throughout Germany. We have a large population of two or three millions of persons habitually on the verge of destitution, and two or three millions more but little removed from destitution. This class is largely recruited from the boys and girls between twelve and twenty, who, restrained neither at home nor at school, and unprovided with amusement in any form, turn into the streets, attracted, as Mr. Besant tells us, by their lights and varied life, and are thus exposed to the dangers which make the child-life of our city slums hideous and degraded beyond that of any country on the Continent.

We find the evils of surplus population increased by the number of young Germans who come here, and by their more thorough training, perhaps also by their fewer wants, beat our own countrymen in almost every department, and drive them out of our own offices and workshops.

Is the difference one of race or of education? The emaciated and emasculated physique of our very poorest classes threatens to be a blot on our nationality, but, broadly, endurance and energy are still the birthright of every English child; so we turn to the training.

We find that in Austria and Germany, with small local variations, attendance at school is compulsory till the age of fourteen, and attendance at night classes for two hours twice a week is required for two years afterwards—so that the least educated child is not thoroughly emancipated from the discipline of school until sixteen. Afterwards there is a term of compulsory military service, which is a valuable physical training, besides enforcing habits of obedience.

Five years ago* we had nothing, of a popular nature, to take the place of these things; now, Recreative Evening Schools have spread throughout the length and breadth of the land, in town and country, and are filled by thousands of children who come at once on leaving the day school, and who, instead of idly lounging about the streets, are enjoying the bright and varied teaching of science or history, illustrated by simple experiments or the magic lantern, and are strengthening their muscles by the graceful exercise of musical drill, or are developing their artistic tastes in carving or modelling.

The idea of recreation for tired children is carried out, as well as the teaching of arts and handicrafts fitted to develop artistic and technical skill in the worker, and calculated in themselves to adorn the home or to command a little money if turned to such account. It has been found, even in Germany, in several towns that the evening teaching twice a week, being desk work, has had to be changed to work on Sunday morning from nine till one, the effort required being beyond the capacity of tired children. It has unquestionably been found in practice that those schools are the most successful where the recreative element has been most largely introduced. It has also been found that the assistance of working-men managers has been most valuable and important; they seem ready to work tirelessly, and they know the needs of their class, often with the intensity given by felt loss. The idea of these schools did not reach this form all at once; it had been for years in the mind of its originator and it is only by degrees that

* Recreative Evening Schools in their present form were started in Nottingham in 1894.

* Letter to the *Times*, October 4th, 1887. Meeting of Recreative Evening Schools Association, Albert Hall, Nottingham, December 12th, 1887.

† "I found no groups of dirty and miserable-looking children in the schools which I visited"—Matthew Arnold, in Special Report on certain points connected with Elementary Education in Germany, Switzerland, and France, 1886.

it has grown into its present state of efficiency.

These schools are now started in all the large towns of the country. In London alone, from Christmas to Easter, there was an average attendance of 6,630 scholars; but what still remains to be done may be estimated from the fact that in London 80,000 children leave the elementary schools every year, and there is a population of about 500,000 young people, many of whom have to earn their own living, and who need therefore both teaching and recreation in the evening. In some towns, each scholar leaving the day school is cared for individually. The list of those who leave, with their addresses, is given to the Managers of the Recreative Evening Schools, who visit the homes and impress upon the parents the advantages of attendance at the Recreative Evening Schools, and the necessity of regularity. Thus a link is formed which leaves no child to slip unhelpled into the dreary abyss of forgetfulness and stupidity. One working man manager, whom I have the pleasure of knowing, proved the strength of his interest by visiting for sixty hours in one week, when he was out of work.

But our operations are hindered by practical difficulties. By the Education Act no Government grant can be obtained unless instruction is given in the "three R's." This is found in all cases to deter many from coming. Children revolt from a return to the teaching from which they have just been emancipated, and prefer their aimless wanderings in the streets; whereas they show the greatest eagerness to learn some handicraft, to see the wonders of the lantern, to stretch their sinews in the harmonious exercise of musical drill. These schools where all is interesting, and where handicrafts are taught, are constantly compelled to turn away the scholars, who flock in greater numbers than can be received or taught.

Mr. C. G. Leland, of Philadelphia, who has studied the subject of industrial art in schools, gives it as his experience that "an interesting industry is conducive to moral culture." It certainly drives away the deadly dullness and vacuity that tend to the publichouse as the only amusement, for he who sees forms of beauty growing beneath his fingers is not tempted to relapse to coarser delights.

Moral culture is the supreme need of these boys and girls. Many of them have no example of industry, thrift, and self-

restraint before their eyes; some of them inherit strong tendencies to all forms of self-indulgence, which can only be counteracted by the expulsive force of higher interests, and yet these children are turned off to fight the battle of life as best they may at a terribly early age. Can we wonder that they do not develop a love of work when there is no department in which they can excel, when the exhaustion produced by growth and the surroundings of their lives are alike calculated to dull their dawning intellectual faculties, and to undo the habits of industry which have not had time to consolidate?

In spite of the numerous schools already established, hosts of these children are still appealing to us for help—or rather, they are touching our sense of their need the more deeply in that they are themselves unable to realise it.

A bill has been prepared to be brought before the House of Commons, seeking for Government help; but press of business has crowded it out for the present. In the meantime, the children cannot stand still; they are either growing up into health and industry or drifting downwards, to be still more hopelessly beaten by foreign competition, to sink into that residuum of poverty and crime which fills the workhouses and prisons, burdens the taxes, and is a blot on our fair fame as a nation.

It may be that these Recreative Evening Schools are not a complete panacea; but they will do much to help. The winter session began in October, and any information as to methods of work or teaching will be willingly given by the Secretary of the Recreative Evening Schools Association, 37, Norfolk Street, Strand; the Secretaries of the Local Associations; or Rev. Dr. Paton (the originator of the movement), Forest Road West, Nottingham. The work is so varied that there are few who cannot help in some department; there are lantern-slides to be prepared, musical drill, wood-carving, brass-work, modelling, sewing, millinery, mending, and cookery to be taught. It does not need splendid abilities—only thoroughness and regularity. The teaching must be good as far as it goes, and the class must not be left to look vainly for a teacher who never comes. Amongst those to whom the gifts of culture have come easily, there must be many who will be ready to stretch out a helping hand to lift these uncared-for ones to a higher level, to open to them the possibilities of a useful life, to guard them in

their most critical years, and to lead them, by habits of industry and skill, to rise above the terrible level of incompetency which is always at the edge of starvation.

All ranks have already joined this movement, which is headed by H.R.H. Princess Louise, upheld by distinguished statesmen, prelates, and scientists, and practically aided by working-men and women themselves. So here is a national movement, in which the chasm yawning between the classes and the masses is bridged by the hands which meet

in one common work, inspired by one desire to raise our young people to a higher level of happiness, knowledge, and nobility.

These schools, like the first Sunday school started by Robert Raikes in the old house in Gloucester, have originated quietly and in obscurity, but, like those other schools, they appeal so directly to the heart of our common humanity, that the benevolence which is alive and eager now as then may be trusted to carry them on to ever-increasing success.

A RAILWAY WHISTLE.

By ALEX. H. JAPP, LL.D.

IT is sometimes said that the world knows nothing of its greatest men; it is very certain that the world does not know much, if anything, of some of its most faithful servants, or in the least realise what it owes to them. How few when they hear a railway whistle regard it as anything but a noisy and unnecessary interruption. Very few, indeed, are they who know that to the ears of some it speaks in very definite language, on which they must act with the utmost decision and dispatch. In certain parts of the metropolis where there are railway lines there are recurrent outbreaks of complaint about the railway whistles, and the tone of most of the angry letters sent to the newspapers when the fit is on has invariably been such as to encourage the idea that the railway drivers were a kind of incarnate fiends, who delighted to make night as well as day hideous by the use of their shrill whistles, and to torture the ears of the wakeful. Unfortunate the light sleepers may have been, placed in such perilous and trying proximity to a railway; but certainly the railway drivers could not do other than they did, for they are bound by the very strictest rules, and must not touch the whistle save when duty calls.

A railway whistle is a definite signal which, amongst other things, brings the driver of the train directly *en rapport* with the signalman in his box. There he stands; you may often catch a glimpse of him when travelling as the train slows into the terminus or junction. He is surrounded by rows of bristling steel handles, all of an exact height. These are the shafts that work the points. They are all carefully numbered. Besides these there are in the box clocks of peculiar construction, right in front of the row of shafts; telegraphic dials

and bells, as well as telegraphic despatching desks; books of record, which are most jealously kept and studied. If you had ever spent a few hours with signalmen in their boxes, as I have done frequently, both by day and night, you would find often in their hands a book somewhat resembling a timetable, but double the size of page, and pretty thick too. This is the "Working Time-Table," or "Appendix to the Working Time-Table," of the Company which they may serve, so far as it concerns them. This is a document which it would surprise not a few to read—puzzle not a few perfectly to master and remember. It tells all about the stations on the main lines and branches; gives the law of regulation of clocks in signal-boxes; has a list of all the stations and signal-boxes connected with the Message Telegraph Circuits; classifies all these stations and signal-boxes which perform train signalling; carefully sets down in tabulated form all train telegraph arrangements, and follows this up with a special list of leading stations, in regard to which there are any special points to be attended to; then comes a long catalogue of "Whistles for Engines," then a careful drawing of route-indicators, with the arms in positions for the various signals, and after this a list of all route-indicators. Then follows a list of Points of Inclines for intercepting railway vehicles, a list of stations where "ramps" are kept and places where signalmen are responsible for their safety, rules relating to signal lamps, &c., &c.

All this information the signalman in his box must read, and he must master all of it that bears in the most remote manner on his own station and its relation to others by telegraphs and signals. And as details are constantly being modified to meet the de-

mands of extending traffic, or from other causes, he must keep himself very carefully up to time—so to speak; he certainly must not be like the Bourbons, “Learn nothing, and forget nothing.” And I confess that when I look at a “working time-table,” or see a signal-box now, I never fail to have strengthened in me my sense of the responsibility, importance, and ability of the men who labour there.

If we take our start from the railway whistles, we can work round the main circle of a signalman's duty. Strictly speaking, however, we should say that the word “whistle” is a misnomer in the sense we have used it in the heading, but there is no other word that could be popularly used for our purpose. There are whistles and whistles—the long and the short whistle, for example, carefully distinguished, and there is the cock-crow. By the combination of these, or the repetition of them, you have a complete code of signals for all stations for up and down trains, each having its own proper distinctive whistle, unmistakable to the signalman, were it possible that he could for the moment be absent or oblivious. Here, for example, to make matters more plain, are the whistles for Buchanan Street station, Glasgow:—

| | |
|--|-------------------------------|
| “ From Main Down Line to No. 1 Arrival Platform . . . | 1 Whistle |
| From Main Down Line to No. 2 Arrival Platform . . . | 2 Whistles |
| From Main Down Line to the Back Road . . . | 3 Whistles |
| From No. 1 Arrival Platform to Main Up Line, by the Crossover Road south of Signal-box . . . | 1 Whistle and 1 Cock-crow |
| From No. 2 Arrival Platform to Main Up Line, by the Crossover Road south of Signal-box . . . | 2 Whistles and 1 Cock-crow |
| From the Back Road to the Main Up Line, by the Crossover Road south of Signal-box . . . | 1 Long and 1 Short Whistle |
| From No. 1 Arrival Platform to Main Up Line, by Crossover Road north of Signal-box . . . | 1 Whistle |
| From No. 2 Arrival Platform to Main Up Line . . . | 2 Whistles |
| From No. 3 Carriage Siding to Main Up Line . . . | 3 Whistles |
| From No. 4 Departure Platform to Main Up Line . . . | 4 Whistles |
| From No. 5 Departure Platform to Main Up Line . . . | 5 Whistles |
| From No. 6 Carriage Siding to Main Up Line . . . | 6 Whistles |
| From Main Up Line to No. 1 Ar- rival Platform, by Crossover Road north of Signal-box . . . | 1 Cock-crow |
| From Main Up Line to No. 2 Ar- rival Platform . . . | 2 Cock-crows |
| From Main Up Line to No. 3 Carriage Siding . . . | 3 Whistles |

| | |
|--|--------------------|
| From Main Up Line to No. 4 Departure Platform . . . | 4 Whistles |
| From Main Up Line to No. 5 Departure Platform . . . | 5 Whistles |
| From Main Up Line to No. 6 Carriage Siding . . . | 6 Whistles |
| From No. 5 Departure Platform to Siding at back of Signal-box . . . | 1 Cock-crow |
| From No. 6 Carriage Siding to Siding at back of Signal-box . . . | 2 Cock- crows.” |

There are, of course, emergencies when engine-drivers may be forced to use the whistle—such as a person on the line or other risk of “danger,” and then a margin must be allowed to the discretion of the driver; but the rules are imperative that the driver is not to whistle more than is absolutely necessary, and for a very good reason, the more he whistles the more he may confuse. This is a common form of direction in working time-tables:

The signalmen at So-and-So, guided by the time-table, by indicators on engines, and verbally by the station officials, being in possession of information as to the trains for which points are to be put in position and signals cleared, drivers are not to sound the engine-whistle more than absolutely necessary—such as a short whistle before putting on steam when the starting-signal is given, a whistle to warn anyone who may be on the line, or when instructed by any of the station officials to give any particular whistle as a signal to the signalman or otherwise; and it must be distinctly understood that no such thing as long and repeated whistling for signals to be taken off, or from any other motive, except in some extreme emergency, can be allowed at So-and-So.

In the daylight, therefore, the railway whistle has its own special significance wherever heard, and is never a sound at random; but in the darkness of night or in fog when other signals cannot be seen, it soon becomes evident of what use and importance it is. It is then one of the most available links between drivers and signalmen. In fact, railway traffic, as now conducted, would not be at all possible without it, and the codes on which it rests. A signalman then is a man on whom a vast deal of responsibility lies, he must have a clear head and a good memory, a cool nerve and a steady hand. This is his ordinary duty: he must look to open signals the moment any train is telegraphed to him and enter the same with exact time in the proper column of a book. Then he must set his points, where this is necessary, and when the train

has passed, he must telegraph on to next station, enter the time and fact in another column of his book, and then relieve his points again to be ready for the next train. Every one knows the semaphore formula, "up arm for danger; down arm for clear line." And it should be borne in mind that this is not only the procedure for passenger trains; but for all trains whatever, nay, even for light engines, or for pilot engines, and ballast engines, and engines passing for purposes of relief or for a hundred other reasons; all are telegraphed, signalled, and entered without "respect of persons," because to the signalman the returning coal or ballast engine is just of as much importance as an express train—it may wreck an express train if by any oversight it were getting wrong or run on the wrong metals. The signalman's book is therefore a complete record of everything that goes on by the metals past his box, and his primary duty is to keep his section clear, or, if blocked, to let all concerned clearly know it.

In some cases, as in that of big towns and extensive junctions, the work goes on as ceaselessly by night as by day. Then the goods trains roll along, then the empty trucks come back, then the extra engines come in. All have to be dealt with in the way we have described and entered in our signalman's book, which is an extended index of all the traffic of the company at the point with which it deals. There is no end of extra or special things to which the signalman must attend and have always in readiness—one of them is the fog signal, which is most important. In the depth of winter or in thick fogs, the signalman then has to trust almost wholly to his ears. Immediately that he has cleared one train, and got his points straight, out he goes a little distance up or down the line, as the case may be, for the next up or down train, and there he attaches by a sort of wire fixture to the metals a kind of slightly raised band containing an explosive material. This is the fog signal, which stands to him in the place of an engine-indicator in the daylight. When the first wheels of the engine pass over it, it explodes and gives the signal.

Every signalman must be a fair telegraphist; for though in many cases telegraph boys are kept, he must supervise and watch them. "It is imperative that every signalman be able to work the needle instrument expeditiously," and "signalmen are held responsible for the telegraph boy's attention to duty." In cases where there is no tele-

graph boy, which, of course, happens at what are deemed the less important stations, the signalman is also the telegraphist; and he is thus directed: "Messages to signal-boxes where there are no boys must be telegraphed very slowly and distinctly to enable the signalman to read them."

But the signalman's judgment has of necessity a good deal left to it, and that in circumstances that may be most trying. Now and then we come on directions "not to use the wire save when necessary." And to give some idea of the work that in special cases and cases of danger may arise the following may be cited:—

"In the event of a line being blocked near a telegraph box, information must be sent along the circuit at once, stating the time the line is likely to be blocked, and the stations on the circuit must be advised when the line is again clear."

The signalman's vigilance is constantly called for, whether the line be worked by "train tablet," as is usual now on single lines, or by what is now known as the Absolute Block System. He must be always on the alert. But so important now is the Absolute Block that it may be well to describe it a little more fully for clearness' sake.

Its object is to prevent more than one train or engine moving in the same direction between two signal-boxes at the same time. This is done by bell and gong—the bell for up trains, and the gong for down trains; and there is, of course, in this a complete code of signals by arrangement of beats applied to indicate exact advice. Thus, for a passenger train, three beats on bell or gong; for goods train, four ditto; for mineral train, five ditto; for light engine or engine and van, six ditto. The semaphore arm which has been raised in advance is to stand at "Danger," and is to be lowered only by the signalman in the signal-box in advance in acknowledgment of the advice of the "Preparatory Signal" of an approaching train or light engine. All out-door fixed signals are so worked as to show to drivers of approaching trains the same signals as those shown at the same time on the Block Telegraph instrument. No signal is cancelled until after it has been acknowledged. In the copy of "Working Rules" in our hand, which was in use by a man of long experience on one of the Scotch lines, the following has been carefully underlined by him, and will exhibit the systematic observation and dispatch required of the signalman:—

"When a train, having an engine assisting behind, passes a signal-box, the signalman, *after* having trans-

mitted the Block Signal, and after having received the acknowledgment thereof, must give one beat on the bell or gong to the signalman in *advance*, to let him know that the train has an engine behind it, *which must be acknowledged by one beat, and registered in Train Book accordingly, under the heading of Remarks.* If the train passes the next signal-box without the assisting engine, the signalman there must conclude that it has broken down on the section, and must not lower the semaphore arm in the signal-box in the rear until the engine has been removed from the section.

"When a train or light engine passes a signal-box without having a tail lamp on the last vehicle as a 'last vehicle' indicator, the signalman must not lower the semaphore arm in the signal-box in the rear until he has given Nine Beats on the bell or gong (the signal to stop train and examine it) to the signalman in *advance*, and ascertained from him by means of the needle instrument that no part of the train has broken away, although it has no 'last vehicle' indicator upon it."

In addition to the duties we have named, the signalmen on most lines are charged with the duty of taking at the signal-boxes the numbers of the engines under their direction:—

"Signalmen must, as far as possible, ascertain the numbers of all engines which stop at their boxes, and enter the same in their train books. This is necessary to enable the working of the engines to be correctly traced."

When trains are late signalmen on duty must be late too:—

"When trains are late, signalmen must remain on duty, if necessary, until they are past, and at all signal-boxes and goods and mineral yards, stations and junctions where shunting engines are employed, and goods or mineral trains late in arriving, signalmen must not go off duty till the work is finished."

The following paragraph about arranging transfer from day to night duty, and *vice versa*, will indicate that the signalman does not enjoy the luxury of short hours, whatever else he may enjoy:—

"In double shifted signal-boxes where there are no relief signalmen, the change from night to day duty must take place on the Sunday preceding the pay. For example, the man who has been on duty for the fortnight will be relieved at 6 p.m. on the Saturday by the man who has been on night-duty, and who will remain on duty until the traffic permits the box to be closed at midnight on Sunday morning as the case may be. The man who has been on day duty for the previous fortnight will open the box on Sunday night or Monday morning as the traffic demands, and will be relieved at 7 a.m. on Monday by the man who has been on night duty. The shift from night to day duty for the fortnight will then take place at 7 a.m. and 6 p.m."

There may be some differences in detail in the working of different lines, but in the broad the same principles hold for all. The signalman in all cases have not only to receive the signal, clear, and telegraph, but

to keep exact and faithful record. The least slip on his part might at any moment be fatal. In some cases there are in a single box as many as forty or fifty shafts, which have to be constantly in use. The putting of the hand on one instead of on another, separated only by a few inches, might be the cause of a collision, with death, and injury, and miserable torture to hundreds of men, women, and children.

Talking to a man who has been pretty nearly all his life employed on a railway the other day, he said, "Well, so far as I know railway work, I can't understand why the signalman should be so poorly paid. All the signalman gets is about one-half the pay of a driver. Now, I do not say as the driver don't deserve all he gets, but I do say as the signalman ought to get more. A good driver has some 7s. or 7s. 6d. a day, often working on Sundays, thus making something like from £2 5s. to £2 10s. per week regular. Your signalman, even though a first-rate hand, has only from 23s. to 25s. per week, and less experienced men acting as assistants only from 18s. to 21s. Now, it can't be said as I'm an interested party, becoss I never worked in a signal-box, nor any of my folks, and my own father is a driver, and 'ave been so nearly all his life, leastways all my life, and long 'fore I was born. I speak what I feel about a set of men as deserve much better nor they get, but that ain't sayin' much now'days, though, after all, 'tis a'most saying everything. They have long hours, hard work, and little pay, and they work with the head just as much as the manager of the line does. The slightest slip on their part might lead to no end of disaster—loss of life and loss of limb, and pain and sorrow all round. And yet how often do we hear of efforts made by the poor signalmen to get 1s. or 1s. 6d. a week advance of wages? Why, we should hear something else than complaints about whistles if the public only knew what rests continually on the signalman's care and correctness; that is, the safety and lives of themselves, their wives and children, their friends and relatives, for everybody travels nowadays, at least goes down once a year to get a whiff o' country air or a waft o' sea breeze; and certainly they could not get to their destinations with dispatch, and in safety and peace, if it were not for the care and attention of the signalman in his box, with his clocks and telegraphs, his shafts, and record-book, and all the rest of it."

I quite agree with my friend in this plea for the railway signalmen of the United

Kingdom. There is not a class of men on whom more depends, nor a class who get less recognition for their labours. The life of the Queen herself is constantly committed to their care; for on a railroad, as elsewhere, all things work together, and though, no doubt, special care is taken for her Majesty's train, yet even her Majesty's train must be prepared for—the way kept clear for it—and, however much your manager, and secretary, and guards, and station-masters, and drivers may do, a lapse on the signalman's part might ruin all.

Notwithstanding all the care that *can* be taken, unexpected things will occur, which, even in the case of the Queen's train, throw the whole *onus* on the driver and signalman. On one of the Queen's journeys from Balmoral to Windsor in the summer of last year, for instance, a strange and perhaps unexampled thing happened. We take the account of it from the *Westmoreland Gazette* :—

"The signalman at Hincaster Junction, about five miles south of Kendal, had his lamps lit, and all appeared right until a few minutes before the approach of the royal train. As the train got near the junction the down distant signal, which was to guide the driver of the royal train, was in darkness, and for the purpose of insuring safety the train was brought to a standstill. On making an inspection of the signal lamp it was found to contain a grand swarm of bees, the great number having had the effect of putting out the lamp, which the signalman was unable to light again. The bees had evidently been attracted by the light. Dewhurst (the signalman) regrets that time would not allow of the swarm being secured in a box and sent forward with the royal train."

About Christmas time last we read in the newspapers that some people declined to give the railway porters Christmas-boxes, on

the ground that they could not get at the signalmen to make their presents to them, though they held that these workers quite as much deserved them, or even more. We would not counsel any niggardliness towards the porters—a most deserving, energetic, and obliging body of men, but we do wish some concerted method could be adopted by which the signalmen might share more practically in the good-will going at that festive season, for here, again, they are at a disadvantage with those who are brought more directly in contact with passengers.

Let us, then, when we hear a railway whistle hereafter, think of the signalman in his box, for whom it has a special meaning and message; and let us do what in us lies to get further encouragement and recognition—shorter hours and better pay—for a worthy, intelligent, and highly responsible class of men who are at present hardly better paid than a warehouse porter, and certainly very inferiorly paid to a good junior London clerk. Not a few of the railway accidents that have happened have been due to the weariness, and it may have been private troubles, of the signalman; and to keep a wife and family of perhaps six children on 23s. to 25s. a week, as in some cases that I know of, "is no easy matter, gentlemen," as Sarah Gamp was wont to put it; and if you have a man preoccupied and troubled in a signal-box you certainly increase by 50 per cent., or more, the risk of accidents. The public are more powerful than the railway companies, strong as they are; and it is the public after all who are most directly concerned in the perfect comfort and peace of mind of the railway signalmen.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR DECEMBER.

By THE EDITOR.

FIRST SUNDAY.

SAINTSHIP, 1.

Read Micah vi. 1—8, and Galatians v. 13, to end.

ST. PAUL frequently addresses the members of the Churches as "saints." In the present day many Christians would rather be called anything else. "I do not pretend to be a saint" is held to be a confession of honesty. To "set oneself up as a saint" is often used as a synonym for hypocrisy. Few persons associate the term with common life, or think of applying it to the men they meet in the Exchange or in the

warehouse, or to the women who are occupied in the everyday routine of the drawing-room or the kitchen. Were you to ask whether these people were Christians, an affirmative answer, more or less decisive, might be given; but were you to inquire whether they were saints, the reply would probably be in astonishment at the absurdity of the question.

The cause of this may be found in the fact that the conception of what a saint ought to be is pitched on such a falsetto note that it seems profanity to associate the name with ordinary affairs, or to imagine that a man

can be a saint while he builds houses or drives steam-engines.

And yet we have all known the name applied to good men and women with such a sense of reality as ought to deliver it from mistake. "If ever there was a saint on earth, that was one," is a phrase often used when the person alluded to was some dear father, or mother, or wife, or sister who had done no more than make all around them bright, and good, and beautiful by their unobtrusive affection and Christian sincerity. When so used there is never a suspicion of hypocrisy.

The conceptions which have prevailed in the Roman and Greek churches, or during the Commonwealth and in many modern sects, have undoubtedly tended to give a peculiar meaning to the word "saint." In the New Testament it is, however, one of the most usual names for believers. Like the term, "the brethren," it is employed in quite a general sense. But a peculiar significance became attached to the word according to the views which grew in early times in the Greek and Roman churches, when asceticism became the ideal of the religious life. The "saint" of the Greek Church was the anchorite in the cave, the monk in the cell, the austere recluse giving himself to fasting and flagellation, or the unkempt, unwashed mendicant who had abnegated the duties of citizenship and the ties of family. And the lives of these "saints" usually dwell not on the things which belong to ordinary duty, but on the amount of privation endured simply because it was privation, or on the strange rhapsodies enjoyed in which little of what is human or humane had a place. The common imagination is always arrested by visible tokens of sincerity, whether in Mahometan Durvish or Indian fakir. It seldom asks what may be the religious value of being hungry, and dirty, and in pain, when these are made the end and are not a necessary means for attaining some benefit otherwise unattainable.

In like manner did the Roman Church exalt asceticism, although not so exclusively as did the Greek, for many of the conventual orders were founded for purely charitable objects. Yet the ideal in both Churches was based on separation from common life and duty. The habit of canonizing the saints, requiring as a condition that miracles must have been wrought by them or their relics, gave additional emphasis to the belief that a saint is quite different from being simply a godly man. There is, indeed, much in the history of the saints affording splendid teaching for

all ages of the Church. No one can rise from the biography of St. Francis or St. Bernard without recognising how magnificent was the influence they exercised amid the coarseness of their age. Nor can any one have studied the types of countenance to which the art of Fra Angelico, Perugino, and Francia have given undying expression, without being touched by the extraordinary beauty of the characters portrayed. It would be difficult in our own day, with its exaggerated activity and neglect of quietude, to procure among the crowds of care-worn faces that fill our streets, so frequently stamped with Mammon-hunger, any that would suggest to the modern artist that which it was the delight of the old Christian painters to delineate. Where can we find now the meek reverence, the angelic purity, the childlike gentleness and serenity, the meditative repose which seems to have been common long ago in the cloisters of Italy?

Although in many respects standing in contrast, yet the use of the term "saint" by the Puritans and those modern societies which fancy they secure severance from the world by standing aloof from all other Christians, is founded on a similar misunderstanding.

But when we turn from all such conceptions of saintship to those which Scripture puts before us, we at once breathe a different atmosphere, and find ourselves plunged into what these same good people so often condemn as being "the world." We are thrown into the turbulent and very mixed society of the half-Greek, half-Oriental Corinth, and we hear men and women called "saints" who are immersed in the contending interests which excited that excitable population. There is no convent, no coterie there. On the contrary, many of these saints give needless offence, and are rebuked by St. Paul for the freedom with which they dealt with distinctions that were held sacred by others. Or if we go to Rome we there find the saints consisting of a medley group, some of them slaves coming from the great Patrician houses, some of them soldiers from the Pretorian camp, many of them foreign Jews and Greeks busy with trade and manufacture. Or if we pass to the Church in Jerusalem we see a congregation of saints, most of whom are the poorest of the poor and mere pensioners, as the Jews in Jerusalem are still, on their brethren in Europe. Assuredly there was little or nothing there in common with what we find in the Hagiologies of Rome or Constantinople. We are in the society of ordinary men and women engaged in ordinary

toil, fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, masters and servants, and yet they were "saints."

SECOND SUNDAY.

SAINTSHIP, 2.

Read Exodus xix. 3-8, and 1 Peter ii. 9-17.

What is it, then, that the term "saint" implies as applied to Christian people? The Hebrew, Greek, and Latin words which are translated into our English word "saint" are all founded on the conception of dedication to God. Consecration to a divine purpose is the thought which lies at the root of each of them. The saint is, therefore, he who has yielded himself to God, and who lives under a sense of the supreme claim which God has upon him.

Out of this conception of consecration arises the more common one of personal holiness. Holiness, purity, godlikeness are the results of true consecration, because he who yields himself to God becomes separate from everything that is contrary to His divine will. He keeps himself "unspotted from the world." It was to make us sharers of His own holiness that Jesus Christ came to earth and died for us. Those who are His are therefore "called to be saints," because they are called to stand aloof from all that is false, impure, unloving, or contrary to the mind of Him Whose they are and Whom they serve. The separation imposed upon the saint does not therefore consist in an abnegation of society, or in uncongenial isolation from the interests with which the advance of civilisation and the welfare of mankind are so closely associated. Commerce, literature, art, politics, science, with its innumerable truths and beneficial applications of truths, have all a side that is saintly in the best sense. The separation which God seeks is from the wrong use of the world, and of His gifts; and the most difficult of all duties which the Christian can fulfil is to continue in the world, with its good and its evil, and yet to live there as a saint, bringing into every relationship the purity, truth, honesty, gentleness, and love which elevate common things, sweetening them with their own savour, and consecrating all life by the service of Christ everywhere, and in all things. If we shrink from the name "saint" because we associate the word with ways which we deem neither desirable nor attainable, we must remember that there is no lower rule for any one who loves Christ than to be a saint in the fuller, healthier, but not less ex-

alted, sense of being consecrated in everything to God.

We must not imagine that the name Christian is easier to be borne than the name saint. Both put before us the same ideal, Jesus Christ, and both may well appear so high as to make it difficult to fit on the conceptions they convey to the ordinary life in which we are engaged. It may seem incongruous to ask the merchant to be a saint in the Exchange, or the clerk to be a saint among his brother-clerks in his office. The word suggests affectation and peculiarity, which are qualities no one likes. The demand will appear overstrained as long as we attach an unreal meaning to the term; but it ceases to be either incongruous or overstrained when we recognise it as simply calling us to fulfil our every-day part under the influence of the Christian spirit. When we give ourselves first to God then all else becomes comparatively plain. The very instinct of love to God and Christ will teach us how to act and speak; for in God's sight that man is a saint who, because he loves God, puts religious principle into the goods he sells, taking care that they are honest goods, or into his commercial transactions, which he takes care are honourable transactions. That tradesman is in God's sight a saint who, because he serves the God of truth, will allow no "scamped" work to leave his hands. That young man is a saint who, while he lives a full, healthy, cheerful life yet admits no impure thought or allows any cowardly self-indulgences to have dominion over him. That woman, also, is a saint who, through the love of Christ, seeks in deeds of gentleness and in sweet words of brightness and of peace to make those around her happier, better, truer, and more loving to God and to others. It is from the love of God and of Christ it must all spring, and when that love is there the daily life will flow forth holy and beautiful, so that the calling of the Gospel will be fulfilled in us and by us, whether we assume the title of saint or not.

THIRD SUNDAY.

THE PROMISES OF GOD.

Read Psalm lxxxi. and 2 Peter i. 1-11.

St. Peter describes at once the glory and the use of the divine promises, when he says, in his first Epistle, "Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises: that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust." Such

promises are a chief standard by which to measure our growth in Christian life; for as they tell us what we may become, we are made conscious of the distance at which what we have attained stands from the attainable.

The promises are of various descriptions. Some are general and unconditional, like the assurance that seed-time and harvest, and summer and winter, shall never cease. Others are made dependent on human conduct. The forgiveness of sin and the peace of God are not bestowed like the rain and sunshine; they are promised only to the penitent, the obedient and loving. Again, some promises belong to the future, as when we read of the blessedness when the kingdom of God shall have fully come. But "the exceeding great and precious promises," alluded to by St. Peter, refer not to the future, but to the present, for they are connected with "the things that pertain to life and godliness," and to the process now going on, whereby we "escape the corruption that is in the world through lust."

The use of the promises which St. Peter sets before us, is expressed in a startling phrase. It is that we should "become partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust."

We scarcely require to be reminded that the expression, "partakers of the divine nature," cannot refer to such attributes of God as omnipotence, omniscience, omnipresence, which are not communicable to the creature, but are the prerogatives of Deity alone. But the spiritual character of God, as understood by the words goodness, righteousness, purity, love, and the consequent joy and blessedness which flow from their possession, is offered to us in Jesus Christ. The unity of sympathy which binds spirit to spirit, nature to nature, is promised by the Father to His redeemed children. Godliness is but another name for God-likeness.

If we would know what that divine nature is, of which we are called to partake, we behold it in Christ Jesus. And as we say so we are arrested by the fact that it was manifested in our humanity. It is in every way suggestive, and in itself the highest promise, that our humanity could have expressed God, so that the lips of a man could say with truth, "he that hath seen me hath seen the Father." It is full of an equal significance, that the only instance we have of a perfect man, was when human nature was linked to the Divine, and appeared in complete unison. Jesus Christ becomes thus "the exceeding great and precious pro-

mise" of redeemed humanity. The richest gift God can bestow on the creature, is to make him like His own Son, possessing the heart and mind which Jesus Christ possessed, towards God and towards man. "To grow up unto Him in all things," to have "Christ formed in us;" "daily to put on the Lord Jesus Christ," and to be "like Him at His appearing," should be the object of all our endeavours, the aim of all our hopes, the highest heaven of all our aspirations. If the discords which now make our lives a source of pain are to pass away, it can only be by having all life attuned to that clear pure note of holy love which Christ struck amid the confusions of earth.

But while this "partaking of the divine nature" is the great end of the divine promises, yet it can never be reached at a bound. We are never made perfectly like Christ by a stroke of omnipotence, but through a long and often painful education. Nevertheless, from the first and feeblest breathing of the religious life, up to the fullest response rendered by the saint in light to the divine will, there may be traced some approximation, some likeness, however faint, to the mind that was in Christ Jesus. The very cry of misery and self-loathing over sin is an "Amen" to God's own condemnation of evil. The longing to be better, and to be made free with the freedom of Christ, is a response to His will; and at every further stage we can mark in the increase of gentleness, love, obedience, spiritual sensitiveness and insight, further advances made in likeness to the Great Head.

But while we may realise how growth up to Christ is the most precious of all promises, yet the question suggests itself, how is this to be reached by us? The answer is, that there is not only a promised end, but promised means for obtaining it.

To enumerate the various means promised to us, whereby we may become partakers of the divine nature, would be to trace the marvellous variety, manifold as are the manifold wants of sinful and suffering men, whereby God meets us with His grace and comfort. The complete forgiveness of sin, the guidance of the Good Shepherd, the education of our wills by sorrow as well as joy, the grace that is bestowed with the daily duty; these and numberless other promises might easily be quoted. But the great promise of the Father through which all may become possible to us, is the gift of the Holy Ghost. In that promise is involved all needful conviction, life, enlightenment and sanctity. It is His to work in that inner region

of sympathy, where we are most shocked at the discovery of indifference, of depraved tendencies, of a perverted will and evil affections. If Christ is the promised end, then His grace and forgiveness, His love, and truth, and guidance, and the gift of the Holy Spirit which He has bestowed on the Church, are the promised means. And these are to be used so that we may escape the corruption that is in the world through lust. The promises can never be fulfilled if we insist on abiding in that corruption, our interest engrossed with earthliness, our Bibles kept closed so that divine truth shines not on our lives, and our hearts closed, so that the love of Christ has no entrance. There must be a willing turning on our part to the divine promises, if we hope to attain to the blessed end set before us in Christ Jesus.

FOURTH SUNDAY.

THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH.

Read Isaiah ix. 1-7, and John i. 1-14.

What does this name, "The Word," mean? To those who are acquainted with the many notions that are combined in the Greek "Logos," the impossibility of giving an adequate account of it within our limits will be apparent. It may be sufficient to state that it means both reason and speech, the highest form of thought and the expression of that thought. As applied to Christ it teaches that He possesses the thought of God and reveals the thought of God.

But, accepting the definition of "Logos" as combining thought and the expression of thought, we may consider the value of the name as applied to the Incarnation.

Thought, being invisible, remains unknown except it is expressed. In like manner "No man hath seen God at any time," and if we ask, "What does God think, and what is His will concerning us?" the answer is, Christ is the Word, the direct expression of the divine mind. He is not a dead word, like the limited utterance of a printed book; He is a living Person, who, having been "in the beginning with God, and who was God," is the perfect spiritual representation of what God is, "the brightness of His glory and the express image of His person."

No doubt the sharpness of the contrast is exceedingly great which the idea of the Incarnation brings. Dare we associate such words as these, "All things were made by Him, and without Him was nothing made that was made?" and again, He "was in

the beginning with God, and He was God," with a veritable child lying in a manger, and with the life of Him who was for years, as boy or man, a villager among the villagers of Nazareth, then a homeless wanderer, and Who was crucified and buried? Must we not defend every just idea of the divine glory from such narrowing conceptions? Must we not break the force of the contrast by believing with the Roman Church that she who bore Him was not like the other daughters of men, but one who was immaculate, herself born without sin? All such teaching springs from a certain unbelief in the fact, so startling, so incomprehensible, that He who was "in the form of God, and counted it not a prize to be on an equality with God," did really "empty Himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men."* Yet it is just the sharpness of that contrast which gives value to the truth. The nearer we bring Him to ourselves, and the more we see that it was not another kind of humanity, but our actual nature, with its every weakness, that He assumed, the brighter become our hopes, the more certain is our redemption. Whatever separates Christ from us weakens these hopes. Whatever tends to impress the faith of His having been born our brother and Saviour tends equally to ennoble our common life.

But how can we moderns, who pride ourselves on the new thoughts we have gained of the Universe, tolerate a belief which would make us think of Him by Whom all was created appearing among us as a man, and living a life bounded by the limits of human flesh and blood?

Many replies may be given to such a question. One, however, may for the present suffice. It is not difficult to see that the infinitude which was expressed in Christ was not of the kind to which these objections apply; for there are many modes of the infinite. When we speak of the infinitude of God we are bound to think of something else than infinite size, height, depth, length, breadth, or duration. Infinite goodness, infinite love, infinite purity and holiness, infinite beauty, are not to be reckoned by such attempted measures of the measureless as we apply to the depths of space when we try to express it in figures. We do not calculate mercy as we compute geological cycles; we cannot weigh truth as we find the weight of a star. The physical and the moral occupy different spheres. Therefore when it is

* Phil. ii. 6, 7. Revised Version.

gradual making—or, if you will, evolution—of the various tribes of living things. But when we have reached the point which is called “the finishing of the heavens and of the earth,” we find that it was only the commencement of the marvellous story of humanity.

In like manner the “It is finished” at Calvary marks the end of another epoch, comparatively brief but of vital intensity. It was not the life and sufferings of Jesus Christ alone which closed there, but the period preparatory to redemption, enriched by the lives of patriarchs, law-givers, prophets, and by type and ritual all leading up to Christ, and finding their fulfilment in Him. Yet the “It is finished” uttered by the dying Messiah, if it closed an epoch, also opened that new period which embraces the history of the Church, from its beginning at Pentecost till there shall be heard the mighty “It is done” which shall announce the completion of the mediatorial kingdom and the commencement of the kingdom of glory.

As every end thus forms a beginning, so there is no “dead past,” for the concluded past continues in every future. Each piece of coal or lime we use is an epitome of voiceless pre-historic ages. The times before Christ have their influence on the Church now. We are not only “the heirs of all the ages,” but we are their product. The past lives in us.

These reflections have an important bearing when we connect them with our own circumstances at the close of a year, and have reached one of those stages in our brief career when we are made perforce to hear a solemn “It is finished” tolled from the great clock of time. A year may be something less than as “a drop in the ocean of being” when we measure it by the vast epochs of which we have been speaking, but it signifies a great deal to us whose allotted number is so few.

We say that the year is ended, with all its teaching and opportunities, its joys and sorrows, to be for ever associated in some minds with gladness, and in others with griefs never to be forgotten. But we would mistake the nature of that ending if we imagined that the past is wholly dead. We are to-day what we have become owing to that past. There is not a habit which is not a deathless legacy from bygone years. The harvest we now reap is from seeds that have gradually ripened. Innumerable little acts have produced the mature strength of the character which is now our own. The good man of

to-day, whose right sympathies appear like an instinct, is but an embodiment of long faithfulness to conviction, even as the ripened scholar is the result of hours diligently employed. There is not a lineament in the soul of any saint which is not connected with some old struggle or triumph. And the past of the careless, the self-indulgent, the sensual, the vain, idle, and frivolous lives equally in them. A man may undoubtedly change, and the great sinner may, by the grace of God, become the great saint. But the experience of all who do so change is one of the greatest proofs of the deathless nature of the past. Every habit which had acquired strength will inflict the greater agony in overcoming it. The very memory of lost years will be bitterness.

But there is a more hopeful lesson, for every end marks a beginning, with new opportunities and glorious possibilities. Whatever our past may have been, each new day, and the new year that comes, brings what may become a fresh start in life for the worst and for the best of us. If there is an indestructible influence in what is bygone, there is an inspiring helpfulness in forgetting the bygone, so far as throwing aside the hindrances which its memory may create, and in rising up to run the race God is setting before us with the courage that is kindled by a forward gaze.

Would that the young would realise the value of their opening years, and remember that every habit they form must tell on their future. If, therefore, they would avoid the misery of many a future struggle, or perhaps future despair, let them live from the first in obedience to highest duty, walking with a good conscience both towards God and man.

And if the snows of age and the chilling of old fires may be speaking to the aged of opportunities that can never be recalled, and of the fewness of the days that remain, we would entreat them to throw off the dulness which benumbs the will, and go to Jesus Christ, their living Saviour, for grace in their peculiar time of need. The new year which is coming is as rich in possibilities for them as for the youngest, if they will only use it with faithfulness.

And may we be permitted, as we close these “Readings” for the year, to wish that the Divine blessing may rest on those who may have followed them from month to month, and to express the hope that the new year about to dawn may be a Good New Year in the fullest sense to them and theirs.

